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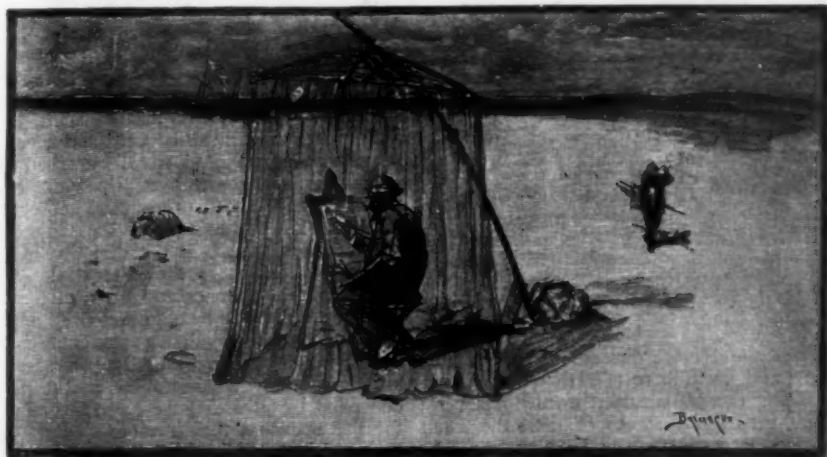
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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THE TILE CLUB ASHORE.



A SUBTLE DEVICE.

SINCE last these pages chronicled the small beer of the guileless Tilers, two years have gone. If in that interval nothing has been heard of the Tile Club, it is because the unostentatious practices and modest habits of that worthy body have led it to avoid the public gaze and to prefer the seclusive charm to be found within itself alone.

It is a little older than it was; it has undergone some slight changes; but in character and in spirit it remains the same. In its devotion to art unswerving, elevated, if not inspired, in its faithful pursuit of the Beautiful and the Good, it maintains the agreeable and inexpensive tenor of its way, proceeding by slow but certain footsteps to that eminence in the not too remote future, which true virtue, wholesome assiduity, and a liberal publisher shall inevitably confer. Secure in this happy conceit, and

mindful of its obligations to many indulgent readers, the Tile Club renews its respectful salutations.

Sirius will be missed. That amiable artist, whose moments of dyspepsia enlivened the critical atmosphere about him, has gone where all good artists go—when they can. He is even now closeted with the old masters in a Flemish cathedral or some modern Dutch gallery, exposing his sensitized nature to their beauties and their erudition, and absorbing everything about him. Otherwise, the Club is itself, reënforced and vigorous. In the place of Sirius it has taken the Burr, the worthy associate of its English representative, the Puritan, who is familiar to all peoples by his charming pictures of American colonial life. The Burr is not beautiful to look upon, but there is a great deal more in him than at first

sight one would naturally suppose there was. The other accession is the Bulgarian, a gentleman strangely and mysteriously gifted, and who, by assiduous study and remote travel, has in great part overcome his Boston origin.

The sessions of the Club that have taken place since it was last heard of by the readers of this periodical have not differed materially from those that have been described. It began by painting tiles for mantel-pieces



TWO FLEETING IMPRESSIONS.

and other and more obscure decorative purposes; and it will be recalled that, every member being the embarrassed owner of several mantel-pieces and stacks of tiles, the Club took to decorating plaques. Naturally, the result was a surplus of plaques, and in the year 1881, when a vast store-house in the heart of the city, freighted with the choicest art-treasures of the country, burned down, and the public and the press deplored for weeks the irreparable loss of so priceless an accumulation of objects of art, it might have been noticed that the event was contemplated with an unnatural resignation by the members of the Tile Club.

"It was a dispensation of Providence!" sighed the Owl, as he thoughtfully folded up the check that the insurance company had sent him.

From plaques, the Club proceeded to matters more promiscuous. Its Wednesday night table would be covered with drawing-boards, blocks of water-color paper, small canvases, charcoal and pencil paper, tiles and plaques; and brushes, paints, "turps," and materials of all kinds. Each guest of the evening did what

he pleased, or, in compliance with the wishes of the host, adapted his sketch or drawing to some special purpose. The results were not always equal. Sometimes it would fall to the lot of a Tiler to have an evening when there were distinguished guests, not members of the Club, but invited for the occasion; and it generally happened that the distinguished guests were pressed into service and made to requite the host with a tile, or a plaque, or a charcoal, or a sketch in oils. In this way things of real value often accrued, and the happy Tiler became possessed of an enduring and agreeable memento of his own hospitality and assurance. It not infrequently occurred, however, that when he came to sum up the evening's product, he found some valuable materials permanently disabled, and probably a portrait or two of himself, treated with disagreeable freedom.

No matter what the art product of those evenings was, there remains the unquestionable fact that they were occasions of social attraction to be highly prized. They were always animated by a most agreeable spirit, their atmosphere was unconventional and free, and those who participated were concerned with matters somewhat removed from the commonplace of life, and of a special and unique interest. The diversions of the Tile Club have always leaned in the direction of the intellectual. Much as the writer deplores the use of tobacco, particularly his own that he has paid for, it must be admitted that no hurtful consequences have been apparent from the corn-cob pipes of the Club. They are used to produce an artistic atmosphere, and it will be conceded by all who have any experience in the premises that they have that effect. Adhering strictly to cheese, crackers, and "ink," and keeping rigidly in the line of its original frugality, the foundations of the Club have not been sapped by luxury.

For all this, there has been from time to time a certain ambition in the breasts of some of the members that was not without its danger. It had its origin in the voyage in the canal-boat, and it took the form of an insatiable greed for navigation. When it came to a discussion of what sort of journey the Club should next undertake, after its memorable trip in the *John C. Earle*, one-half of the members would be satisfied with nothing short of an ocean voyage. In fact, it was only so slight a thing as the expense of it that kept them from chartering a Cunarder. It was difficult, all through that winter, to get the Club to consider any less ambitious plan of summer work, but as spring advanced, a more rational feeling succeeded.

One evening the O'Donoghue, while en-



COMING ASHORE.

gaged in making a conventionalized worm in blue and red on a plaque, with his fingers, passed the remark that he knew a wreck upon a sandy shore, and that it promised to afford him all the navigation he should require that year, and that therein he would, for the ensuing season, take up his abode.

"You fellows," he said, "can go to Europe if you want to; as for myself, the public taste in respect of sculpture is, at present, in such a condition that a sacrifice is demanded, and I propose to retire to a wind-swept beach, a remote and solitary retreat untenanted of man, and there by methods of my own propitiate the gods."

"Yes," said the Terrapin, "but what will you eat?"

"Eat!" said the O'Donoghue, with a withering and superior smile. "Eat? It is given to me to dispense when I please with the grosser functions of my personal economy. When I am concerned with my art, sir, I do not eat!"

This statement, coming from a gentleman whose appetite was possibly the most trustworthy and perennial upon record, was not received with respect, but he was eagerly questioned about his wreck.

With much picturesque detail, he described a large schooner which a winter storm had cast high upon a desolate beach.

"Boys," said the Bone, when the description was ended, "if even so much of that stuff were true as that there should really be somewhere upon such a shore such a wreck, and she tenantable after our fashion, what a

jolly proceeding it would be to go thither this summer, and live in her for a week or two!"

Restraining himself by a powerful effort of his will, the O'Donoghue offered to produce the particular wreck in question, and exhibit it to any committee appointed to accompany him. His proposition was accepted on the spot.

The report of the committee was enthusiastic. The *Two Sisters* was high and dry upon a broad beach bordered by thick wood and undergrowth. For miles, there was no dwelling-place of any description, and there was a spring of fresh water within a hundred yards. She afforded a sufficient shelter in case of rain; she was accessible by a fifty-mile journey in a tug-boat, and she contained all the conditions essential to personal comfort and the special purposes of an artistic sojourn. These and other matters the committee set forth fully, and their plan was adopted by acclamation.

The scheme reached maturity at the close of June. At the foot of West Tenth street, near to the spot from which the venerated canal-boat *John C. Earle* had sailed away so auspiciously, there lay the tug-boat *P. B. Casket*, the property of T. J. Coffin, Esq., of Jersey City. The sun was overhead, and it was so hot that the steam that issued from the *Casket's* boiler might have been generated by it. It was a fearful day anywhere, but here on the dusty dock, with piles of merchandise baking in the noonday tide of heat, no movement of the listless air, and all about the interminable bustle, noise, and turmoil of the city's front, it seemed as though one could

hardly breathe. Small citizens between the docks, and in the shade beneath them, disported gayly in the dirty water. Polyphemus was the first to arrive. He trickled visibly at every pore. "Our civilization," he sighed, "has its drawbacks." He bestowed his burdens in the cabin and sat down on the roof to wait. Presently there appeared the ancient Daniel, the patron of "Deuteronomy" and the discoverer of "Priam"; Daniel, with-

kitchen stove, pots, kettles, pans, broilers, some stove-pipe, the decorated awning of the canal-boat, five or six tons of ice, sacks of sawdust and coal, packages of meats, two coops of chickens, and boxes of groceries without number. These, with great labor and pains, were bestowed as best they might be all over the *Casket*, and possibly never before did tug-boat appear as strangely and completely freighted as she. The Tilers arrived one by one, some with wagons bearing their baggage, but for the most part in light marching order. The *Casket*, like all craft of her calling, was not built with direct reference to either freight or passengers. Employed for the uses of both, she became embarrassing. The Tilers, some of them silent, some painfully the reverse, were about as comfortable as if they were holding on to the platform of an overcrowded street-car. The feeling was ominous.

"Give me the tow-path!" said the Scratch, seated on the top of the stove.

"And a mule," said Cadmium, from the door of the engine-room. It was evident that the tide of preference set strongly toward the canal.

"We are all here," said the Owl, as he mounted the companion way and counted. "All aboard, Captain," he roared through the fizzing steam to the pilot-house; "go ahead with your old sarcophagus!"

The broiled citizens on the dock cheered with a dry and crackly cheer and waved their hats, and the boys in the water played about the bow like the fry of mermaids. Out into the stream went the *P. B. Casket*, and down the Bay she laid her course, the O'Donoghue in the post of honor in the pilot-house, to show the captain where to go.

Matters mended. The speed of the boat caused the equivalent of a breeze. The smells, the dust, and the noises disappeared as if by magic. Discomfort after discomfort followed them,

and was forgotten, and presently the Club was in its usual spirits, and equal to any demands that might be made upon its ardor. Then sped by a panorama which is familiar to all who go down to the Bay in ships, but which, except for the Marine, had little interest. That industrious artist sat cross-legged on the roof of the cabin, sketch-book in hand, and made endless notes of boats and rigging, of the set of sails and the proportion of spars, and of the lines of boats, loaded or unloaded.

"There is always something new to be



THE CAPTAIN.

out whom the canal voyage would have been an episode of famine; Daniel, under whose sable integument were the aspirations, the invention, the ambition and the genius of a natural cook, the *cordon noir* of the Club. A broad ripple of amiability occupied the considerable area of Daniel's countenance, and his obeisance was as profound and dignified as ever. He was followed by a dray, loaded with the various property of his important office. There was a refrigerator nearly as big as a parlor in a French flat, a capacious

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UNDER THE AWNING.

learned in ships," he said. "The more one studies the mysteries of their cordage, the style of their masts, the cut and setting of their sails; the matters that go to produce the effects of buoyancy and stability; the countless details that make up the sum of their picturesqueness, the more one becomes willing to confess to how small his knowledge of them really is. Those great steamers are valuable as masses only. There is little of pictorial grace to be found in them. Those excursion boats? Well, they are abominations upon the fair face of the waters. The great art of painting ships lies in acquiring skill in the subordination and repression of their details. A ship painted into a marine study with every rope in its place would be as valuable as a picture of a field with precisely the right number of blades of grass in it. In both subjects the aim and the art are identical, only the result is more obvious in the painting of a ship. The illusion of the eye is the main purpose. Give it but a helping hand, and it will see for itself in a glance more of detail and more of diversity and beauty of form than the art of all the painters that live could accomplish in years."

"Talks nicely, doesn't he?" said Polyphemus, looking over his shoulder. "Sounds like an Academy notice in a daily paper—so diffusive, yet so logical, so sententious, and so sweetly didactic."

"Nonsense!" said the Griffin, to whom the Marine was reeling off his wisdom. "The Marine is right in every word he says, and I know it; but I don't find it written for me. You are so densely ignorant on these subjects, Polyphemus, that you are just the sort of man to want to write about them. In fact, I never look at your ears that I don't suspect that you are an art-critic in disguise. And of all

the obnoxious objects on the face of the earth —"

But he got no farther. The unworthy suspicion was too much for the honest Polyphemus, and he executed a wild war-dance on the prostrate Griffin's form, until that rash Tiler said that he took it all back, and Polyphemus was a true artist, and consequently, no critic.

Certain eminences that are well set down in the geography of New York Bay disappeared and low-lying sandy shores sprang up on either side, with buildings great and small all distorted in the refractory atmosphere. But the *P. B. Casket* held on her seaward course, and the afternoon was far advanced when wild, demoniac yells from the pilot-house admonished the Tilers that the Hibernian *Palinurus* had sighted the *Two Sisters*, of Bath, Maine. The captain bore down on a sandy strip of coast, a beach backed by low woods and thickets, and beyond the green hills rising abruptly in the distance. On the beach, close to the water's edge, could be seen a dismantled vessel, with three masts standing, and as the *Casket* drew closer to the shore, it became apparent that a very respectable surf was running. The captain of the *P. B. Casket* was a reserved, severe navigator. He did not say much, but as he slowed up, two hundred yards away from the shore, his countenance shone with an agreeable expectancy.

The Bone came up through a hole in the *P. B. Casket*, looked at the situation, and promptly expressed the general feeling. He was indignant.

"Where's your wharf?" he cried. "How the mischief are we going to get ashore?"

"Why, easy enough," said the O'Donoghue, "we will go ashore in the small boat." On top of the cabin of the tug was a small



THE BOW OF THE "TWO SISTERS."

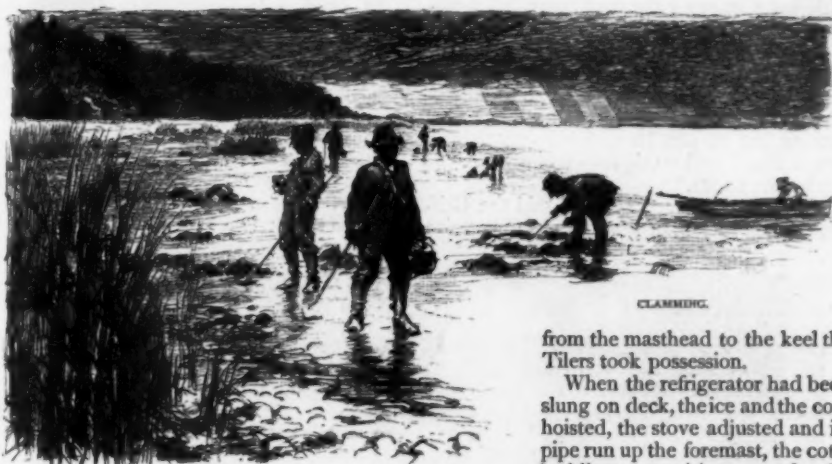
boat which could contain with difficulty a mass-meeting of four ordinary-sized souls. The *P. B. Casket* was in smooth water. That is, smooth in the sense of not being rough on the surface, but it consisted of well-marked undulations, and when the boat's broadside was turned parallel with the line of these swells, she rolled like a thing possessed. Each swell, after passing a little distance toward the shore, suddenly seemed to mount and move faster, until it toppled gracefully over and chased its predecessor up the shore in confusion. This pretty sight can be studied at sea-side resorts at regular rates. The Tilers contemplated it, and looked at the small boat. Then they looked at one another, and then at the pilot-house. The captain's head was hurriedly drawn in. There was a dangerous look in the Owl's eye. Putting his hand, with an ominous gesture, on his hip-pocket, where he kept his new patent atomizer, he turned to the O'Donoghue and nodded with a nod of deadly significance. But the reckless sculptor winked his eye with a careless wink, and asked who was going ashore with him. The engineer and the man engaged as crew got the small boat overboard. The Crew took off his boots, his stockings, and other matters, until he had reduced himself to two garments, of which there was reasonable suspicion that they had once been red flannel. He took the oars and seated himself in the cockle-shell which tossed wildly alongside. The O'Donoghue jumped in and the Terrapin followed him.

"Is it safe, Captain?" asked the Horsehair.

"Safe enough," replied the captain, "but it's moist."

The Horsehair stowed himself into the little angle of the bow and the bold Crew pulled off with a broad smile on his countenance. Everybody got up on the roof to witness the catastrophe. But fortune favors the brave. When they had reached the point where the rollers ran highest, the little boat rose on top of one of the biggest, and in another instant was landed high and dry on the beach. The wave carried her in bodily, and the performance looked both agreeable and exciting. The captain withdrew within his cabin with a shade of disappointment in his mien, but the Tilers were re-assured, and concluded that it was not near so bad as it looked. The three passengers were presently waving their hats and shouting in great glee upon the deck of the *Two Sisters*, while the Crew launched his boat by pushing her before him through the breakers and jumping in when he had passed them. She was half-full of water when he got back, but he bailed her out and went safely ashore with a load of light merchandise. Then there set forth with him the Bone, Briareus, and Polyphemus. The last-named recollects how the boat mounted on a rushing wave, and how he sat on the bow as it projected in the air a foot or two in advance of the crest of water, and looked down at the depth below him. Onward it sped, and it seemed as if it were the regular thing for the waves to land boats that way; he waved his hat and emitted a whoop of excitement, and then * * *

No one knew exactly how it happened;



CLAMMING.

from the masthead to the keel the Tilers took possession.

When the refrigerator had been slung on deck, the ice and the coal hoisted, the stove adjusted and its pipe run up the foremast, the cots, bedding, provisions, and the countless "traps" of each Tiler had been put aboard and stowed away, a labor of no small consequence had been performed. Most of the Tilers had been in the water assisting in the debarkation, and were wet through, and all had performed more labor in half a dozen hours than in the preceding half a dozen months, and yet no one complained of being tired. The evening was beautiful, a refreshing and delicious breeze came from the sea; and it was only when absolute darkness put an end to their work that a sudden and overwhelming conviction took possession of each and every man of them. The novelty and delight of the occasion, the enthusiasm that made such deep preoccupation, had combined

whether the boat went a little faster than the wave and dropped in front of it, or whether the wave suddenly stopped and let the boat go on. The Bone swore that it was the ungainly bulk of Polyphemus on the bow that tipped her over, but at any rate three objects, battered, punched, buffeted, and banged to pieces; breathless, dizzy, drenched, and full of salt water, crawled out of the surf and lay down on the sand, while the captain of the *P. B. Casket* gave way to his feelings and tumbled all over the pilot-house. What remained of the rigging of the *Two Sisters* was speedily decorated with flags of distress of various shapes hung out to dry, and the Bone and Polyphemus, disembarrassed of their attire, swam out to the tug and came ashore on the refrigerator.

The sun went down and the moon came up before everything was got ashore, and it was dark by the time that Daniel had fitted up his kitchen in the bow of the *Two Sisters*. The *P. B. Casket* had steamed away, a fresh breeze had sprung up from the south-east, and on board the *Two Sisters* there was more of a wreck, and confusion worse confounded, than on the night when that unhappy ship had come ashore. She had driven well up on the beach, and the sand had piled up about her so that even at high tide the waves scarcely reached her side. She lay there firmly imbedded, canted a little toward the sea, but looking as if she had settled down permanently. Her hatches were open, her hold was clean and well-lighted, she was stripped of everything movable, and wind, and rain, and sea had swept and garnished every hole and corner. The deck was a picturesque tangle of broken machinery, spars, pumps, and the apparatus of the Coast Wrecking Company, but



A SKIPPER.

to defeat Nature for the time being, but it was now her turn.

"At nine o'clock this morning," said Cadmium, out of the blackness of the hold, "I had a cup of coffee, two eggs, and a piece of toast. Since that frugal meal I have had nothing but two gallons of salt water, and that I felt I had no right to retain, as it did not belong to me."

"Let us go and see Daniel," said the Grif-
fin, adding, in the hollow and pleading voice

"I have a thousand-dollar appetite and thirst on me this minute," said the O'Donoghue, and he threw a belaying pin at Polyphemus, whom he detected in the exercise of the cook's prerogative of tasting one of the dishes to see if it was all right.

It was nine o'clock when the soup came on the table. Daniel, wise in his experience, had brought a five-gallon demijohn of stock from the city, and the result was that there was a splendid *croûte au pôt* all ready without delay,



THE SEA-SERPENT, AS SEEN BY "BRIAREUS."

of the professional mendicant: "I haven't had a bit to eat for three days, and I have a wife and six small children, the oldest of them two months old, starving to death in Baxter street for the want of a morsel of bread. For the love of heaven do something for me or I'll die, so I will!"

When they got to the kitchen, they found the O'Donoghue begging Daniel for some food, "if it was only a cowl'd potato an' a dhrop of wather." The Catgut and the Owl had been stealing pickles and crackers, but the rest of the Tilers were perched on the bulwarks and hanging on the shrouds, watching every motion of the worthy Daniel, and stimulating him to speed. Polyphemus and the Horsehair were helping; the stove was red-hot, things were steaming and smoking, and there sailed up into the evening air such a fragrance and savor as are known only to those that are righteously and properly hungry.

in spite of the disadvantages of the new kitchen and the confusion. It was a very simple meal, but a generous one. There was the soup; there were four porter-house steaks, family size; some excellent new potatoes and stewed onions, and a capital salad of lettuce, and a cold pie from the hand of the eminent John Sutherland himself. On the bulwark there reposed a keg from which there protruded a wooden faucet. On top of the keg was a cake of ice, and the contents of the keg were cold and refreshing. Above all swung a lamp, suspended from the rigging and illuminating the table, and about all, there played that pleasant breeze, alluded to before as coming from the sea.

Every Tiler was hungry. His need surpassed mere appetite; it was downright hunger. A touching silence fell upon the table with the soup, and was maintained to the end, broken only by occasional ejaculations of

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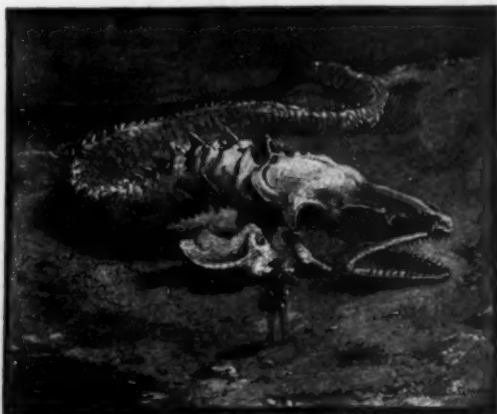
THE SEA-SERPENT, AS SEEN BY THE "MARINE."

gratification and approval, not wholly unlike the manifestations of many humbler animals under like conditions. It was an occasion of complete unreserve.

There were some subtle things that were known to an alchemy that is dead and gone long years since—properties that, when taken into the body, played strange pranks with the mind, and caused it to leave its customary and normal channel and wander in strange paths. Perish the thought, here, that any reflection is implied upon Daniel's supper! But it begat a strange and common disturbance in the Tilers who consumed it. Heavy eyelids came with the first pipe that was smoked on the poop-deck, the fatigues of the day asserted themselves, and the responsibilities of digestion outweighed all frivolous inclinations to social intercourse. One by one they sought

to wake one of them up and say to him that he was snoring, he would not believe a word of it! He would be indignant!"

How long he dozed and snored himself, Polyphemus does not know, but he awoke with a sudden and apprehensive start. Something had struck him with a certain degree of force on the nose. He caught a glimpse of it. It was a human foot, and it seemed to disappear up the mast, which was close to his head. For the moment, he was thunder-struck and speechless. Then he was inclined to give the alarm, but, on an instant's reflection, he refrained, and slipped from his hammock to the deck, whence he could see the mast above the awning cover. To his mingled amazement and consternation, he beheld the Griffin climbing the mast with the most extraordinary energy and apparent haste,



THE (SKELETON OF THE) SEA-SERPENT, AS SEEN BY THE "GRIFFIN."

their improvised beds, and presently the hold was filled with a gentle volume of familiar discord. Polyphemus alone remained above, stretched in a sheltered hammock, his brain secreting an easy and agreeable flow of thought, and his general condition approaching that passive and reposeful sense of content that precedes entire oblivion. He indulged the gentle intellectual exercise of distinguishing the inarticulate utterance of the several individual voices composing the concert below. He recognized the intermittent honk of the Owl, the bourdon bass of the Griffin, the touch of the brogue in the O'Donoghue, the stalwart snort of the Terrapin, and the mighty ophicleidean roll of the able organ of the Bone. "And yet," he thought, "if one were



THE CLAM-BAKE.

greatly impeded by his nocturnal garment, which embarrassed his movements, and all the while looking down as if pursued by some enemy. He was on the point of shouting to him to know what on earth had possessed him, when the Owl, clad in white linen that reached to his heels, stalked noiselessly past him and scampered with marvelous agility up the starboard rigging, and sitting on the only two ratlines there were left on the shrouds, began making an imaginary charcoal sketch at lightning speed with imaginary materials. The sight was appalling; the least movement, the slightest loss of balance or hold, and either of them might be precipitated to the deck. The situation was frightful. Polyphemus took one silent step toward the ladder to awaken some one to come to his counsel and assistance, when he was almost paralyzed at seeing three white figures rapidly ascending it, not more than a rung or two apart. Up came the Pie, the Scratch, and the Terrapin. With excitement in every feature, they sprang to the bulwarks, climbed upon them, and stood there gazing with straining eyeballs out to sea. Hardly a minute had passed when Cadmium was half-way up the mainmast, and three or four others had taken various positions in the scant rigging, all presenting the most extraordinary, incomprehensible, and alarming spectacle. The O'Donoghue was the last to come on deck, which he effected by way of the pipe of the wrecking pump as far as the hatchway combing, over which he

swung himself with the quickness of a monkey. He gave one glance over the bulwarks out to sea and then turned like a frightened deer, cleared the main hatch at a bound, went over the ship's side like a flash, shot across the beach, and melted into the gloom of the shore. What concerned them all, what frightful hallucination possessed them, Polyphemus could not divine. He only knew that all sense of their danger, all painful and realizing apprehension of some shocking accident, was centered and concentrated in himself. He stood there helpless, looking in agonized suspense from one to another of his friends, in the deepest, most distressed perplexity and anguish of expectation. Presently, the Owl shot down the shrouds like a falling star, approached the poop, went through the movement of placing a drawing erect in front of him by leaning it against the chicken-coop, pulled out an imaginary atomizer and blew a spray of fixative through its tube, gazed with fastidious criticism at the imaginary sketch, held it up, looked out to sea, added a touch here and there of invisible charcoal or white chalk, blew some more fixative on it, and then perused its every line with rapt absorption. There was a "swish" on the smooth, weather-beaten mizzen-mast, and the Griffin landed safely on deck and walked up beside the Owl. He glanced a moment at the Owl's imaginary sketch, shook his head indifferently, shrugged his shoulders, turned away, and went down the ladder. The Owl, holding his

sketch at arm's length, and looking at it with great apparent satisfaction, followed him slowly. One by one the mysterious watchers of the night abandoned their posts, gave over their weird, mysterious gymnastics, and retired to bed. The O'Donoghue came last. He peered cautiously over the bulwarks, stepped stealthily on the deck, crept across to the opposite side, looked fixedly a moment out to sea, and then, with a gesture and a sigh of intense relief, went down the ladder to his couch. Polyphemus, scarcely daring to credit the evidences of his senses or believe himself awake, followed, and tossed restlessly awhile, and toward morning fell into a heavy sleep.

It was eight o'clock, and the sun was streaming into the hold and illuminating every part of it. The O'Donoghue sat up in his cot, and every one was awakened when he yelled:

"I'd like to know who the second-hand chromo-maker is that put this sand in my bed! It may seem funny to fill a fellow's bed-like that, but I don't see it!"

No one confessed to any knowledge on the subject, but as it was apparent, when he went on soliloquizing about sand, that there was to be no more sleeping, there was a general stir, and the Tilers turned out.

As they undressed for a morning swim, the Owl complained of rheumatism, and was heard to remark to himself:

"I wonder how the dickens I got my night-shirt all over tar like that!"

"Unloading those things yesterday," said the Griffin, "has made me as sore and as stiff as a poker, but where and how I came to get my knees full of slivers is what beats me completely!"

There is no man so wise as he that tells only that which he knows will be believed, and by such discretion of his speech preserves his reputation for veracity. Polyphemus heard all these things, and much more, but he kept his own counsel.

The matutinal swim did a great deal of good, but it must be confessed, while these confidences are disclosed, that the Club was out of tune at breakfast. It mended a little afterward, but went off to work in various directions with a certain air of not agreeable preoccupation. Polyphemus was troubled, but he spoke not; and the wind blew from the sea a gentle summer gale, cool and refreshing.

Early in the afternoon, Briareus came in, tired and thirsty.

"What did you get?" asked Polyphemus.

"Nothing," he answered. "I could find nothing. I didn't feel in the mood for it."

The others all came in shortly after, and every one reported failure. They could find nothing, couldn't seem to see anything in anything, and, for some reason or other, didn't feel like doing anything, anyhow.

No wonder they could find nothing! Every canvas brought in had a sketch on it of a serpent! Every sketch-book held from one to a dozen designs of gigantic snakes, lashing



A ROAD-SIDE VIEW.



TOO WET OUTSIDE.

the ocean with interminable coils, wrapping ships in their folds, and threatening the firmament with their towering crests. The Griffin, who was more chipper than any one else, brought in a sketch of the skeleton of a sea-serpent—a ghastly relic of horrible dimensions covering the beach with its gigantic bones.

Each kept his own counsel, and Polyphemus held his peace; and if the reader is worthy of the confidence herein reposed in him, he will draw his own inferences and likewise hold his peace.

A breeze, to which, already, more or less reference has been made, still blew softly from the sea. Beneath the awning, on which the shadows from Weaver's Basin with its over-arching willows were perpetuated, it was pleasant enough, but out in the sunlight itself, it was intolerably hot. It was an afternoon conducive to indolence, and such opportunity as it presented in that direction the Club embraced. Pipes were lighted and hammocks swung in the gentle air; chairs were let back to the remotest angle, and a member who always paints things that have a strong literary motive or narrative interest, crossed his legs tailor-wise on the top of the capstan and produced a volume fresh from a London publisher.

He read aloud and the Club was interested. The volume contained poems, and they were not such as grosser poets make. To listen to them, to grasp fully their substance, to apprehend their inspiration, their motive, and their end, involved an almost inappreciable effort of the intellect. The Club was equal to it, and smoked passively as it took them in.

"Boys, let's go in swimming!" exclaimed the Bone.

The air was sultry and dead; the sea shimmered like a mirror of blue, the surf rolled in, in long and inviting lines, and the sun sank in the west into hot mists of orange and yellow. The Tilers swam on the placid waters beyond the bar, or tumbled in the white waves within it, until the twilight deepened, when they all came on deck to dress, cool and refreshed, and with dawning thoughts of coffee and something crisp for supper.

A gentle breeze had sprung up, but, unlike the breezes that had gone before, it blew not from the sea.

Presently, in the busy group beneath the awning, there was a sound as of a fish dropped on a marble slab. Yielding to a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, a Tiler had smitten himself.

"That was a mosquito," he explained.

"I should say so!" said another, with a wild flourish of his towel, and almost immediately every one seemed alive to the need of urgent haste in resuming his garments.

As they dressed, more mosquitoes arrived. On that gentle but malefic breeze they sailed in clouds from the thickets and the swamps of the inner shore. The deeper the darkness grew, the thicker they came, and a more high-minded, self-sacrificing, and assiduous community of insects never brought itself to the attention of humanity. The Tilers had met mosquitoes before, and were prepared to undergo, as every one is, their regular proportion of mosquito in acquiring their sum of human

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THE HOUSE OF THE RECKLESS LANDLORD.

experience; but in this case it looked as if they were expected to take it all at once. It was a dispensation like one of the plagues of Egypt. They bit at every available point. They betrayed no sense of fear, but went right to work without regard to the consequences. As fast as a whisk of a towel or a slap of a handkerchief killed or swept them off, others promptly took their places. They climbed inside the legs of trowsers; they invaded the sleeves of coats; they got into beards, ears, eyes, and noses, and the torture they inflicted was really painful in the last degree.

Handkerchiefs were put around necks, trowsers-legs were tied at the ankles with strings, or thrust into boots, and hands kept far down in pockets, clouds of smoke were blown in exasperating futility, and every device and exertion resorted to to mitigate the infliction. Nothing availed against them, and

supper was eaten with a running accompaniment of gymnastics. The Bone and the Owl went down on the beach and built a huge fire of wreckage, which sent up a prodigious smoke and myriads of sparks that looked like fiery mosquitoes waiting for midnight. They sat down in the lee of the blazing pile, and smoked themselves, so that when they returned to the ship they exhaled an aroma like that of Westphalia hams. It was an evening of complete misery.

A veil should be drawn over the night that ensued. Some there were that slept and let the mosquitoes take their fill, but the majority could not rest, and stalked about like restless spooks, covering themselves with sheets, and dozing fitfully, only to wake up and resume the unequal combat. It will not do to speak of what was undergone; much less repeat what was said about it. The mosquito, how-



AN OLD SALT.

ever, is a guilty thing, for whose greatest excesses the cover of the night is needed, and so when daylight came it brought a partial relief.

Somewhat restored by the morning swim, they ate their breakfast with a resentful air.

"I can fight mosquitoes all day," said the Scratch, "but I want my regular sleep. If we can't get some nets by night I am going home."

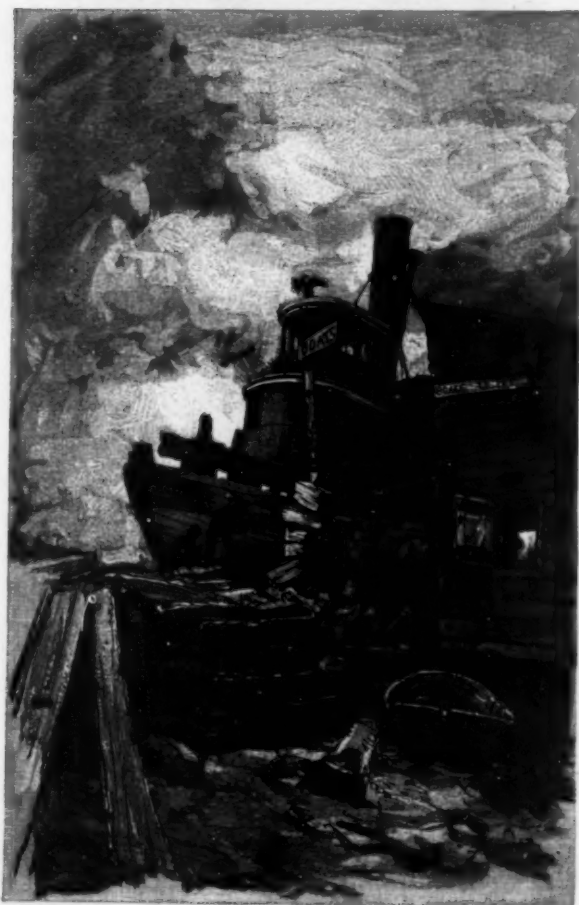
The Barytone was expected to arrive in the evening, so the Owl, as the best pedestrian, was dispatched to the nearest civilized point, with instructions to telegraph him to bring an invoice of mosquito-nets with him; which that brave and faithful Tiler, no whit dismayed by the message, accordingly did.

That afternoon, the wind went about and blew a brave summer gale; the enemy was dispersed, and the Tilers wandered for miles about, happy and industrious. The Barytone was met far away by a delegation who bore the nets to the *Two Sisters*, and Daniel, rising to the occasion, prepared a supper of great merit. The evening was perfect, and the nightmare memory of the night that had gone

before made it seem more perfect still. It was a very contented group that sat late upon the poop. The waves plashed with a low and murmurous melody upon the shifting sands, the firmament was jeweled with bright, unclouded worlds. The lights of ships far out at sea shone like wandering rubies and emeralds, and the Barytone sang with a voice for which not all the space about appeared too vast. It was a delightful and a compensating event.

The next day, the ingenious Briareus might have been seen sketching beneath a mosquito-net that he had erected on the beach. There were insects enough to justify the expedient. Numbers of sketches were brought in, in the evening, many interesting in respect of their subjects, but all fragmentary and incomplete. The nets were put up in the hold, and every one at dark sought their protecting folds. The air was again filled with torment. No lamps were lighted, but in each of the ghostly canopies that filled the hold there was the fitful glow of an incandescent pipe. The protection afforded was fairly effective, but the situation was discouraging.

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A CORNER BY THE HARBOR.

In the middle of the hold, where a broad square of moonlight was projected from the hatch above, like a statue of Buddha, his head bent in the apparent contemplation of his own person, the Owl sat up on his cot and filled his seclusion with a dense cube of illuminated smoke.

"Boys!" he said, solemnly. "This won't do. We must get out of here!"

Not a word of comment was heard, but the silence that prevailed was eloquent of assent. The square of moonlight moved away from the canopy of the Owl, who no longer plied his meditative pipe, and secure within their defenses, the Tilers abandoned themselves to such dreams as unimpaired digestions and good consciences held in store for them. There ensued no day of respite. The

sun beat mercilessly upon the yellow sand, the landscape quivered in the tide of heat, the sea betrayed no movement, and the listless air turned to purple haze.

"Nature," said Polyphemus, "is opposed to this business."

"Yes," said the Marine, "let us go! I know a 'tiley' town by the sea, not far away—a place of peace and cheapness."

"All right!" said the Club.

"Follow me!" said the Marine.

And in an hour the sable Daniel stood alone on the bow of the *Two Sisters*, while afar on the shore he watched the receding figures of the Tilers.

There is a very old town, a sea-port, a place where generation after generation has built all manner of stout wooden ships, a town



A SEA-SIDE HOMESTEAD.

surrounded by high hills and owning a deep, land-locked harbor. It is not over fifty miles from New York, and it is accessible by a railroad which runs to the top of a hill a mile distant and stops there, as if unwilling to enter into competition with the steep road that completes the rest of the journey. It is a conservative, steady-going, sensible settlement, full of statistics and physical geography, and rich in historical interest, as well as everything else which goes to make an old town tedious. In its exterior aspect it is a delightful place, and its people are as simple, as unconventional, and as sincere as if it had never known a summer boarder, and New York were a thousand miles away. Thither the Tilers had fled. Down the hill-side they

marched, in the shade of the trees and the cool by-paths. At the bottom were gray shingles and brick chimneys, and all along the edge of the deep blue basin there were ships in the various stages of construction and others in the various stages of decay. There was an inn, capacious enough to contain all the Tilers, and the landlord of it received them in a kindly, unenthusiastic fashion, assigned them to neat and comfortable bedrooms, and named a price so astonishingly low as to create a feeling of uneasiness as to what he intended giving them to eat. But when he told them to make themselves at home, and that he thought it was time that there was a little noise about the place, anyhow, and that they would oblige him person-

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THE JOVIAL SEA-DOG.

ally by making as much of it as they wanted to, he won their confidence completely. They never fully understood him, however: he was so different from all other inn-keepers they had known. He never seemed quite comfortable in his mind unless they ate more than was good for them at every meal, and in the quantity and quality of what he set before them he was evidently courting an early bankruptcy. He was a most meritorious man, and Briareus portrayed him with a soft black lead-pencil on a large sheet of rough paper, and the Owl obstructed the entire traffic of the street by sitting down in the middle of it and doing his house in water-color.

The Tilers invaded the town in every part, unearthing a bewildering wealth of material. Half of the houses were on the most intimate terms with the water. The tides rose and fell in and about them, boats were fastened at the doors, and everywhere there was a wreck of matter and an aspect of unlimited flotsam and jetsam that was of the deepest interest. In the ship-yards were the chips of a century, and on every hand the debris of vessels long gone to their rest. On the hills

and slopes and in the valleys about, were the cottages of this community of shipwrights, each embowered in an endless tangle of apple-trees and vines and revealing itself by a bright bit of paint, or a red chimney pushed up through the foliage. The fences were of wreckage or ship-joinery; if there was a touch of decoration here and there, it partook of the character of that on a ship's cabin, and in the matter of color they conformed strictly to the unwritten rules that prescribe how a vessel shall be painted. Besides the ship-building, there were the repairing yards, with dismantled hulks gathered about them, an interminable confusion of things, smoke ascending and the air laden with picturesque smells and the clatter of calkers' tools. Everything had to do with the making of ships, and there was hardly a child in the place that was not a born expert in all that pertained to the business. The houses were full of models and odd pictures of ships in carved wood, gayly painted as they sailed on the brightest of deep green seas. There were more ambitious pictures, too; portraits made in foreign parts, many thousand miles away, of ships that had been built in the yard.

The sturdy carpenters took a great interest in the Tilers and their work. One who, at his dinner-hour, found the Burr under his apple-trees at work, was delighted, and insisted that he should "put the old woman in," and wherever there was a Tiler found at work, a crowd surrounded him and ventured the freest, openest, and most unsophisticated of criticism. There were no closed doors to them, and when one day it rained, a master-builder gave them his sail-loft, commanding the whole harbor, to sketch in. Another gave them boats to work in, and a great jovial sea-dog with a skin of leather, a foggy voice, and a big heart, hoisted sail and went off to sea with the Marine, and brought him home in great spirits in the midst of a gale of wind and a storm of rain.

At the inn there were a piano and an organ, and as the Club's musical representation was of the strongest, these two instruments came into active employment. The Husk was present with his nimble fingers, the Catgut had his cherished Guarmerius, and the Horsehair had brought his trusted 'cello. Added to these, there was the noble Barytone, and it is not to be wondered at that there was more music in the town than ever before in its history. When it was confined to the artists mentioned, it was, no doubt, excellent; but the subject of the choruses, and the rendering of pieces that were supposed to call for the entire vocal strength of the Club, must be approached with diffidence. However, local criticism was

not severe, and popular interest, in what could be heard through the open windows, was overwhelming.

In the homely and quiet atmosphere of this peaceful country-side, so reserved, so shy, and so simple in its unspoiled beauty, William S. Mount spent his life. He was one of the first of distinctively American artists, a most faithful and conscientious worker, a man of honorable attainments and admirable qualities, and thoroughly esteemed by all who knew him. At sunset one evening, the Club visited his home, a charming old Long Island household, a place rich in tender memories, and hallowed by endearing associations. They were received with graceful hospitality by the ladies of an essentially artistic household, which is filled with objects of art, including many examples of the work of the deceased artist. It was an agreeable and interesting episode, and the members felt it to be in some sort a respectful observance to a justly revered memory.

They were happy days, those days about the ship-yards, the old houses, and the orchards; days of extemporized clam-bakes on the pebbly beach, of long swims in the clear blue waters of the harbor, of excursions through the hills and the valleys by the Sound, of sketch-books filled to overflowing,—days that the weather could not spoil, and that shall not be forgotten. They ended all too soon, and with their ending the Tile Club takes its leave.



HOME OF THE ARTIST, W. S. MOUNT.

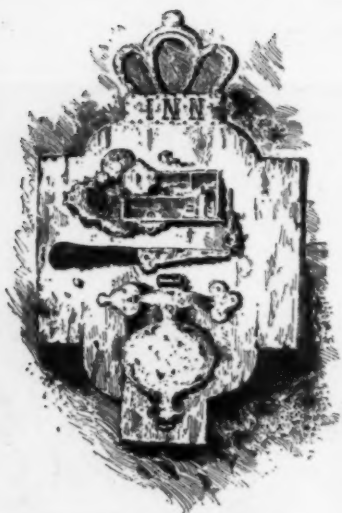
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BROTHER STOLZ'S BEAT.



It is one hundred and thirty-eight years since the Moravian Bishop Nitschman, with his missionaries, and his handsome niece Anna, and Count Zinzendorf, kept their first Christmas in Pennsylvania, in a stable in a forest, which they had named Bethlehem; and it is eighty years since Brother Stolz walked for the last time his watchman's beat in the Bethlehem patha, and called aloud at six in the morning, "*Der Glock hat sechs schlag*"—that is, "*Die Glocke hat sechs geschlagen*."

If he were to walk there now, he would be as unhappy as the white-haired Rip Van Winkle in the village of Falling Waters, and doubtless would lose his way at every turn; but to the stranger of to-day, visiting Bethlehem for the first time, it would seem nothing strange to meet him halting before some one of the quaint old stone houses, and saluting newcomers in the name of the Lord. In fact, it seems strange not to meet him, or "Brother Rose," who succeeded him, the records say, in



RELICS OF THE CROWN INN.

1801; what could be more natural, in streets where all lights are put out at ten o'clock every night, than to meet a holy watchman carrying a spear, and singing sacred hymns softly to himself?

Instead of this, however, it is a modern policeman you meet, with all the modern appliances for first deafening people and then knocking them down; but the policeman looks out of place and superfluous, and as often as he crosses your path seems a reminder of the old past by the very emphasis with which he marks the new present.

The North Pennsylvania Railroad has done its best to obliterate every trace of the Bethlehem which Zinzendorf knew; it has cut down the forests, planted forges, and furnaces, and rolling-mills, and warehouses, clattering and black and unsightly, crowding up and

down the Monocacy Creek, shriveling its willows and polluting its waters, till the stream has come to have the resigned and dejected look that always settles on the face of a free brook after it finds itself hopelessly hemmed in by a town.

This same North Pennsylvania Railroad will carry passengers now from Philadelphia to Bethlehem in two hours, and comfortably; but that seems a small atonement for the audacity of having pulled down the old Crown Inn to make room for their fine union depot. This old inn was the first which the Moravians built. It was separated by the Lehigh River from their settlement—it being their invariable custom to build inns at a distance from their towns, "to keep their people free from contact with the world, and to avoid as much as possible the prying curiosity of travelers." On a panel of its double-door was painted the crown of one of those good friends of America, the royal English Georges, and in the bar-room hung the inn's license, granted in 1746—"in the thirty-third year of the reign of the sovereign Lord George the Second, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, Ireland," etc. Living was cheap at the inn: "Breakfast with tea or coffee, 4 pence; dinner, 6 pence, and with a pint of beer, 8 pence; supper, 4 pence, or if hot, 6 pence; lodging, 2 pence; a night's hay and oats, 12 pence."

With food and lodging to be had at such prices as these, there could be no doubt that it must have been genuine religion and not economy which made the Moravians of that day carry all their food with them on long journeys, and eschew public inns. The wonder is that they ever took journeys at all, since the rules of the society forbade their leaving home, even for one day, without their clergyman's permission; and when a man was bold enough to desire to go so far as New York or Philadelphia, it became a still more serious matter, for the question of his going or not



THE FIRST HOUSE IN BETHLEHEM.

going had to be decided by the Overseers' College assembled in conference with the clergy. It was customary, also, for journeys of such dangerous length to be made in a private stage owned and run by a member of the society; and as it was manifestly impossible for him to run his stage all the way to New York and back for the sake of transporting the body and protecting the soul of a solitary passenger, it was the habit of these patient people to wait, sometimes for weeks, till seven or eight persons could be found all carnally bent on the same journey. Then the stage of one Adam Luckenbach

This grave-yard is the pleasantest spot in all Bethlehem. It lies in the very heart of the town, shaded by great trees, and looking toward the sunset as a grave-yard should. It is simply a field of solid green turf, with wide, well-kept walks, and rows of green mounds, close together, and all of the same size. Here, without distinction or separation, except of sex, the dead Moravians lie, in the order of their dying. A man might happen, thus, to lie at last by the side of his worst enemy—if such a thing could be as enmity under the banner of the "Unitas Fratrum," and, doubtless, they did have their quarrels and dislikes,



IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

was hired for the trip, and the good Moravian wives were thrown into a bustle of preparation. Pies and cakes, and meats and bread, and coffee—all the food that could possibly be required for the journey—were cooked and stowed in baskets. Not once would this stage-load of embodied consciences stop at an inn of the world's people. Adam carried the feed for his horses, and a bucket to water them with; at noon the travelers kept a holy picnic by the road-side, and at night they asked for shelter at farm-houses, warmed up their tea and coffee by the kitchen fire, and ate the food from their baskets. It is a picture of incredible simplicity, and is not without a certain fine pathos, also, of reproach to our present methods.

It is only a few years—not a hundred—since these good men did this thing. They were the grandparents of the men who are making and selling iron, building and running railroads, buying merchandise, and bartering land in Bethlehem to-day, and who can go and come at their pleasure from wicked city to wicked city all over the world. Is it absolutely certain that the grandchildren have the best of it? Walking at sunset in the old Moravian grave-yard, one thinks it over, and doubts.

like the rest of us. One would think, however, that the every-day seeing of this common and undivided final dormitory must have been a great check upon neighborhood squabbles—sometimes, also, a pang to weak human hearts that would like so much better to be buried close to their own beloved, than by the side of people for whom in life they had cared but little. On every one of the old mounds lies a small marble slab, bearing either a number or an inscription of a name, dates of birth and of death—nothing more; the harsh word "died" is never seen; always the kinder and truer word "departed," for which there is the authority of the Apostle Paul, as well as of all poets.

It is an unconscious tribute to the beauty of the old Moravian faith, and the inalienable truth of their view of death, that the townspeople of Bethlehem find this grave-yard pleasant to sit in; women bring their sewing, children their toys, and spend whole afternoons there in the summer; and lively social chat goes on with a sort of home-like freedom, which would seem impossible in any public park, but seems inexplicably natural in this sunny old grave-yard. Part of this strange atmosphere of good cheer may be owing to



THE EASTER PROCESSION ENTERING THE GRAVE-YARD.

the effect of the joyous ceremonies which are held in this grave-yard at sunrise on every Easter morning. It would seem in no wise unlikely that their deep-seated gladness should outlast a short twelve months' time, and linger from Easter round to Easter again and again, in a sacred bond of worship and triumphant contentment.

If the influence of the North Pennsylvania and the Lehigh Valley railroads, and the institutions and occupations kindred and incidental to them, should ever crowd out or degrade these beautiful Easter ceremonies, the loss to the Bethlehem people would be greater than they perhaps dream. But up to this time, the ceremonies have suffered no change. Long before daylight, on Easter morning, men playing trombones go through the town. They play a sweet and solemn tune, to which are set the words :

"Christ is risen from the dead,
Thou shalt rise, too, saith my Saviour—
Of what should I be afraid?
I with him shall live forever;
Can the dead forsake his limb,
And not draw me unto him?"

Waked by this music, the Moravians gather in their church, where a part of the Easter Litany is said. At the passage, "Glory be to him who is the resurrection and the life," the congregation rises and moves in proces-

sion to the grave-yard. The little children go first; then the singers and the trombone-players; then the clergymen; then the women; lastly the men. Slowly singing hymns, they walk through the streets, and enter the grave-yard with a burst of music; at the instant of sunrise, swiftly and quietly taking their appointed places on the different paths, the women still separated from the men, they sing and chant the remainder of the Litany. Sometimes, there are present at this service more than two thousand persons.

Another sunrise service, not ecclesiastical and not amenable to the Overseers' College, has much to do with the cheer of the old grave-yard. It is a summer service, held daily for many weeks, beginning in June. No trombones are heard, only voices—the voices of orioles, cedar-birds, thrushes, flickers, black-birds, and robins. They live in the trees, knowing they are safe; they gather and brood and multiply and return, as much at home as in a forest. The place is full of them; and some are so tame that they come down and hop about with the children, in the afternoon.

Song, and sunshine, and shade against heat; flowers and green turf, and a beautiful outlook to far-off wooded hills,—all Nature joins hand in hand here with the Moravians in their loving wisdom about death. From first to last they accept it, and recognize its triumph of deliverance. They hold it a sin to wear black for the dead; their funeral services and hymns are full of joy, and not sorrow—of hope, and not desolation; each death in the congregation is announced to the town by a burst of melody from the trombones in the church-belfry, and bells are rung, and not tolled, as a summons for the burial services. After all, it is not so strange that the old

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THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

grave-yard has such a home-like air, and that the women and children of Bethlehem like to spend their summer afternoons in it. The slabs on

gachcook" of Cooper's Leatherstocking stories. Tschoop was a Mohican, and held so high a place in the Moravian esteem that they departed from their usual custom of reticence on tombstones, and wrote in marble of him that he was "one of the first fruits of the mission at Shekomo, and a remarkable instance of the power of divine grace,"

the more modern graves are larger, and betray a tendency to the modern vice of wordy inscriptions. If this should increase, the spell of the charm of the old grave-yard would be broken.

Fifty-eight of the Indian converts to the Moravian Church are buried here. Their quaint names seem still quaintly carved on marble. One of these is "Tschoop," said to be the father of Uncas, who was the "Chin-



EASTER MORNING SERVICE.

BROTHER STOLZ'S BEAT.

which might not be so unqualified praise as it looks at first sight. Another Indian grave of interest is that of "Brother Michael," who, before the Moravians took him in hand, was one of the fiercest warriors of the Munsey tribe. After he became a Christian, he was so good

taken; upon his left cheek two lances, crossing each other, appeared; and upon the lower jaw was delineated the head of a wild boar."

Brother Michael was baptized in 1742, and died in 1758. Sixteen years' test of a man's conversion ought to be held a fairly good one.



VIEW IN BETHLEHEM.

and pious that he was known as "the crown of the Indian Mission." An old record of his burial says:

"The serenity of his countenance, when laid in his coffin, formed a singular contrast to the warlike characters scarified and tattooed upon his face when he was a noted Indian brave. On his right cheek and temple was the representation of a rattlesnake; from the under lip a pole was drawn, passing over the nose and up between the eyes to the top of his forehead, ornamented at every quarter of an inch with round marks, intended to represent the number of scalps he had

Governments which can discover to-day no way of dealing with Indians except to kill them, might find profitable matter for reflection in the early records of the Moravian churches. In an old memorandum of the statistics of a "certain religious society in Bethlehem" is the following clause: "There are eighty-two Indians, besides those young Indian women who live with our young women, and besides the savages who are going and coming and staying longer or shorter

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A FAMILY TRO.

with us." And in the early winter of 1756, Bishop Spangenberg wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania:

"We are at a loss how to act with those Indians that come out of the woods, and want to stay at Bethlehem. They are very troublesome guests and we should be glad to have your Honor's Orders about them. Our Houses are full already, and we must be at the Expences of building Winter-Houses for them if more should come; which very likely will be the case according to the account we have from them who are come. And then another difficulty arises, viz. we hear that some of our neighbors are very uneasy at our receiving such murdering Indians; for so they stile them. We, therefore, I fear, shall be obliged to set watches to keep of such of the neighbors who might begin quarrels with or attempt to hurt any of them."

It is on record, also, that the hostile Indians in Pennsylvania found the Moravian towns great hinderances to their warfare, "because they could not prevail on the friendly Indians to destroy the missionary establishments, nor prevent them from informing the Brethren whenever any attempt was to be made on the settlements." And in the record of a petition which the Moravians made, in 1757, for a "Relaxation of Taxes," we find stated as one reason of their especial impoverishment at that time "the extraordinary expense the Brethren are and must still be at, in maintaining the Indians who fled to them from Gnaden Hutten (now wholly thrown upon their hands and left unprovided for by

the Government), for whose subsistence alone this year they have been obliged to let them have upwards of fifty acres of their best land (cleared and fenced for them at the Brethren's own expence), to plant their Indian corn," etc.

The first building in which the Moravians worshiped in Bethlehem is now called the "old chapel." It was a house built of hewn logs, two stories high, with a steep roof, in which there were two stories, again, of garrets. It was the second house they built, and was intended as a house for ministers and their families, as well as for a place of worship. It was called the Gemein House, and a large room on the second floor, where the congregation assembled, was called "Der Saal." The ceiling of this room was supported by four wooden pillars, which can still be seen in the walls of the four rooms into which it has been partitioned.

Ten years later, "the town having a population of two hundred souls," it became necessary to have a larger place of meeting; and a stone addition to the Gemein House was put up, and dedicated on the 10th of July, 1751, by Bishop Nitschman, the father of the famous Anna Nitschman, Count Zinzendorf's second wife, about whom it is impossible not to speculate curiously when one puts "two and two together," as he prowls about among the old



THE OLD CHAPEL.

archives in Bethlehem, and looks up at the handsome face of Anna's old portrait.

The present church is comparatively modern, having been built in 1806; but even this has in its turn been modernized, and is now in its interior not unlike the majority of plain meeting-houses of the Congregational sects. There are still living many graduates of the "Boarding-school for Females"—as the Moravians called their young ladies' school—who recollect vividly the bare floors, the white-curtained windows, the hard pine benches, and the round tub of a pulpit, high up in the air, with a canopy above it—in place of which now are bright red carpets, cushioned pews, and a low reading-desk; all changes for the better, so far as physical comfort goes, but changes which mean a loss of sentiment—a loss so subtle that it cannot be stated, but so positive that nothing can compensate the soul which knows what it is, and the places whence something has fled. In those old times the men sat by themselves on one side, the women on the other; and though this fashion of separation of the sexes has become obsolete, there are some old Moravian women in Bethlehem to-day who cannot yet bring themselves to sit by the side of their husbands in church on Sunday.

Much more interesting than this modernized room for worship is a room in the second story where are kept the old records of the society, and its library, numbering about two thousand volumes, all relating to the past or present of the "Unitas Fratrum." Here are treasures indeed. A rare set of old Bibles, in many tongues; records of the early history of Pennsylvania, and the treaties with the Indians; the diaries of the church, kept from 1742 to the present day, and recording with great minuteness not only church affairs, but the affairs of the town; quaint old narratives of the journeys of some of the early travelers in America, and closets full of original letters and documents written in the last century, bearing invaluable autographs.

Among these treasures is Benigna de Watteville's old hymn-book—a thick, clumsy little volume, bound in fine scarlet leather, with more gilding than one would suppose Benigna would have thought it right to possess, she being Count Zinzendorf's daughter and the wife of a bishop of the church. Six years before her marriage to Baron de Watteville, she traveled in America with her father, and was present with him at that memorable Christmas celebration in the stable, in the year 1741, by reason of which the name of

Bethlehem was given to the town, which had before been called "Bethlehem," or "The House on the Lecha." It must have tried Benigna's eyes if she sang hymns from this hymn-book on that Christmas night in the dimly lighted stable, for the print is fine and none of the best.

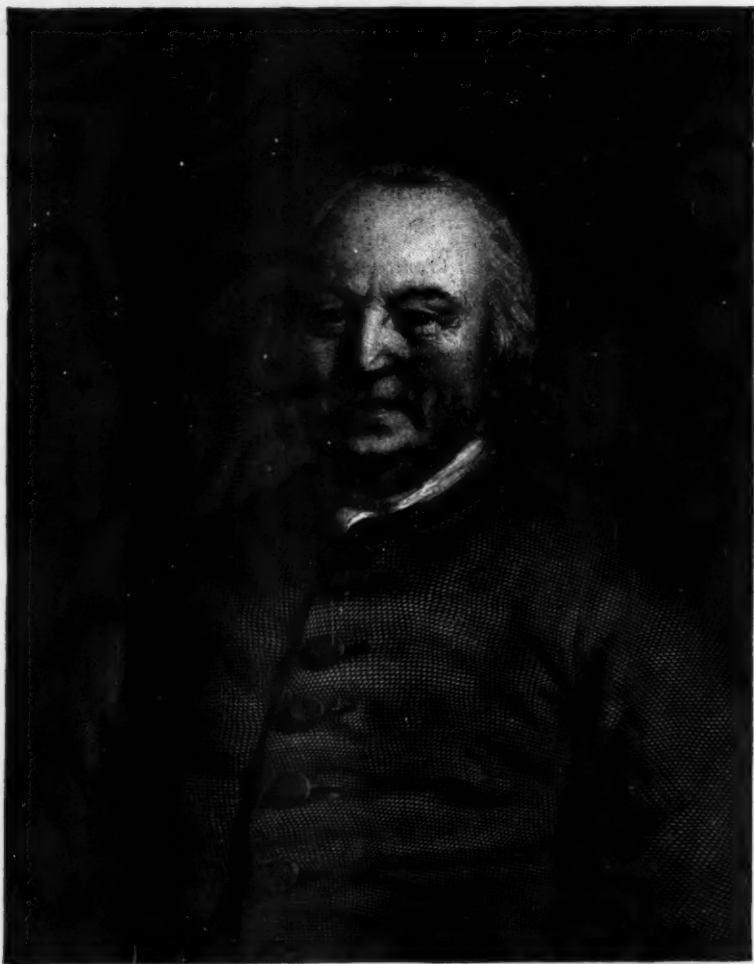
Another still more interesting hymn-book is one that belonged to an old Moravian, Paul Muenster by name, and was held by him so dear that, when he fled from Moravia to Herrnhut, in 1729, he carried the volume strapped on his back, as his greatest earthly treasure. It was printed in 1606, "By the Elders and servants of the Churches of the Brethren in Bohemia, Moravia, and Poland." At Herrnhut, Muenster gave the book to Anna Nitschman, and she in turn gave it to another Anna, well known in Moravian history—Anna Johanna Seidel, a clergyman's wife. A rare token of friendship for Mistress Seidel it was in Deaconess Anna to give away this old quarto, even then one hundred and twenty-three years old. Ultimately, Paul Muenster removed from Herrnhut to Bethlehem; there he found and reclaimed the old hymn-book, and kept it until the 4th day of October, 1792, when he bequeathed it to the library of the church, and himself "entered into the joy of the Lord."

High up on the walls of this room of the archives hangs a row of queer, stiff old portraits of the Moravian men and women who

were famous in the early days of the church. The women all wear the severe and unbecoming white caps of the order—a cap fitting as close as possible to the head, covering all the hair, and held down flat on the forehead by a tight band passing around the head. At twelve years of age all the Moravian girls had to put on these caps: dark red strings were worn at first; pink after the age and dignity of "single sisters" had been attained; blue after marriage, and white by widows. One is led to wonder if the precise date was fixed, by the Overseers' College, at which the red strings marking the period of "great girl"-hood were to be replaced by the paler pink of the "single sisters," or whether it was left to the humility and discretion of the individual to make the change at the suitable time. The name of this cap was "Schneppen Haube"—from the resemblance of its shape to that of a snipe's bill. No wonder that there is said to have been great rejoicing among the married women and sisters when this hideous and unbecoming head-gear was abolished from the American congregations, in the year 1818. How ludicrous must have been the discussions among the fathers when this momentous change was under consideration; and how easy to fancy what a tremendous home pressure must have been brought to bear on all of them to induce them to vote in the right way. No doubt, if one could get at the Moravian family statistics of that time, all the young



THE FIRST MORAVIAN SEMINARY AT BETHLEHEM.



BISHOP SPANGENBERG.

and handsome wives and daughters would be found on the side of "no caps": only a very bold man could have had courage to vote that the caps should stay on.

No face in all the long rows of portraits in this room compares in interest with that of Anna Nitschman, Count Zinzendorf's second wife. Handsome, determined, it compels one's instant attention, and awakes a strong curiosity to know the details of her life. Underlying all the spiritual devotion, holy self-denials, and enthusiastic proselyting of the lives of those early Moravians, there were doubtless strong currents of human

emotion, warfares with the flesh, and storms of passion; and looking from the face of Anna Nitschman to that of Count Zinzendorf on the opposite wall, one cannot forbear wondering what the count thought of Anna that Christmas night in the stable, and whether she and his daughter Benigna "looked over" together in the fine scarlet-and-gilt hymn-book. Anna was a person of mark, having been appointed "eldress" at Herrnhut when she was only fifteen years old. She came to America with her father, in 1740, and it appears from the records that she accompanied Zinzendorf and his daughter in their travels in

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PART OF THE SISTERS' HOUSE.

America. At this time Zinzendorf's first wife, Dorothea, the Countess Erdmuth, was at home, on the estate of Berthelsdorf, and consoled herself during her husband's absence by devoting all her energies to "the counsel and assistance" of the Moravians at Herrnhut. It was in the year 1741 that the count traveled in America with Benigna and Anna, and it was not until 1756 that the good Countess Dorothea died—fifteen years; but Anna had waited, and the count had remembered; and in 1757 they were married, Zinzendorf being then fifty-seven years old, and Anna most certainly no longer young. They lived together only three short years, "died within twelve days of each other, in 1760, and were buried side by side in the cemetery at Hutberg."

In the same year in which this significant marriage took place, there was a rare great marrying in Bethlehem—a most curious incident in the history of the congregation. Owing to the strict separation of the sexes, the "single sisters" not being permitted to pass the "Brethren's Home," nor the "single brethren" the "Sisters' Home"—the sisters being forbidden to mention the name of one of the brethren or to look toward them if they accidentally met,—owing to these restrictions, and to the absurd practice of selecting wives

for men and husbands for women by lot, and assigning them to each other by the authority of the elders' conference, marriages were growing fewer and fewer in Bethlehem. This fact being reported to the authorities at Herrnhut caused much uneasiness there, and the Rev. Bishop John, Baron de Watteville (husband of the Benigna who had the handsome scarlet hymn-book), was sent from Germany to America to see what could be done about it. The result of his visit must have given great satisfaction all round, for it brought about that on one day, the 20th of April, 1757, no less than fourteen couples were married out of hand, "in the face of the whole congregation, in the old place of worship, 'Der Kleine Saal.'" This ceremony was called "The Great Wedding Act," and was put on record, with the names of the couples married and the ministers who performed the ceremony. Twelve ministers there were, two of them bishops. Each bishop married two couples; the other ministers, one apiece. As the fourteen couples, accompanied by the twelve ministers, entered the hall, the trumpets and trombones were played, and the sight must have been indeed what the old record calls it—"a very respectable prospect," and "a triumph for the young people of both sexes." After the ceremony, Bishop Spangen-



ANNA NITSCHMAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. EGGERT, BETHLEHEM, OF THE OLD PAINTING.)

berg delivered a sermon, several of the other ministers read addresses, and "Brother Petrus Boehler sang an original ode." Brother Petrus Boehler evidently was not above turning his hand to anything, for it was he of whom an old traveler recorded that "when the grandfather of Doctor Huebner came to Bethlehem he had to cross the Lehigh River, and he hailed a person on the other side who was watering linen on the bleach [then linen was worn altogether]. The person came and took him across. It proved to be the noted Brother Petrus Boehler who tended the bleach. All were required to be busy; and he, as the minister of the congregation, set a good example to the others."

The boat in which Brother Petrus carried the stranger across the river was a flat-boat, large enough to carry six horses. It was run on a strong rope stretched across the river, and made fast on each bank. By the mere force of the current of the river, the boat was pulled across. This was the only way of crossing the Lehigh until the year 1792, when the Lehigh Bridge Company built a bridge, and did away with the ferry. Since then, what with spring freshets and the breaking of huge dams put up by canal companies, bridges have had a hard time of it on the Lehigh, and have gone down stream, sometimes, much faster than the old ferry-boat ever did in the roughest of weather. And nobody thinks of

singing songs, either for his daily crossing or for the hours of storm, as Father Petrus did, and Massy Warner, also, who was the regular ferryman, but happened to be away on the day when "Doctor Huebner's grandfather" arrived. Indeed, the old Moravians sang songs on every occasion; all their work was set to music. Bishop Spangenberg, writing in 1746 about the "bretheren and sisters of Nazareth," says: "Never since the creation of the world were there made and sung such lovely and holy shepherds', plowing, reapers', thrashing, spinners', knitters', sewers', washers', and other laboring hymns, as by these people." He does not add, "ferrymen's," but we, thinking of the old ferry, add it at once, and imagine Father Petrus pacing slowly to and fro on the boat, leaning against the straining rope, as if to set his weight athwart the current, and chanting such words as these—might they not have been?—

Downward current, I shall stem thee;
In Jehovah's name restrain thee;
Rushing water, seek the sea!
Yonder green shore lureth me.
Banks of Canaan, Jesus' land,
Where the singing angels stand,
Downward current, vain to draw me,
In Jehovah's name I stay me;
Rushing water, seek the sea!
Yonder green shore lureth me.

Downward current, like my sinning;
Out of thee I win my winning;
Sinners seek the burning sea;
Heaven's green shore lureth me;



COUNT ZINZENDORF.

Banks of Canaan, Jesus' land,
Where the singing angels stand,
Downward current, vain to draw me,
In Jehovah's name I stay me,
From the sinner's burning sea
Christ the Saviour saveth me!

The "Sisters' Home" is still devoted to the same purpose for which the thoughtful Moravians built it in 1742, *i. e.*, the shelter of lonely single women, who have not money enough to make for themselves homes. It is a quaint low building of stone, with heavy buttresses, and a high, steep roof, in which are tiers of dormer-windows. It walls in three sides of a green court-yard in front, and has at its rear another green inclosure, where each sister may have, if she likes, a tiny flower-garden of her own. The halls are low, narrow, and cross and intersect each other by arched ways; their floors are of square red tiles such as were baked in Bethlehem a hundred years ago; the stairs, balustrades, and all wood-work are of old oak, shining brown, and worn to a surface like satin; such smooth spotlessness, such record of a century of cleanly fashions, was never seen in wood before. The walls are of white plaster seemingly as durable as the oak—not a break, not a crack, in it. The mechanics of to-day in Bethlehem wonder when they pull down an old house to find plaster as firm as timbers; but the explanation is simple: "The Moravians prepared their plaster in the fall of the year in a pit in the ground, where it remained all winter, covered only by a few boards to keep out the dirt, so that all the lime became thoroughly slacked by exposure to the winter, and, when used, became as soon as it was dry a cement as hard almost as stone."

The floors are sunken in places almost into hollows, yet not a sill has a chipped edge or corner, and the fine old dull red color is as handsome in its way as anything in Pompeii. The walls of these passage-ways are lined with cupboards, wardrobes, narrow tables, hanging-shelves, boxes—all the little devices and accommodations of a snug spinster housekeeping. Each sister has right to all the space along that part of the passage-way wall which bounds her own rooms, and the story which the passage-ways tell is the whole story of the plan of the sisters' living. It is, after all, only an apartment-house on a humble and economical scale. But the scale which would, anywhere else in the world, seem so narrow and uncomfortable that it would surely sink into untidiness and squalor, is here lifted, by simple cleanliness, with its allied "godliness," into a dignity that is more elegant than mere splendor could ever be. One cupboard which I remember was swung



BLAST-FURNACES ON THE LEIGHE.

on the wall, and had sides of open wire. With touching unconsciousness of neighbors' prying eyes, some sister had set away here, in plain sight, among her little stores, a tiny strip of cheese,—certainly not more than two mouthfuls,—one tumbler with perhaps three mouthfuls of currant-jelly in it, and another with a table-spoonful of cranberry. The exquisite neatness of the place took away from this little hoard every suggestion of the sordid, and merely gave one a thrill of tender sympathy at the thought of the lonely noon or night meal at which these tidy bits of savings would be set forth. Here and there, in corners, or at the turning of a passage-way, stands an old-fashioned high clock; some of them silent, as better befits the place—heirlooms, no doubt, belonging to sisters who cannot spare space for them in their little parlors and bedrooms, but who like to see them standing outside, like faithful sentries over the past. It is a token of the inalienable dignity of the lives lived in this place that one sees here, without any thought of offense or sense of the ludicrous, an old broom and dust-pan, or even a well-worn pail and scrubbing-brush, hanging on the wall by the side of a clock of fine old mahogany, inlaid with yellow satin-wood.

The rooms in this house are not bestowed as charities, although none but Moravian women may occupy them. They are rented at low prices, and the rent-money goes to the church. Some of the sisters who have sufficient means occupy apartments containing



HALL-WAY IN THE SISTERS' HOME.

several rooms, and furnish them comfortably. Others live in a single room in the roof, but, up to the very ridge-pole, extend the same exquisite cleanliness, order, and sense of protection.

It is the one spot left in Bethlehem, besides the grave-yard, where the old Moravian atmosphere still lingers—the one place where, if Brother Stolz were to return for an evening ramble over his old “beat,” he would find himself at home. One can easily fancy him pausing any night in the shadows of the old stone buttresses, and, resting on his spear, looking up at the dark and soundless chambers, singing a watchman’s hymn:

“Lie still in the darkness,
Sleep safe in the night.
The Lord is a Watchman,

The Lamb is a Light.
Jehovah, He holdeth
The sea, and the land,
The earth, in the hollow
Of His mighty hand.
All’s well! in the darkness,
All’s well! in the night.
The Lord is a Watchman,
The Lamb is a Light.

“Awake! Day is dawning!
The Lamb is the Light.
The Lord has a vineyard,
His harvests are white.
Jehovah, He holdeth,
By sea and by land,
His saints in the hollow
Of His mighty hand.
Awake! It is morning.
The Lamb is the Light.
The Lord has a vineyard,
His harvest is white.”

TO A DEAD WOMAN.

NOT a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life’s end,
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, O friend!
At the gate of Silence give it back to me.

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V

ESMERALDA.*

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

CHARACTERS:

"OLD MAN" ROGERS	A North Carolina Farmer.	JACK DESMOND	An American Artist in Paris.
LYDIA ANN ROGERS	His Wife.	NORA DESMOND }	His Sisters.
ESMERALDA	His Daughter.	KATE DESMOND }	
DAVE HARDY	A Young North Carolinian.	"MARQUIS" DE MONTESIN	A French Adventurer.
ESTABROOK	A Man of Leisure.	GEORGE DREW	An American Speculator.

ACT I.

Room in Rogers's house, North Carolina. Rough log interior. Window and door in background.
Drew appears at door—looks in a little, and knocks.

DREW. There doesn't seem to be any one about. (*Steps in and looks around.*) From the general aspect of things, I should say it wouldn't be difficult to make a bargain with them—and a good one. They are generally pretty innocent. Now if Estabrook will keep quiet! (*Looking around, goes to door.*) Estabrook! Esta—oh, he's making a sketch of some confounded thing or other. Estabrook!

ESTABROOK. (*Enters, with sketch-book.*) With all respect for your energy of character, I must confess that it jars on the pastoral nature of the scene. What's the difficulty? Business again, I suppose. Oh! this is the house where the owner of the unlimited vein of iron ore—

DREW. (*Puts hand over Estabrook's mouth.*) For heaven's sake, keep still.

ESTABROOK. My dear fellow, there's a vigor about you that might be toned down—to advantage.

DREW. Look here! I must make a bargain with these people. It's a matter of thousands of dollars.

ESTABROOK. And this is the house—the little house they live in—and there's a simplicity about it—

DREW. Never mind the simplicity about it. I want to find the people. (*Knocks on door.*)

DREW. There's some one, at last. (*Hurries to door.*) Hallo! Hallo, you, I say! (*To Estabrook.*) He's chopping wood. Hallo!!

OLD MAN. (*Outside.*) Mother, whar air ye? Some un's a-hollerin' at the door. Lyddy Ann!

DREW. No, it's you I want. Can't you come here for a few moments?

OLD MAN. (*Appearing at door.*) She aint yere.

DREW. Who isn't here?

OLD MAN. She aint—Lyddy Ann—mother, ye know.

DREW. Do you mean your wife?

OLD MAN. Y-yes. That's her.

DREW. I don't want your wife.

OLD MAN. Who d'ye want then? Esmeraldy?

DREW. No, I want the man who owns this farm around here. It's rather a barren place, but I thought—

OLD MAN. Waal, mother—she's out somewhere.

DREW. Look here. Is this farm hers or yours?

OLD MAN. Waal, I reckon I paid fer it—sorter—but mother, she—she kinder runs it—an' I don't 'low to enterfere much. That's the way it is. But wont ye set down?

DREW. Thanks.

OLD MAN. (*Glances toward Estabrook.*) Aint he 'long with ye?

DREW. Yes—oh, yes. Estabrook—this is the gentleman I was looking for.

OLD MAN.. Howdy! howdy! I'm glad ter be made acquainted. Rogers is my name. Set down. Mother, she'll be pow'rful glad ter see ye—pow'rful. Whar air ye from?

ESTABROOK. New York—as much as anywhere.

OLD MAN. Lor', how tickled mother wud be ter see ye. She haint never been ter New York, but 'Liz'bethville—whar she was raised—it kinder made her feel like she knew suthin of how New York was. Thar's three churches to 'Liz'bethville, an' four stores, an' a post-office. She's high-sperreted, mother is.

DREW. And you say she takes charge of your farm for you?

*The drama of "Esmeralda" is founded upon a short story of the same name by Mrs. F. H. Burnett, which appeared in this magazine for May, 1877. It is here printed through the courtesy of the Madison Square Theater, where it was produced October 29, 1881, and is still being played. In abridging the play to meet the requirements of the magazine, passages have been necessarily omitted which are striking features of the stage representation. Copyright, 1881, by Frances Hodgson Burnett and W. H. Gillette. All rights reserved.

OLD MAN. Waal, yes—she kinder runs things. She's a pow'rful manager, mother is—an' she's high-sperreted, an' it's—waal—it's kinder easier ter let her. An' her bein' raised in 'Liz'bethville makes her more businessliker then me an' Esmeralda.

ESTABROOK. And who is Esmeralda?

OLD MAN. She's my little gal—'tleast she aint so little now. She's eighteen years old an' a-goin' ter be married—Lor', just ter think of her a-goin' ter be married!

DREW. I suppose the land round here isn't good for much. Now yours, for instance. What is your wife's opinion of it?

OLD MAN. Waal, I dunno so much about thet.

DREW. Hasn't she ever given you her opinion of it?

OLD MAN. Wa-al—no—not eggzackly. She's kinder confined herself more to givin' me her opinion o' me fer buyin' it.

DREW. Um! What does she say?

OLD MAN. Waal—she sez a heap—now an' ag'in—when she gits started on thet, we kinder change the subjick.

DREW. (*Gets up and walks to and fro.*) Well, I suppose she'll be here before long, wont she? You see, I have a little idea—that is, it occurred to me that possibly—

OLD MAN. Say! Was ye thinkin' o' stayin' 'round yere till she comes?

DREW. Yes.

OLD MAN. An' talkin' to her about the land?

DREW. Yes, I wanted to have a little talk with both of you.

OLD MAN. Oh, ye wont need me—when ye git her started ye wont need me. I reckon I'll hev to go an' git a load o' wood about—about ten miles from yere. I 'low I'd better start now. (*Gets up hastily.*) Ye wont need me, when ye git her started about the land.

DREW. (*Catching Old Man's arm.*) Look here, you mustn't go. (*Gently pushes him back into seat.*)

OLD MAN. (*Nervously.*) Thet thar wood—we can't do without it.

ESTABROOK. (*Aside.*) Oh, this is a shame—to get the poor old chap's land like this—it's a rascally shame, by Jove!

MRS. ROGERS. (*Outside.*) Esmeralda, where's your father?

OLD MAN. (*Starting.*) Thar—thar she is—an' thet thar wood!

DREW. Look here. The best thing for you to do is to take us over the farm. Suppose we go before she comes.

OLD MAN. I think we'd just as well.

MRS. ROGERS. (*Outside.*) Esmeralda! Esmeralda!

OLD MAN. (*Going quickly toward door, stopping.*) Le's go! Le's go! She haint feel-

in' her best—I kin tell. (*Beckons Drew vigorously. Exit.*)

ESTABROOK. Drew, it's a shame—it's a confounded shame. (*Going.*) And such an innocent old fellow, too. (*Exit with Drew.*)

Enter Mrs. Rogers from door Left. She looks about.

MRS. ROGERS. There was some one here—I heard him talking. (*Looking out of window.*) There they go! What did he take them away for without letting me see them! Always drudge—drudge—drudge—nothing else—and no chance of anything else. I ought to be used to it by this time. But I suppose I never shall be. It comes over me morning, noon, night. And there's no escape. I was a fool. There wasn't a man in 'Lizabethville or 'round I mightn't have had when I was teaching school there—and some have done well since then—done well—and moved off to big cities. And for a mere fancy—a whim—I came to this—to drudge my life out on a rocky farm—and never see a soul from month's end to month's end. And I was a handsome girl, too—and always had it in me to long for what was going on outside. What fools girls are!

Esmeralda enters door with a pail.

ESMERALDA. (*Timidly.*) Mother!

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you're there, are you? What makes you slink about that way, as if you were scared? That's one of your father's ways. Where have you been?

ESMERALDA. (*Nervously.*) I've—been pulling the corn for supper—and here it is, mother.

MRS. ROGERS. Here it is! Where? It isn't in the pail.

ESMERALDA. (*Looks in pail.*) Oh—I—I—must have left it there. We were talking—and—and he laid it down by me on the grass—and—I think I forgot it. I'll go and get it.

MRS. ROGERS. Stop! Who was with you?

ESMERALDA. Dave, mother—

MRS. ROGERS. Don't hang your head down as if you had no spirit in you. That's another of your father's ways. You two are so alike you drive me wild. What was it you were talking about?

ESMERALDA. We were talking—he was saying—he—was saying—

MRS. ROGERS. Did it take him a week to say it? Well, go on!

ESMERALDA. If—if you don't mind—I'll call him, mother, and—he'll tell you himself. He's down by the bars. He wanted to come in with me—but—

MRS. ROGERS. But what? You were afraid to let him, I suppose. As if I didn't know what he wanted.

ESMERALDA. (*Timidly draws near Mrs. Rogers and lays a hand on her arm.*) Don't be angry, mother—please don't. It's all my fault. Don't let what I do make you blame Dave or—or father.

MRS. ROGERS. It's not so much your fault as your father's. You get it all from him. You'd be well enough if you had some spirit, and set more value on yourself.

ESMERALDA. (*At door.*) Mother, he's coming.

MRS. ROGERS. Well, you might have done better. (*Aside.*) If there was any sort of a chance for her around here, I'd never listen to it for a moment. If we'd lived in 'Lizabethville!

ESMERALDA. Here he is, mother.

Dave enters. He goes at once to Esmeralda and takes her hand.

DAVE. Well, Mrs. Rogers, may be you know how it is with us.

MRS. ROGERS. (*Rather sullenly.*) Oh, yes, I know—I'd have been blind not to have seen it.

DAVE. And—I—hope you've nothing particular against it.

MRS. ROGERS. Nothing particular—no more than I've nothing particular for it.

DAVE. I know I aint good enough for her, but—

MRS. ROGERS. Well, she might have done better.

DAVE. She might have found a richer fellow—and a smarter fellow, but she couldn't have found one anywhere who'd think more of her.

ESMERALDA. I shouldn't care for money, mother—I shouldn't know what to do with it; but when I go away from father—dear, gentle father—I couldn't bear to go to anyone who was different, and Dave—I—I've known Dave so long. Tell her about the little house, Dave.

DAVE. (*Laughs.*) I've been building a house for my wife. I drove the last nail yesterday, and it's standing there under the chestnut trees.

ESMERALDA. And he never told me a word of it till to-day—and it's so far off the road that no one has seen it—and father knew it all the time, but he never said a word.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you've built a house. Well, that shows you've got something in you. What kind of a house is it?

DAVE. Frame, and pretty enough, too. Oh, yes, it's pretty—'taint built for me, you know—a rough chap like me could get along with any place. "Taint for you," says I,

"but for a little creature with soft ways—and she's got to be kept in mind. Make your stairs easy," I says, "for she's going up 'em every day—Heaven bless her! Fix the shelves the right height, and drive your nails so a person can reach 'em that aint six feet in her stockings." I drove in one nail last night for a sun-bonnet to be slung up on—a little white sun-bonnet, and I stood and looked at it in the twilight until I swear I could see that little bonnet hang there. It was the last thing I did to the house. And there it stands waiting. And if anything should happen to part us—though, thank God, nothing could—it would stand there waiting until it fell away board from board, and there wasn't anything left of it.

Enter Old Man from door in background, followed by Drew and Estabrook.

OLD MAN. Oh, she's yere—an'—an' so's Esmeralda, an' Dave.

DREW. (*To Mrs. Rogers.*) Madam, allow me to explain.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you can't tell me anything. It's the land, or the taxes for the land.

DREW. I don't wonder at it. Would you sell it cheap?

MRS. ROGERS. Cheap? I'd sell it for almost nothing.

DREW. What would you say to five hundred dollars?

MRS. ROGERS. Will you give that?

DREW. I will, if you'll settle the matter right up now, as I'm in something of a hurry. If you agree, I'll pay you the money down; if you say no, that ends it.

MRS. ROGERS. I'll do it.

Old Man and Esmeralda, who have watched the whole affair with breathless interest, are much grieved. Old Man covers his face with his hands and bows his head.

OLD MAN. Mother, ye aint really—goin' ter sell the old place?

MRS. ROGERS. Of course I am, and glad of the chance. Come! (*All except Dave follow her into room Left.*)

Dave stands motionless. After a moment he moves a little uneasily, goes and looks after them; comes down Center.

DAVE. There's something wrong. He didn't look like a man that would cheat, but you can't tell. I've seen those men before—yes, I saw 'em on the hill—and—one of 'em was picking up stones and hammering pieces off the—c— There's ore on this farm! Am I too late? (*Runs to door.*) Yes. (*Staggers back.*) They have signed! (*An idea occurs to him. Opens door and speaks.*) Would you come here a moment? (*Nodding.*) You, sir!

Yes. Could you come out here? I want to see you. (*Drew appears at the door.*)

DREW. Did you want to see me, my friend?

DAVE. Yes, if you'll please come here. It's very important, sir.

Drew hesitates a moment, looks back, apparently satisfied, comes quickly out toward Dave. Dave moves up a little, and without apparent effort comes around between Drew and the door.

DREW. What do you mean?

DAVE. I don't mean anything but this: There's ore on this place!

Drew makes a quick motion toward door. Dave stands before him. They regard each other.

DAVE. (*Quietly.*) I thought so.

DREW. Young man, you are too late; the farm is sold. He has signed a bond for a deed.

DAVE. Well, I reckon you haven't got it yet.

DREW. That may be, but I will have it in a moment.

DAVE. I don't think so.

DREW. Don't you? Oh, well, we're all apt to be wrong once in a while. (*To Estabrook, who appears at door.*) E-Estabrook, just get that contract for me.

ESTABROOK. My dear fellow, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole.

DREW. (*Aside.*) Confound it! (*To Dave.*) Come, now. You're a man of sense. This is simply a matter of business with me. The farm may be worth a little something, but not so very much. Now I'm willing to do the fair thing. What'll you take to keep it dark?

DAVE. How? How do you mean?

DREW. (*Aside.*) They're coming. (*To Dave.*) See here! I'll give you a thousand dollars if you want say a word.

DAVE. What!

DREW. Here, I'll—I'll make it five—five thousand—just to keep quiet half a minute.

DAVE. Five thousand! (*Derisively.*) Why, I wouldn't wrong that old man for a million!

Enter Mrs. Rogers with bond in her hand, followed by Old Man and Esmeralda.

DREW. (*Desperately.*) Ten thousand.

DAVE. No, sir!

DREW. (*Making toward Mrs. Rogers.*) Then I warn you not to interfere. (*Dave seizes Drew. A short struggle.*) Let me pass, young man.

MRS. ROGERS, ESMERALDA, OLD MAN. Dave! Dave! What does all this mean?

Dave throws off Drew, and seizes bond out of Mrs. Rogers's hand.

DAVE. Nothing; only the land you were going to sell this man is worth a fortune.

MRS. ROGERS. (*To Drew, almost fiercely.*) Is this true?

DREW. (*Crossing to Mrs. Rogers.*) Madam, it is a fact that there is an iron drift on your farm.

MRS. ROGERS. And you've been trying to get it from me for nothing!

DREW. I always buy as cheap as I can. Since our former bargain is off, I will make you as good an offer as any one.

MRS. ROGERS. What is your offer?

OLD MAN. (*Going to Mrs. Rogers.*) Mother, seems like if we could jist save out the old house, it 'ud be a heap o' comfort.

MRS. ROGERS. Save it! I've done with it and everything that's gone along with it. I've done with it. Step this way, sir. (*Drew and Mrs. Rogers move toward door.*) I'd as soon sell to you as any one, but this time I'll see that you don't get the best of me. I'll sell you only a part of it, and you may work it on shares. Dave! I wish to speak with you.

Dave leaves Estabrook and follows Mrs. Rogers and Drew. Estabrook goes toward door in background. Old Man goes and takes hold of Estabrook's sleeve.

OLD MAN. Mother, ye know—(*Motions toward door.*)

ESTABROOK. Yes, I know.

OLD MAN. She—she's pow'rful high-sperreted, an' ye know how high-sperreted people is. Ef—ef ye could do anything about gettin' him ter leave the house standin', not ter pull it down, it 'ud be a heap o' comfort to us, me an' Esmeraldy—a heap o' comfort. Ef ye'd jist let it stand awhile, mebbe—mebbe I could kinder save up myself—by littles—ter pay ye fer it. Lor! ye don't know what a comfort it'd be to know it was a-standin' yere. Seems ter me like it's been yere so long that the mountains 'ud kinder miss it.

ESTABROOK. (*Takes Old Man's hand.*) Mr. Rogers, it shall stand here if I have to buy it out myself—I will buy it out myself—I'd rather buy it out myself.

OLD MAN. Will ye? Lor! Will ye? Esmeralda, he's a-goin' ter keep it fer us. Come yere.

ESMERALDA. You—are very kind to us.

ESTABROOK. (*Taking Esmeralda's hand.*) Don't thank me. It's nothing. (*Takes Old Man's hand. Goes to door. Pauses and passes hand over eyes.*) The atmosphere here is getting misty! (*Exit.*)

OLD MAN. (*To Esmeralda.*) Don't cry, honey. Come here.

ESMERALDA. (*Trying to brush away tears.*) Oh, forgive me, father. She—she'll take me away from him—and—the little house will stand empty. I shall never see it.

OLD MAN. (*Softly caressing her.*) That,

thar, honey, don't ye believe it. She caynt be hard enough fer thet.

ESMERALDA. Did she ever spare me? Did she ever spare you? Hasn't she been against him always? It's all over, father—it's—all—over.

MRS. ROGERS. (*Outside.*) I shall go to 'Lizabethville to-morrow, an' then I can let you know. Dave will show you the road. Good-night.

DREW. (*Outside.*) Good-night.

OLD MAN. She's coming.

Esmeralda rises and goes to the spinning-wheel. Mrs. Rogers enters from door in background. She stops and looks at Esmeralda.

MRS. ROGERS. What are you there for? There's no need of your touching that again.

OLD MAN. 'Twont hurt, mother—an' it kinder ockypies her thoughts.

MRS. ROGERS. She's got plenty to occupy her thoughts. Here she is going to be a lady—with all the world before her. I shouldn't have slept a wink for happiness if such luck had come to me.

OLD MAN. But, mother, we aint all on us alike, and Esmeraldy she aint alike.

MRS. ROGERS. She's got to give up all that nonsense about Dave Hardy.

OLD MAN. Now, mother—

MRS. ROGERS. He's done something for us about selling the land, and I'll see that he's paid; but I should be a fool to let him spoil everything right at the start.

OLD MAN. It'll go kinder hard with him, mother. You know thet.

MRS. ROGERS. It will at first, but he'll soon get over it.

OLD MAN. But Dave—mebbe he aint alike, nuther.

Enter Dave, by door in background.

DAVE. Why, old man! Esmeraldy!

MRS. ROGERS. Stop where you are.

DAVE. What has happened here?

MRS. ROGERS. You may as well have it now as later. You heard what I said about the life we've lived?

DAVE. You said you'd done with it.

MRS. ROGERS. So we have—and with everything that belonged to it.

DAVE. And I belonged to it!

MRS. ROGERS. And we've done with you!

DAVE. (*After pause.*) Esmeralda—you aint nothing to do with this?

ESMERALDA. There's no need to ask it, Dave.

DAVE. Very well then. (*Goes quickly to her.*)

MRS. ROGERS. What do you mean?

DAVE. Do I look like a fellow that means

nothing—like a chap that means to give up what's been trusted to him, or like a man that'll stand by what he loves and lives for?

OLD MAN. He's a-standin' up ag'in' mother!

MRS. ROGERS. You mean what you say. So do I. She aint but eighteen—what has she seen of the world and other men? And are you so foolish as to think that if she'd seen other men, handsomer, and better educated, and richer, that she'd have chosen you?

ESMERALDA. Dave, don't listen to her.

MRS. ROGERS. Are you the man to stand in her way—to rob her of what she might have?

DAVE. Rob her! You don't mean that!

MRS. ROGERS. If you keep her from what she might have, don't you rob her? If you compel her to stay here when she might see the world and live in gay places, don't you rob her? She can be a lady. What would you do with a lady in the little house you've built?

DAVE. What shall I do?

MRS. ROGERS. Leave her, unless you're the man to ruin her life for her as mine's been ruined for me.

DAVE. Oh, this is hard—hard!

OLD MAN. (*Aside in despair.*) I knowed it—I knowed he couldn't stand up ag'in' mother.

MRS. ROGERS. If you act like a man now, she'll always remember it of you. If you stand in her way—look that the time doesn't come when she'll remember that.

DAVE. Old man, is she right?

MRS. ROGERS. He knows I'm right! If you love her, go, Dave Hardy—don't stay here and torture her!

DAVE. Yes—I'll go! But I can wait, and so will she. And—if the end's what it might be—I shall know I've done her no wrong—and acted a man's part. Esmeralda! It's not the end. I don't believe it. True hearts can't be parted by things like this—but for a little while. Good-bye! Good-bye! (*Exit.*)

OLD MAN. (*With sudden impulse, starting toward door.*) Mother, let me call him back.

ESMERALDA. (*Runs toward door, calling.*) Dave! Dave!

Stops before Mrs. Rogers, and turns in despair to her father.

OLD MAN. (*Holding out his arms.*) Esmeraldy, come yere!

ACT II.

A studio in Paris. Nora and Kate discovered in quaint costumes. Kate decorating large punch-bowl. Nora painting panel.

NORA. And when I called, Mrs. Rogers

showed me a new photograph of Esmeralda. Just think of it. Another.

KATE. And I suppose in another dress—that is eighteen times since we've known her, and we've known her only two months.

NORA. Poor Esmeralda! Well, I must say if all mothers are like Mrs. Rogers I am not so awfully sorry we are orphans, and Jack had to bring us up among the paint-brushes in his studio. At all events, we are not obliged to have our photographs taken every twenty-four hours, and we're not dragged around after marquises.

KATE. Marquises, indeed! Nora, if ever there was a reptile —

NORA. Yes, if ever there was a reptile, it is that man.

KATE. And to think of that sweet, innocent little Esmeralda being made miserable by him.

NORA. (*Indignantly.*) And to think of that utterly stupid Mrs. Rogers being deceived by a title which doesn't even mean that he is respectable.

KATE. Gracious, Nora! Somebody's coming up, and here we are covered with paint.

NORA. Never mind; we can be busy and keep our backs to him.

MAID. (*Entering.*) Monsieur will be in presently. Will you be seated?

Enter Estabrook. Sees Nora, who keeps her back toward him and pretends to be occupied.

ESTABROOK. (*Aside.*) Æsthetic female artist with rather satisfactory back. Wonder if face is as satisfactory. (*Sits; picks up book. Nora looks furtively, but only sees his back. He moves, and she turns quickly. He looks at her again.*) Rather tantalizing, upon the whole. I wonder if the pursuit of art necessitates such extreme devotion to one's subject.

Turns and looks at punch-bowl. While he does so, Nora looks again and seems struck by some new thought; makes a half-step.

* ESTABROOK. (*Aside.*) What delightfully diabolical decorations! I wonder if she did them. I'll look again and see if it's possible.

Looks again. Nora is looking, too, and starts forward with exclamation.

NORA. Mr. Estabrook!

KATE. (*From back of stage.*) What!

NORA. Only imagine it being you!

ESTABROOK. I can't. If a man is going to imagine a thing, he had better begin with something less complicated.

KATE. It is.

NORA. Of course it is.

ESTABROOK. I will not deny it, though I

feel it to be greatly against me. (*Aside.*) The front view is entirely satisfactory. (*Aloud.*) It was very charming in you to recognize me. I was rather afraid you had forgotten.

NORA. Of course not, though it is ten years since we saw you.

ESTABROOK. It seems much longer—to me. NORA. Then it is entirely unnecessary for me to mention that I am Nora Desmond.

ESTABROOK. What! Nora! Jack's sister! Little Nora!

NORA. Oh, it takes the form of a sudden revelation, does it? Then you did not know me.

ESTABROOK. Really—oh, of course I knew you, but (*looks at her again*) don't impose on a too confiding nature. It is impossible. Excuse me. You must be mistaken. Little Nora!

NORA. Excuse me. I have grown since then. I have had time in ten years, and I have given a good deal of attention to it.

ESTABROOK. But it's out of the question. I used to kiss little Nora—I distinctly remember it.

KATE. Perhaps you remember —

ESTABROOK. (*Takes Kate's hand.*) And this?

KATE. Guess.

ESTABROOK. Is Kate.

KATE. I won't insist on it. You know I was always more accommodating than Nora.

ESTABROOK. And this is Nora. Allow me to congratulate you—you must find it extremely satisfactory?

KATE. She does, extremely.

ESTABROOK. The last time I saw you, you were little girls, wore long hair and short dresses, and paint on your aprons.

NORA. We wear paint on them now. *Regardez!*

KATE. But it is because she is a daughter of toil, and paints little panels very badly and sells them very well to unsuspecting people.

ESTABROOK. (*To Kate.*) And you?

KATE. I decorate tea-cups and punch-bowls, as *par exemple*.

ESTABROOK. And Jack?

NORA. He paints just as well, and wears his coat just as shabby as ever. He is painting just now a portrait of an American girl, a Miss Rogers.

ESTABROOK. Miss Rogers, an American—not—not from North Carolina?

NORA AND KATE. Yes!

ESTABROOK. And her name is —

NORA AND KATE. Esmeralda.

ESTABROOK. Then I have actually found them!

NORA. Were you looking for them?

ESTABROOK. Looking for them? I never was so given over, body and soul, to the pursuit of people in my life. I wouldn't miss being on the ground with Mrs. Rogers for the next few months for a —

NORA. You might say ducal coronet.

ESTABROOK. I will! Ducal coronet does seem to meet the exigencies of the situation.

NORA. And it is Mrs. Rogers you want to see?

KATE. She's worth seeing.

ESTABROOK. It is all of them, but Mrs. Rogers beyond all else on earth. I have a letter in my pocket which — But tell me what they are doing.

NORA. Doing? If you mean Mrs. Rogers, she is making a vicious old spectacle of herself; but if you mean poor Esmeralda and her father, they are breaking their hearts. They are dragged out, night after night, to parties where they know nobody —

KATE. Oh, if you could only once see Mr. Rogers at a party, sitting against a wall, wondering at his gloves. He can't speak a word of French.

NORA. He can't even speak English, dear, gentle old man; and people laugh and stare at him, but he dares not go home until Mrs. Rogers gives him permission.

ESTABROOK. And the poor girl?

NORA. That is the worst of all. Her mother has set her mind upon marrying Esmeralda to a certain marquis, and makes her life a torture to her. Ah! I wish I could change places with her for an hour—just one hour.

ESTABROOK. I don't think it would take an hour.

KATE. Here's Jack.

DESMOND. (*Entering.*) I say.

ESTABROOK. So do I.

DESMOND. Look here. How are you? Is it you, old fellow?

ESTABROOK. Certainly not.

DESMOND. Well, how are you, and that sort of thing? You're the very man I was thinking of a moment ago.

ESTABROOK. Delighted to hear it, but why?

DESMOND. Because I've run across something new in simplicity and situation—and material.

ESTABROOK. Where?

DESMOND. I'll tell you—you'd like it, old fellow. There's an atmosphere about it and all that sort of thing. It's our guileless countryman. I've seen him again.

KATE. Oh, where? What was he doing?

DESMOND. Well, I saw him on the Champs Élysées again, and I went and sat by him, and suddenly—guess what happened?

NORA AND KATE. What?

DESMOND. The Rogerses passed with the Marquis in their carriage, and —

ESTABROOK. And he turned and asked you something about them?

DESMOND. (*Amazed.*) Yes. How did you know?

ESTABROOK. I knew it. Thank you. Now I've found him.

NORA, KATE, AND DESMOND. You've found him?

ESTABROOK. Yes. I've a letter in my pocket which —

NORA AND KATE. Oh, yes! The letter which — Oh! do tell us.

ESTABROOK. I will, but (*to Jack*) tell me what he said, and what you found out.

DESMOND. He said, "Sir, those people—do you know anything of them?" I answered, "Yes, I do." "And the gentleman with them," he continued, "is he—is he—going to marry the—young lady?" And I answered —

NORA. No! no! no! Didn't you say No! Jack, didn't you?

DESMOND. No—I—I said I'd heard he was.

NORA. Oh, you stupid! Why didn't you say wasn't?

KATE. And shouldn't.

NORA. And you'd kill him before he should.

ESTABROOK. Miss Desmond, Miss Kate, my climax has arrived. I have a letter in my pocket which will floor this marquis so completely that he will forget where his marquisate is, and wonder why he was born. (*Takes out letter.*)

NORA. Mr. Estabrook, if you don't read it —

ESTABROOK. (*Reads.*)

"MY DEAR ESTABROOK:

"You remember the Rogers's farm, on which I thought I had made such a find when you were with me. It turns out to be a dead failure. The vein of ore has given out, the people are penniless, and I am defrauded. You remember the lover the old woman treated so badly—she took her daughter away from him without giving him even a chance to say good-bye; and it is on this lover's farm the ore appears now in apparently limitless quantities; and not only on his farm, but on one adjoining, which has just been left him by a relative. The man will be a millionaire."

NORA. And this poor fellow of mine is the lover. I know it—I know it!

ESTABROOK. Miss Desmond, control your emotions. (*Reads.*) "Naturally the next move is to see the man, and the man is not to be

found. The story goes that he scraped together every cent he could and followed the girl to Paris, and is probably starving there in a garret. There is no time to be lost. If you can find him and cable to me, you will do me a tremendous service. Find him for her sake, for his sake, and for the sake of that demoniac old spit-fire who is paid in her own coin." (*Folds letter.*) The rest is only business. "George Drew."

NORA. Let me go and find him this minute.

KATE. This instant, Nora. Put on your bonnet.

ESTABROOK. Do you know where he is?

DESMOND. Yes. Hurrah! I hadn't finished my story. He is coming here, and may be in at any moment.

NORA and KATE. Why?

DESMOND. Because it struck me he was hungry, and I thought a good way of giving him money would be to pretend I wanted him for a model, and then ask him to dinner when he came.

NORA. (*Kissing him.*) Jack, I love you!

KATE. Suppose he should come when the Rogerses are here. You know Esmeralda is coming for her sitting.

ESTABROOK. If they come before he does, I swear you to secrecy. Let him be the one to tell them what has happened.

NORA. Certainly—and some one is coming now.

SERVANT. Monsieur Rogare.

Enter Old Man meekly—Nora runs to meet him.

NORA. Mr. Rogers, I'm so glad to see you.

OLD MAN. Thank ye, honey—thank ye—bong—bong—What is it I have to say, Miss Nory?

NORA. *Bon jour.*

OLD MAN. That's it. Bong jore—I'm a-tryin' to git it, but it goes sorter hard with me. Bong jore. I come to tell yez Esmeraldy can't come because she's a-gone out with the Markis and I haven't got a minit to stay.

Turns to speak to Desmond and sees Estabrook.

OLD MAN. Lor'! Lor'! I seed ye last in North Ca'lliny—I seed ye last in North Ca'lliny.

ESTABROOK. So you did, Mr. Rogers, so you did, and I left them all well there. Sit down and let me tell you all about it. (*Leads him to seat.*)

OLD MAN. I haven't got hardly a minit to stay. Mother, she'd just rear if I didn't take her to the Boys.

ESTABROOK. The Boys?

OLD MAN. The Boys de Bolony. (*Breaks*

off nervously.) Lor'! Lor'! how glad I am to see ye. (*To the rest.*) Ye mustn't mind if I kinder let everything else go fur a moment to talk to him.

KATE and NORA. No, no. Go on.

OLD MAN. Seems like it was old times and all this yere trouble—(*Checks himself.*) Ahem! I rekin ye've heerd how we've been enj'yin' ourselves.

ESTABROOK. I've heard something of it. What have you been doing principally?

OLD MAN. Lor'! Ah! we've been doin' a sight. Lor'! we've been gay (*groans*)—we've been gay.

ESTABROOK. In what way, for instance?

OLD MAN. We've been a-goin' 'round to dress-makers—an' dry goods stores, an' tradin' kinder wild, an' a-goin' to ball-dances, an' theaters, and operays, an' gallerys full o' ile-paint-in's, an' a-goin' to 'em day and night. Lor'! how gay we've been! (*Wipes forehead and groans.*) I guess I'd better go. Mother, she'd just rear—ef I didn't take her to the Boys.

ESTABROOK. Oh, you mustn't go yet—just tell me. I'm afraid you haven't really liked all this.

OLD MAN. I'd orter, I reckon. Mother, she's enjoyed it enough to go 'round the family. Her a-bein' born in 'Liz'bethville is what gives her a advantage over me and Esmeraldy. Ye haint seen Esmeraldy yet?

ESTABROOK. No.

OLD MAN. Ye'd sca'cely know her. She's got so much style to her dressin'. There's a heap o' style to it, an' style is what folks wants, I reckon, but seems like it don't egg-sackly reach the spot allers.

ESTABROOK. You mean she doesn't enjoy it?

OLD MAN. Lor'! no! Though I'd orter be a-goin'—mother, she'll just rear ef I don't take her to the Boys; but Esmeraldy, she's kinder in my mind—an' she aint a-thinkin' of style—she (*in a burst of confidence*)—she's a-thinkin' o' suthin' else—she's a-thinkin' o' the little house standin' empty, an' Dave, a-waitin' and wearin' himself out.

ESTABROOK. Poor little girl! Poor little girl!

OLD MAN. Yes—yes—them's young folk's ways—an' I haint got nothin' ag'in' 'em—an' seems like sometimes Esmeraldy couldn't hold out no longer. Ef it could be fixed now so as things'd be easier for her, mother might take it out of me an' welcome.

NORA. Kate, I'm convinced that I shall tell him.

KATE. I wish you would.

OLD MAN. I haint got a single minit to stay. But just tell me, is the old

house a-standin' yet, or did they tear it down?

ESTABROOK. It's there yet. I got my friend to leave it.

OLD MAN. Lor' bless you! (*Grasping his hand.*) I kinder felt it weren't gone.

ESTABROOK. (*Shaking his hand affectionately.*) Thank you—thank you. But look here. As to Mrs. Rogers and your daughter, can't something be done? Couldn't you make a stand? If a man was going to make a stand, I should think this was as good a time as any. Make a stand!

OLD MAN. (*Amazed.*) Eh! What! Ag'in' mother?

ESTABROOK. Oh, yes! With the highest deference for her—confound her! Tell her to go to—the Catacombs. What right has she to be making everybody miserable?

OLD MAN. Lor'! you don't know nothin'—ye're young an' onexperienced.

NORA. If I don't put my hands over my ears, I must tell him. (*Puts hands over her ears.*)

KATE. Nothing else will save me. (*Does the same.*)

OLD MAN. But I'll see ye ag'in—I've got to go—I've jest got to. Ef I don't take her to the Boys—mother, she'll jest let down on me—I can't stay a minit.

ESTABROOK. Oh, mother be roasted—not to put a too fine point on it. Don't go yet.

OLD MAN. (*Picking up his hat and shaking hands as he walks to the door.*) I must—I've got to—you don't know what it is to be kinder married—to folks as is high-sperreted. Come an' see us—it's Kattery vank dux Boollyard Horseman. Good-bye all. Lor'! I wish I hed longer to stay.

ESTABROOK. Good-bye.

OLD MAN. (*Gets outside door, steps back wistfully.*) Ef it warn't fer mother—but I've got to go. (*Exit.*)

NORA. If he had staid another minute, I should have told him.

KATE. If you hadn't I should.

DESMOND. I don't mind saying that I came rather near it myself.

ESTABROOK. And how about Dave?

DESMOND. He will certainly come soon.

KATE. I'll stand at the window and watch for him.

NORA. How shall you tell him, Mr. Estabrook?

ESTABROOK. How? By Jove! I hadn't reflected. I might break it to him gently by saying, Look here, you've come into no end of money and luck.

NORA. (*Indignantly.*) The moment he comes in, of course! That would be breaking it to him gently. You ought to prepare his

mind. It isn't money he wants—it's Esmeralda, don't you know.

ESTABROOK. (*Reflectively.*) Is Esmeralda at all like you?

NORA. Why?

ESTABROOK. Ah! you said he wanted Esmeralda—and the idea struck me as entirely plausible.

NORA. It is Esmeralda he wants. What does he care for money? If he thinks she doesn't love him, and you tell him he is rich, money will only make it worse.

ESTABROOK. (*Regarding her with reflective admiration.*) Of course—money is mere dross.

NORA. You must let him know—in one word that she loves him with all her heart and soul and life—and detests the Marquis, and loathes him, and abhors him, and wouldn't marry him for fifty million worlds, and no one could make her, and her mother is a wretched fiend—and —

ESTABROOK. (*Retreating.*) All that in one word?

NORA. Yes, and you must tell him —

KATE. He's coming—he's coming. He's crossing the street.

DESMOND. He is! Look here; let's give him a glass of wine first.

NORA. Oh, I'll attend to that. Mind, we're just taking some ourselves. (*Goes to little cupboard and gets wine and cake, which she sets on table, while Estabrook looks amazed.*) Mr. Estabrook and Jack, sit down this minute and begin to eat as if you were hungry. (*Pushes them into chairs, talking all the time.*) It will make him feel easier. Mr. Estabrook, take a cake. (*Forces one into his hand. He begins to eat.*)

SERVANT. (*Announces.*) Mr. Hardy.

Enter Dave.

NORA. Jack, here is Mr. Hardy, and he has caught us at our lunch, but I daresay he'll excuse us.

DAVE. Yes, miss, certainly.

DESMOND. So glad you've come. I was afraid I was going to lose my sitting. If you haven't lunched, wont you sit down in a kind of a happy-go-lucky with us?

NORA. Please do, Mr. Hardy; we've been out and you haven't an idea how hungry we are, and what awful appetites we have. Mr. Estabrook's is terrible.

DAVE. Thank you. Did—did you say—Estabrook?

NORA. Yes.

Nora leads Dave to table. Dave stops and looks at Estabrook, who rises and extends his hand.

ESTABROOK. Yes, we've met before—in North Carolina.

found. The story goes that he scraped together every cent he could and followed the girl to Paris, and is probably starving there in a garret. There is no time to be lost. If you can find him and cable to me, you will do me a tremendous service. Find him for her sake, for his sake, and for the sake of that demonic old spit-fire who is paid in her own coin." (*Folds letter.*) The rest is only business. "George Drew."

NORA. Let me go and find him this minute.

KATE. This instant, Nora. Put on your bonnet.

ESTABROOK. Do you know where he is?

DESMOND. Yes. Hurrah! I hadn't finished my story. He is coming here, and may be in at any moment.

NORA AND KATE. Why?

DESMOND. Because it struck me he was hungry, and I thought a good way of giving him money would be to pretend I wanted him for a model, and then ask him to dinner when he came.

NORA. (*Kissing him.*) Jack, I love you!

KATE. Suppose he should come when the Rogers are here. You know Esmeralda is coming for her sitting.

ESTABROOK. If they come before he does, I swear you to secrecy. Let him be the one to tell them what has happened.

NORA. Certainly—and some one is coming now.

SERVANT. Monsieur Rogare.

Enter Old Man meekly—Nora runs to meet him.

NORA. Mr. Rogers, I'm so glad to see you.

OLD MAN. Thank ye, honey—thank ye —bong—bong— What is it I have to say, Miss Nory?

NORA. *Bon jour.*

OLD MAN. That's it. Bong jore—I'm a-tryin' to git it, but it goes sorter hard with me. Bong jore. I come to tell yez Esmeraldy can't come because she's a-gone out with the Markis and I haven't got a minit to stay.

Turns to speak to Desmond and sees Estabrook.

OLD MAN. Lor'! Lor'! I seed ye last in North Ca'lliny—I seed ye last in North Ca'lliny.

ESTABROOK. So you did, Mr. Rogers, so you did, and I left them all well there. Sit down and let me tell you all about it. (*Leads him to seat.*)

OLD MAN. I haven't got hardly a minit to stay. Mother, she'd just rear if I didn't take her to the Boys.

ESTABROOK. The Boys?

OLD MAN. The Boys de Bolony. (*Breaks*

off nervously.) Lor'! Lor'! how glad I am to see ye. (*To the rest.*) Ye mustn't mind if I kinder let everything else go fur a moment to talk to him.

KATE AND NORA. No, no. Go on.

OLD MAN. Seems like it was old times and all this yere trouble— (*Checks himself.*) Ahem! I rekin ye've heerd how we've been enj'yin' ourselves.

ESTABROOK. I've heard something of it. What have you been doing principally?

OLD MAN. Lor'! Ah! we've been doin' a sight. Lor'! we've been gay (*groans*)—we've been gay.

ESTABROOK. In what way, for instance?

OLD MAN. We've been a-goin' 'round to dress-makers—an' dry goods stores, an' tradin' kinder wild, an' a-goin' to ball-dances, an' theaters, and operays, an' gallerys full o' ile-paint-in's, an' a-goin' to 'em day and night. Lor'! how gay we've been! (*Wipes forehead and groans.*) I guess I'd better go. Mother, she'd just rear—ef I didn't take her to the Boys.

ESTABROOK. Oh, you mustn't go yet—just tell me. I'm afraid you haven't really liked all this.

OLD MAN. I'd orter, I reckon. Mother, she's enjoyed it enough to go 'round the family. Her a-bein' born in 'Liz'bethville is what gives her a advantage over me and Esmeraldy. Ye haint seen Esmeraldy yet?

ESTABROOK. No.

OLD MAN. Ye'd sca'cely know her. She's got so much style to her dressin'. There's a heap o' style to it, an' style is what folks wants, I reckon, but seems like it don't egg-sackly reach the spot allers.

ESTABROOK. You mean she doesn't enjoy it?

OLD MAN. Lor'! no! Though I'd orter be a-goin'—mother, she'll just rear ef I don't take her to the Boys; but Esmeraldy, she's kinder in my mind—an' she aint a-thinkin' of style—she (*in a burst of confidence*)—she's a-thinkin' o' suthin' else—she's a-thinkin' o' the little house standin' empty, an' Dave, a-waitin' and wearin' himself out.

ESTABROOK. Poor little girl! Poor little girl!

OLD MAN. Yes—yes—them's young folk's ways—an' I haint got nothin' ag'in' 'em—an' seems like sometimes Esmeraldy couldn't hold out no longer. Ef it could be fixed now so as things'd be easier for her, mother might take it out of me an' welcome.

NORA. Kate, I'm convinced that I shall tell him.

KATE. I wish you would.

OLD MAN. I haint got a single minit to stay. But just tell me, is the old

house a-standin' yet, or did they tear it down?

ESTABROOK. It's there yet. I got my friend to leave it.

OLD MAN. Lor' bless you! (*Grasping his hand.*) I kinder felt it weren't gone.

ESTABROOK. (*Shaking his hand affectionately.*) Thank you—thank you. But look here. As to Mrs. Rogers and your daughter, can't something be done? Couldn't you make a stand? If a man was going to make a stand, I should think this was as good a time as any. Make a stand!

OLD MAN. (*Amazed.*) Eh! What! Ag'in' mother?

ESTABROOK. Oh, yes! With the highest deference for her—confound her! Tell her to go to—the Catacombs. What right has she to be making everybody miserable?

OLD MAN. Lor'! you don't know nothin'—ye're young an' onexperienced.

NORA. If I don't put my hands over my ears, I must tell him. (*Puts hands over her ears.*)

KATE. Nothing else will save me. (*Does the same.*)

OLD MAN. But I'll see ye ag'in—I've got to go—I've jest got to. Ef I don't take her to the Boys—mother, she'll jest let down on me—I can't stay a minit.

ESTABROOK. Oh, mother be roasted—not to put a too fine point on it. Don't go yet.

OLD MAN. (*Picking up his hat and shaking hands as he walks to the door.*) I must—I've got to—you don't know what it is to be—kinder married—to folks as is high-sperreted. Come an' see us—it's Kattery vank dux Boolyvard Horseman. Good-bye all. Lor'! I wish I hed longer to stay.

ESTABROOK. Good-bye.

OLD MAN. (*Gets outside door, steps back wistfully.*) Ef it warn't fer mother—but I've got to go. (*Exit.*)

NORA. If he had staid another minute, I should have told him.

KATE. If you hadn't I should.

DESMOND. I don't mind saying that I came rather near it myself.

ESTABROOK. And how about Dave?

DESMOND. He will certainly come soon.

KATE. I'll stand at the window and watch for him.

NORA. How shall you tell him, Mr. Estabrook?

ESTABROOK. How? By Jove! I hadn't reflected. I might break it to him gently by saying, Look here, you've come into no end of money and luck.

NORA. (*Indignantly.*) The moment he comes in, of course! That would be breaking it to him gently. You ought to prepare his

mind. It isn't money he wants—it's Esmeralda, don't you know.

ESTABROOK. (*Reflectively.*) Is Esmeralda at all like you?

NORA. Why?

ESTABROOK. Ah! you said he wanted Esmeralda—and the idea struck me as entirely plausible.

NORA. It is Esmeralda he wants. What does he care for money? If he thinks she doesn't love him, and you tell him he is rich, money will only make it worse.

ESTABROOK. (*Regarding her with reflective admiration.*) Of course—money is mere dress.

NORA. You must let him know—in one word that she loves him with all her heart and soul and life—and detests the Marquis, and loathes him, and abhors him, and wouldn't marry him for fifty million worlds, and no one could make her, and her mother is a wretched fiend—and —

ESTABROOK. (*Retreating.*) All that in one word?

NORA. Yes, and you must tell him —

KATE. He's coming—he's coming. He's crossing the street.

DESMOND. He is! Look here; let's give him a glass of wine first.

NORA. Oh, I'll attend to that. Mind, we're just taking some ourselves. (*Goes to little cupboard and gets wine and cake, which she sets on table, while Estabrook looks amazed.*) Mr. Estabrook and Jack, sit down this minute and begin to eat as if you were hungry. (*Pushes them into chairs, talking all the time.*) It will make him feel easier. Mr. Estabrook, take a cake. (*Forces one into his hand. He begins to eat.*)

SERVANT. (*Announces.*) Mr. Hardy.

Enter Dave.

NORA. Jack, here is Mr. Hardy, and he has caught us at our lunch, but I daresay he'll excuse us.

DAVE. Yes, miss, certainly.

DESMOND. So glad you've come. I was afraid I was going to lose my sitting. If you haven't lunched, wont you sit down in a kind of a happy-go-lucky with us?

NORA. Please do, Mr. Hardy; we've been out and you haven't an idea how hungry we are, and what awful appetites we have. Mr. Estabrook's is terrible.

DAVE. Thank you. Did—did you say—Estabrook?

NORA. Yes.

Nora leads Dave to table. Dave stops and looks at Estabrook, who rises and extends his hand.

ESTABROOK. Yes, we've met before—in North Carolina.

DAVE. Ye-s—it was there. If you don't mind—I'll sit down. I aint as strong as I was—and it's kind o' startled me. (*Drops into chair and leans head on hand a moment.*)

NORA. You want a glass of wine, Mr. Hardy. (*Pours out glass and gives it to him.*) Drink that, and we'll have some lunch, and you can tell us about North Carolina, and we'll tell you about your friends.

DAVE. About my friends?

NORA. Yes, as Jack said we would. We know them very well. Kate and I are great friends of Esmeralda's. Drink your wine, and we'll tell you all about her.

DAVE. All about her—about Esmeralda? Perhaps I'll need the wine before I hear it. (*Drinks.*) Now tell me. Is she well? Has her money made her happy? Has it made her forget—her home and those that loved her?

NORA. Was she that kind of girl when you loved her in North Carolina?

DAVE. No! God bless her—no.

NORA. And she isn't now. Women don't change so soon as that—women like her.

KATE. She's the dearest, sweetest, and most loving little thing that ever lived—and if it wasn't for Mrs. Rogers—

ESTABROOK. Never mind Mrs. Rogers. If I'm not mistaken, I have a letter in my pocket which—

NORA. (*Casting a glance of indignation at Estabrook, and speaking hurriedly.*) Take another cake. Yes, of course, but that is only business. Mr. Hardy wants to know, first of all, about Esmeralda.

DAVE. Yes, I don't care about the rest of it. I want to hear about Esmeralda. She's mine and I'm hers just as much as if we were man and wife. My God, man—I—I love her!

NORA. And she loves you.

DAVE. And yet they tell me she's going to marry another man, and last night, when I went and stood outside the house, there was light and music, and she came to the window with him, and he took some flowers out of her hand and—kissed them—and me outside there in the dark and cold! It seemed—somehow it seemed as if I hardly knew her, and the woman I loved was nowhere in the wide world.

ESTABROOK. Oh, look here—I can't stand this while I've a letter in my pocket. (*Hands letter to Nora.*) Miss Desmond, if you will be so kind as to take in hand this letter, which—

NORA. Which contains good news.

ESTABROOK. Exactly! That's it. And, in one word, you must prepare yourself for it, and all that sort of thing—and of course it's not half so much consequence as—Miss

Rogers—and—and in one word—money is dross—and nobody cares for it, and all that; but it's useful when—when your mother-in-law makes a point of it—and—

NORA. Oh, let me tell him. See, I'll tell it like a story. Once upon a time there was a girl who was gentle, timid, and loving—

DAVE. Esmeralda!

NORA. And there was a brave, kind heart that had always been true to her, and it was her comfort and her refuge—

DAVE. She—she—used to say so.

NORA. And there was a wicked old mother and some land that seemed to turn out valuable—but through that wicked woman and the land, the sweet little loving soul was torn away from all she loved, and taken to a foreign country and surrounded by luxury and wealth and flattery she didn't care for; she only wanted the brave, kind heart she used to nestle against.

DAVE. My little girl! my little girl!

NORA. And the wicked old woman grew wicked every day, and tried to make her marry a man she hated, and who only wanted her money.

DAVE. The bitter villain!

NORA. (*Rising and approaching him.*) And it was as if there was a fate in it. It turned out that the money he wanted was not there—she had none.

DAVE. She had none?

NORA. No—nothing—nothing; but the love she had to give and the love that was given to her! The letter tells it all, and Mr. Estabrook can explain it. I don't know anything about ore, and I don't care; but the land that was of value was the lover's land and the wealth was his—and you're a rich man—and Esmeralda loves you—you're worth thousands and thousands and thousands—perhaps millions—and Esmeralda loves you!

DAVE. I—I'm a rich man?

ESTABROOK. (*Coming forward.*) In one word, the letter will tell you—you are a rich man indeed.

NORA. And Esmeralda loves you.

DAVE. That's true—true!

NORA. Yes!

DAVE. Then (*as Estabrook hands him letter*) let the letter go. I am indeed a rich man if—if—Esmeralda loves me.

ACT III.

A room in Rogers's house in Paris during a ball. Kate and Desmond discovered.

DESMOND. Well, I must say, I shall be rather glad when it's all over. A fellow

don't seem to get so much good out of his friends and relations when there's a mystery on hand. Now there are Estabrook and Nora —

KATE. You don't mean to say you have any complaint to make about Mr. Estabrook and Nora?

DESMOND. Oh, no complaint. Only this affair of the Rogerses gives them so much to talk about you never seem to be able to lay your hand on them. They've got into a way of rambling off together —

KATE. Yes, I've observed it.

DESMOND. And getting absorbed in conversation and all that. It's natural, of course, as they are the prime movers in the affair, but it interferes with general sociability. Besides, I'm fond of Estabrook. He's the kind of fellow it's natural to be fond of. And he seems to get along specially well with Nora. Here, I say, what are you laughing at? Something wrong with my neck-tie? Got a daub of paint on my nose? (*Looks in glass.*)

KATE. Do go on talking about Nora and Mr. Estabrook. It's so observing in you to have noticed them so, and the interest they take in the Rogerses.

DESMOND. (*Whistles.*) The dickens! You don't mean to tell me!

KATE. Certainly not. I shouldn't think of such a thing. I am giving all my attention to decorating that punch-bowl for Mrs. Craig, and I neither see nor hear anything. When Mr. Estabrook is talking to Nora about Mr. Rogers, and Nora is talking to Mr. Estabrook about Mrs. Rogers, I turn my back and paint the punch-bowl.

DESMOND. Well, I must say, I didn't think it of Estabrook.

KATE. And I must say, I wouldn't have believed it of Nora.

DESMOND. And you really think —

KATE. No, I don't. I think nothing—except that I hope the punch-bowl will be as satisfactory to Mrs. Craig as it is to Nora and Mr. Estabrook. Think! Do you suppose I am no better sister than that? Nora hasn't quite made up her mind what she thinks yet, and if I thought before she did, she'd be ready to—to bite me.

DESMOND. Well, I suppose it's natural; but Nora—oh, confound it! after a fellow's bringing her up by hand, as it were, and filling her stocking at Christmas, and being a parent to her,—it's rather tough to discover that she's beginning to take an interest —

KATE. In Mr. and Mrs. Rogers? So it is. (*Looks through open door.*) There, they are coming! I'm going. (*Exit.*)

DESMOND. Who? Mr. and Mrs. Rogers? No; it's Nora and Estabrook. What did she

shoot off in that way for? A fellow never seems to know what girls are up to—even after he has brought up two of them by hand.

Enter Estabrook and Nora, expecting to find room empty.

DESMOND. Come in to have a rest, have you? Same myself. It's cool here.

NORA. (*Buttoning her gloves rather abstractedly.*) Ye-es, so it is.

ESTABROOK. Cooler than I expected to find it. All by yourself?

DESMOND. Yes; Kate's just left me. Good chance for us to have a chat. (*Sits himself on the sofa.*) It's better fun than dancing like mad in there.

NORA. Certainly it is for a while. It wouldn't be a bad idea to have some ices. Suppose you go and get some, Jack?

DESMOND. Send Estabrook. He knows all about supper-room struggles. He's sophisticated. I'm not. I couldn't find the way.

ESTABROOK. I'll go. He would be stopped by female brigadiers, who would take them from him on his way back. (*Exit.*)

NORA. Been having a pleasant evening, Jack?

DESMOND. Yes, all right.

NORA. Have you been dancing much?

DESMOND. No; haven't danced much.

NORA. Then, why don't you go and dance? It's lovely. The music is perfect. You—you don't know what you are missing. I never had such delightful dances in my life. You ought to go and dance, Jack. You'd enjoy it.

DESMOND. I will—later on.

NORA. But the waltz they are playing now is enchanting, and that pretty Miss Berris you are so fond of was not dancing when we left.

DESMOND. Miss Berris! Who's Miss Berris? I'm not fond of Miss Berris.

NORA. Why, you are, Jack—you know you are fond of her. You said last winter you never enjoyed waltzing with any one so much in your life.

DESMOND. I say! I wish you'd tell me—do you want me to go?

NORA. Want you to go! Of course not! Gracious, no! I should think not! Why should I want you to go? What perfect nonsense!

DESMOND. It's pretty certain you want me to do something, and if you want to have a chance at Estabrook alone, and all that sort of thing —

NORA. Jack, what do you mean? I'll never forgive you!

DESMOND. Nora, I haven't an objection on earth. He's a splendid fellow, and it's all

right; and after I've settled down to giving up my share of you, nothing would please me better.

NORA. (*Retreating in wildest confusion.*) Jack, if you say another word, I shall detest you, and I shall detest him. I shall detest everybody.

DESMOND. Oh, come now! That's just like a girl. I tell you, I'm not going to stand in the way. I'm going to ask Miss Berris

NORA. Stay where you are this instant! I wouldn't let you go now for—for millions! Want to be left alone with—with a person! Nothing would induce me to be left alone with him! (*Backs up against mantel and stands there.*) Jack, I—I—wonder how you can be so—so fiendish.

DESMOND. Nora, do you mean to say —

NORA. No, I don't. Nobody said anything—nobody thinks of saying anything—as if people couldn't be—be friends without saying things. We are interested —

DESMOND. In the Rogerses?

NORA. Yes, sir, in the Rogerses. We—we sympathize with them, and it brings us together, and—and—and we talk—and things — Oh, do go away this instant! He's coming.

DESMOND. I thought you didn't want me to go?

NORA. I don't. Stay where you are. No—go! I don't know what I want you to do.

DESMOND. Well, I do—and I'm going to do it. (*Goes toward door.*)

NORA. At any rate, it is not because I want to be alone.

DESMOND. By no means. It's because you don't want to be alone. (*Runs against Estabrook at door.*)

ESTABROOK. Where are you going, my friend?

DESMOND. I'm going to dance with Miss Berris. (*Exit.*)

ESTABROOK. (*To Nora.*) Rather sudden, isn't it?

NORA. Rather, but that's just like Jack—and he's tremendously partial to Miss Berris.

ESTABROOK. You look cool. Have an ice? I mean, you don't look cool, and you're a trifle out of breath. Are you tired?

NORA. Tired? Of dancing? I should think not—only one does reach a point sometimes when one likes to lean against something. But go on. You were saying in the ball-room —

ESTABROOK. Only that a mysterious change is taking place in my character.

NORA. How so? When did you first begin to notice it?

ESTABROOK. The day I met you at the studio. Curious, isn't it?

NORA. Is it a very interesting change?

ESTABROOK. Oh, very, I assure you. I am watching its development with a great deal of pleasure.

NORA. How absorbing! What form does it seem to take, for instance?

ESTABROOK. Several. In the first place, the form of an increased affection for—Jack. I was always fond of Jack, but I had no idea my affection was so deep—and violent.

NORA. Really, I must tell him.

ESTABROOK. Do. He'll be gratified.

NORA. Wouldn't you like to go and talk to Jack now? He's in the ball-room, you know.

ESTABROOK. Thanks! That's quite a happy thought, isn't it?

NORA. It struck me in that way. (*Pause.*) Well, why don't you go?

ESTABROOK. (*Serenely.*) Oh, I wasn't thinking of going.

NORA. Suppose you tell me about old Mr. Rogers. What is it he is going to do?

ESTABROOK. He is going to appeal to the Marquis.

NORA. You mean, to ask him to give up Esmeralda?

ESTABROOK. Yes.

NORA. The dear old fellow! Being a sordid creature, I've always liked him since he bought that panel from me. (*Points to panel on wall.*)

ESTABROOK. Oh, it's an amazing panel—perfectly amazing. The humming-bird flying in such a spirited manner at the flamingo is vigor itself.

NORA. It isn't a humming-bird, and it isn't a flamingo. It's a grasshopper gazing at a conventionalized Colorado beetle.

ESTABROOK. Miss Desmond, you are endeavoring to deceive me. It is a butterfly and a stork, and this is the butterfly and this is the stork. Look me in the eye and deny it if you can.

NORA. I am not going to deny it.

ESTABROOK. Then would you have any objection to looking me in the eye without denying it?

NORA. (*Nonchalantly.*) Not the least. (*Turns face over shoulder and looks at him.*)

Old Man enters. Catches sight of them, and stops.

OLD MAN. Them's young folk's ways, an', Lor', I aint nothin' ag'in' 'em. Don't let me disturb ye. (*Nora and Estabrook start.*)

NORA. Oh, you don't disturb us. We—we're very glad to see you for a moment. Dear Mr. Rogers, you look so tired. Sit down for a second.

OLD MAN. Honey, I—I caynt—I am tired—I'm all worn out. I caynt stand it no longer. I'm a-goin' to see the Markis and tell him how it is.

ESTABROOK. You're going to make an appeal to him?

OLD MAN. I'm going to tell him just how it is. Lor', he must hev feelings somewhars—he's bound to hev 'em. Folks is better than ye give 'em credit for bein' in general.

NORA. Have you asked him to come in here?

OLD MAN. Yes, I thought he'd hev been here by this. I'll go back and look for him. *(Starts to go.)*

NORA. But don't you want to stay with us until he comes; then we'll leave you together.

OLD MAN. No, honey—no. I'm old folks, an' you're young folks, an' young folks—it's kinder more feeliner to leave 'em alone—now an' ag'in. Young folks' ways—Lor'! I haint nothin' ag'in' 'em. They're nateral an' they're right. I'm a-goin' to leave you together. *(Exit.)*

NORA. It's a shame! Oh, how I wish that old woman was in Africa!

ESTABROOK. She will be in a much warmer place when Hardy returns, and she learns the truth.

NORA. But when will he return?

ESTABROOK. As soon as his business in North Carolina is settled. No doubt he's on his way over now.

NORA. And then—oh, there is one thing I do wish.

ESTABROOK. What is it?

NORA. That Esmeralda would gather up courage before he comes, and fly at Mrs. Rogers and the Marquis and defy them both. I should delight in doing it.

ESTABROOK. I haven't a doubt of it.

NORA. Well, I hope you haven't. If I loved a person —

ESTABROOK. If you loved a person —

NORA. Oh, well, I don't love a person.

ESTABROOK. Of course not; but if you loved a person —

NORA. Oh, I—I don't think I should like it at all.

ESTABROOK. *(Taking Nora's hand.)* But do you know, it strikes me that the person might like it?

Enter Marquis and Mr. Rogers. Estabrook turns and sees them.

ESTABROOK. Confound the Marquis! *(To Nora.)* Miss Desmond, I'm afraid we shall have to return to the ball-room.

NORA. Yes. I'm sure we ought to—and they are beginning to play a lovely waltz—

and, don't you know, you can see Jack. Mr. Rogers, as you wont dance with me, I am obliged to dance with somebody else.

OLD MAN. I wish I could dance with ye, honey. I'd like to, mightily.

Nora and Estabrook go.

OLD MAN. They're having a pow'rful good time, they air—an' I don't blame 'em, either. Them's young folks' ways. *(Takes Marquis by lapel and pushes him toward chair.)* Sit down, Markis—sit down, and let's be sosh-er-ble. Seems like we haint been sosh-er-ble together fer a right smart spell.

MARQUIS. Monsieur has something to say to me, perhaps.

OLD MAN. *(Sits down.)* Thet's so—thet's so. I've a heap to say to ye—an' Lor'! let's be sosh-er-ble.

MARQUIS. It is possible that monsieur wishes to speak to me of mademoiselle.

OLD MAN. *(Starts eagerly.)* Thet's it. Lor'! how quick ye've hit it! Esmeraldy *(Draws chair near and seizes lapel of his coat.)*—it's about Esmeraldy—Esmeraldy—she—she's a little down-sperreted—an' so am I. *(Lets lapel go and leans back to look at him.)*

MARQUIS. I regret to hear this, monsieur. Permit me to offer you the assurance of my profoundest sympathy.

OLD MAN. *(Regarding him doubtfully.)* Y-yes; I thort ye would—I kinder felt sure ye would. I—I thort ye was thet way.

MARQUIS. It is to be *triste*—this low-sperreted—unhappy, is it not? Mademoiselle Rogare is unhappy—melancholy?

OLD MAN. Yes, thet's so—thet's so. How quick ye've hit it again! Onhappy! Thet's it—she's onhappy.

MARQUIS. That is a great misfortune.

Old Man regards him uneasily a moment, and takes out handkerchief and wipes his forehead.

OLD MAN. *(Aside.)* Seems sorter es ef he is—an' sorter es ef he aint. He—he haint got North Ca'lliny ways. *(Suddenly draws chair closer and seizes lapel of Marquis's coat in outburst of confidence.)* Yes—Lor'! let's be sosh-er-ble. Ye see, it's this way. We're home folks—me an' Esmeraldy—home folks. We caynt get used to city ways, an' we're allers a-thinkin' o' North Ca'lliny. Mother, she was raised in 'Liz'bethville.

MARQUIS. And this 'Liz'bethville?

OLD MAN. Thar—thar was a court-house thar—an' a jail, an' mother kinder hed the advantage of 'em; but me an' Esmeraldy, we don't seem to git no useder to things than we was at the fust. Dressin', it aint no comfort to us—Lor', no! Esmeraldy now—only yisterday she was all dressed out,

an' she bust right out a-cryin', an' fell into my arms, an' sez she—she ses, "They wouldn't know me in North Ca'lliny, father—they wouldn't none of 'em know me—Dave, he wouldn't know me." (*Voice breaks. Wipes eyes with handkerchief.*)

MARQUIS. And this Monsieur Dave?

OLD MAN. (*Laying hand on Marquis's knee confidingly.*) Markis, it's him es she's breakin' her heart fer.

MARQUIS. *Ma foi!* but this is pleasant news to hear of one's betrothed.

OLD MAN. I knowed ye'd feel that way—I knowed ye would. An' it aint nothin' but natural. Ye don't want to marry a woman with no heart to give ye. Ye wouldn't be a man ef ye did. Lor'! I've said it a thousand times—folks hes feelin's ef ye git at 'em, an' ye'd orter trust 'em an' believe in 'em. And yere's Esmeraldy breakin' her heart for Dave, an' Dave a-breakin' his'n for her, an' the sea between 'em, an' mother sot on her a-marryin' you. An', sez I to myself, I'll speak to him an' trust to his feelin's, and ask him to make a stand.

MARQUIS. You would ask me to make a stand?

OLD MAN. Yes. Sez I, I'll ask him to give her up, an' that'll settle mother's mind when nothin' else would.

MARQUIS. (*Rising from seat and pacing floor.*) Ah, I think I comprehend. I am to decline the hand of mademoiselle—I myself—and upon what grounds?

OLD MAN. (*Rising also.*) I've been a-thinkin' o' that too. 'Twont do to say it's Esmeraldy; it'd kinder make it harder fer her. Don't ye say it's Esmeraldy as ye're objectin' to—say it's me. Me! I aint nothin', ye know—Lor', no! I'm old folks, and mother, she kin take it out o' me an' welcome. Tell her I aint showy enough—tell her I haint no manners—tell her ye couldn't stand me in the family—Lor'! tell her anything. It don't matter fer me. What I'm a-thinkin' on is Dave an' Esmeraldy, thet's young, an' loves each other, an' hes life afore 'em.

MARQUIS. And we must consider Monsieur Dave and Mademoiselle Esmeralda, it is true.

OLD MAN. Yes, we must consider 'em—an' stand by 'em, fer they haint got no one else.

MARQUIS. (*Takes two or three steps across room and returns.*) And you desire my reply to this proposition?

OLD MAN. Yes, Markis, an' I aint afeared to hear it.

MARQUIS. (*Approaching him.*) It is this, then—this, monsieur. Mademoiselle, your daughter, is young and not too strong of the

will. Madame Rogare is the stronger of the two. With the assistance of Madame Rogare, I shall make mademoiselle my wife—and after that let her lovers look to themselves.

OLD MAN. Markis!

MARQUIS. I do not give way readily, monsieur, when I have a thing at stake.

OLD MAN. An'—an' ye wont give her up?

MARQUIS. No, monsieur; not yet.

OLD MAN. I—I caynt believe it. (*Marquis shrugs shoulders in reply.*) Markis, look yere. Aint ye givin' up nothin' yerself ef ye take her? Ye're a man—an' what ye want's a home an' a wife—a young creeter that comes ter ye willin' an' gentle, an' thinks thar aint nothin' in the whole world like ye. What a man wants is a woman's heart—ef ye haint got it, what d'ye want o' her? Ye can call her by yer name an' keep her about yer; but ye haint got her. Lor', no! she aint thar—she aint nowhars nigh.

MARQUIS. She will be near enough, monsieur.

OLD MAN. And ye're willin' ter give up all the rest on it.

MARQUIS. All, monsieur.

OLD MAN. Then ye're willin' ter give up more then I 'lowed a man would.

MARQUIS. If our interview is at an end, monsieur, I will retire.

OLD MAN. I haint got nothin' more to say. (*Marquis bows and goes, Old Man sinks into chair and covers face with hands.*) 'Twar-n't no use—no use. These aint North Ca'lliny ways.

Enter Mrs. Rogers, excited.

MRS. ROGERS. What are you doing here? Who went out just now?

OLD MAN. The Markis. He went out.

MRS. ROGERS. Why did he go? What have you been saying to him?

OLD MAN. I've been sayin' a sight o' things; but it warn't no good—it warn't no good.

MRS. ROGERS. (*Sinks into chair.*) If ever there was a woman who was badgered and run to death, and paid for all she's done with ingratitude from a couple of fools, I'm that woman.

OLD MAN. Who's the fools, mother?

MRS. ROGERS. Who? You're one of them, and Esmeralda's the other. Here I have placed every luxury around you, and every advantage, and you go moping about, and Esmeralda wears herself out and gets thin and pale, and the Marquis at his wit's end to please her—and on the top of that comes a new piece of news.

OLD MAN. News! From North Ca'lliny, mother?

MRS. ROGERS. Yes, from North Ca'lliny. What do I find out! That sentimental idiot followed us before we'd been here six months, and has been hanging around and watching Esmeralda, and living on a crust in a garret.

OLD MAN. Mother! Not Dave! Lor', no—not Dave! Dave—he's in North Ca'lliny. MRS. ROGERS. Not Dave? Yes, Dave! Who else would be big enough simpleton but Dave? And he's been about the house night after night, and Esmeralda has heard of it, and if I can keep her quiet until the party's over, it's all I can do.

OLD MAN. (*Looking at door.*) Mother, she's coming now, an' if I ever knowed what her pretty face meant, ye've kept her quiet fer the last time.

Enter Esmeralda. The Marquis follows her, talking and holding bouquet.

MARQUIS. I am most unfortunate that my poor flowers do not please mademoiselle.

ESMERALDA. No, they do not please me. Nor do you. Take them and go, and leave me alone! (*Turns on him fiercely.*) I hate them because you have held them in your hand; that would be reason enough for my hating anything. And you know it, and have known it all the time. Only you were not man enough to spare me. And I was too great a coward to dare to speak. But you have gone too far. It has all gone too far.

MRS. ROGERS. (*Seizing her.*) What are you saying? Are you mad?

ESMERALDA. (*Frees herself.*) Don't touch me! I'm not afraid of you now—nor of him. Let him see to it that he doesn't come near me again. I've found out what has made me what I ought to have been long ago—a woman—a woman worthy a good man's love; and I'm not afraid of anything. I've found out who has followed me over thousands of miles of dreary land and sea, and who has watched me in the cold and dark of the night outside when I was there in the brightness and warmth. If he forgives me for it, do you think I shall ever forgive myself—do you think I shall ever forgive you?

OLD MAN. (*Comes up behind her and touches her tremblingly.*) Esmeraldy, honey, I—don't hardly know ye.

ESMERALDA. (*Embraces him.*) Father—father—you'll stand by me. I hardly know myself—I feel so fierce, and bitter, and strong. It's all true. He has been in Paris—cold, and tired, and hungry, while we were rich and warm. Dave—Dave we loved

—Dave, who loved us and was true to us even when we seemed false.

OLD MAN. (*Wiping his eyes.*) He—he was always that away, Dave was. Thar never couldn't hev been nothin' truer than his true heart.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you soft fools! (*Going to Marquis.*) And haven't you a word to say for yourself? Do something to stop this.

MARQUIS. (*Bowing sardonically.*) Madame, it occurs to me that in a scene so truly domestic I am in the way and should retire.

MRS. ROGERS. No, you shall not. Do you think I'm going to have my plans overturned this way? (*To Esmeralda.*) You say he saw you through the windows. Then he saw you with the Marquis. How are you going to make him believe that you weren't with him of your own free will?

ESMERALDA. Make him believe! I'm going to tell him. He'll know it's true because he'll see it in my face. I'm going to follow him until I find him. I'm going to follow him if it's on foot and I go a thousand miles—you can't hold me back now. I'm your own daughter for the first time in my life, and I'm no more to be stopped than you are. Stop me if you can!

MARQUIS. (*Regards her with some admiration.*) Mademoiselle becomes more interesting. My regret at parting with her will be greater than I thought.

OLD MAN. Esmeraldy, honey, ye almost skeer me—ye're sorter like yer mother. I hope it wont last.

MRS. ROGERS. (*To Esmeralda.*) I'll stop you—if I have to do it by force.

ESMERALDA. I tell you the time for that is past. I'm not afraid any longer—I'm only ashamed that I've been a coward so long. Look here! (*Tears off necklace and bracelets.*) There are the things you made me wear and he saw me in when he stood outside in the bitter cold. (*Throws them to the floor with fierce gesture.*) Pick them up if you think they're worth it. As long as I live I'll never wear them again.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you'll come out of this—you'll come out of this! You'll be meek enough to-morrow and frightened enough—you're as pale as death now with fright.

OLD MAN. So she is—so ye air, honey—ye look faint. Kinder try to stand up ag'in' it.

He draws her to sofa. As he reaches it she falls upon her knees before him.

ESMERALDA. Yes, I'm faint and tired; but we'll find Dave, wont we, father? and go back to the mountains and the blue sky—and no one will be cruel to us any more—

and I'll kneel down before Dave and tell him that I was true and loved him—and the little house—wont be empty—any more. (*Sinks upon the floor at his feet.*)

Mrs. Rogers and the Marquis spring forward.

MRS. ROGERS. What ails her? She looks like death.

OLD MAN. (*Waves her off with solemn dignity.*) Stand back, Lyddy Ann. 'Taint fer you to tech her. Seems like she's gone back to North Ca'lliny in spite of ye.

ACT IV.

Studio. Desmond, Kate, Nora, Dave discovered. Nora dashing off note at table.

NORA. There, I've finished it. (*Reads.*) "DEAR MR. ROGERS: Mr. Hardy is here, and I think it would be better if you brought Esmeralda at once. Make some excuse to leave her in the carriage below until you have seen him first, then you can bring her up and we will break the news to her gently. With much love to you both, NORA DESMOND."

DESMOND. You haven't given him a hint about the money.

NORA. The money isn't of the slightest consequence. It doesn't matter to him whether Mr. Hardy is rich or poor—and as for Esmeralda she would rather have him poor. Who cares about money?

DAVE. He doesn't, nor she either.

KATE. Of course not. Give me the note, Nora. I will send it while you talk to Mr. Hardy.

Nora gives note to Kate, who goes out.

NORA. Now, Mr. Hardy, I shall send you into the next room to lunch and rest a little, because you are tired, and if you look ill you will frighten Esmeralda.

DAVE. Tell me first about Esmeralda.

NORA. Well, she has been ill; but not very ill, though it seemed so at first. She was only ill because she wanted you.

DAVE. What did they do to her? What had he to do with it—that Marquis fellow?

NORA. Oh, not very much, really—and he has never been near her since, which has made Mrs. Rogers awfully angry with Esmeralda; but you mustn't think of that—you must think that she will be with you in a short time, and that you can care for her yourself. You will spend your honeymoon in your little house—only you two together—together. Isn't that a nice word—together?

DAVE. It means—a great deal—to me.

DESMOND. I say, Nora, that's all very well, you know, but I don't believe Hardy has

lived on anything but Miss Rogers for the last fortnight, and I'm going to take him off into the next room and make him eat something.

DAVE. (*Going with Desmond into inner room.*) You'll call me the minute they come?

NORA. Yes.

Nora, left to herself, goes to the mantle and looks at the clock.

NORA. Nearly three. What nonsense! The idea of my noticing when he comes and when he goes. If it was Jack, now, there would be some reason in it, but to be noticing the incomings and outgoings of a man who isn't the least relation to you is—well, it's a thing you're not going to stand. (*Professes to paint furiously. Drops brush, picks it up.*) He was evidently going to tell me something; I wonder what it will be? Perhaps he's going to leave Paris. Well, if he is—Jack will miss him—very much. I shall be rather sorry—for Jack. (*Bell rings.*)

Estabrook enters. She does not turn.

ESTABROOK. Good afternoon. Ah, another panel, Miss Desmond.

NORA. Yes, another; and you mustn't disturb me, because I've just reached a critical point.

ESTABROOK. (*Aside.*) So have I. (*Aloud.*) Oh no, I wont disturb you. Tortures shouldn't compel me. May I sit down?

NORA. Certainly. Jack will be in directly—after he has taken care of Mr. Hardy.

ESTABROOK. Will he? Then on second thought I wont sit down. I'll take a look at the panel. (*Goes to her.*) That is going to be a great deal worse than the other, isn't it?

NORA. Do you know, no one in the world says such disrespectful things to me as you do? And besides, you are disturbing me.

ESTABROOK. That relieves me.

NORA. Relieves you?

ESTABROOK. Yes. I thought I couldn't disturb you, and I wanted to—I rather came to try. You've disturbed me a good deal lately, and I wanted to balance the thing a little.

NORA. You came to try to disturb me? I thought you came to see Jack. Oh, there—there's Jack talking to Mr. Hardy. Don't you want to see him?

ESTABROOK. No, I don't; and if he presents himself I shall warn him by all the sacred ties of friendship not to cross the threshold.

NORA. But—but what—what nonsense!

ESTABROOK. No, it isn't. I mean to say what I came to say in spite of Jack.

NORA. But you are disturbing me, and I haven't done anything for days and days.

ESTABROOK. (*Taking her brush.*) Suppose you leave the panel for a short time.

Leads her to a chair. Stands behind her, and looking down, puts a pair of gloves into her hands.

ESTABROOK. I'm very much interested in these just now.

NORA. My lost gloves! Where did you find them?

ESTABROOK. In my vest-pocket—by a curious coincidence. I have a fancy for seeing you put one on—the left one, for instance.

NORA. (*Beginning to put it on.*) I have no objection—I've had them on before. (*Pauses.*) There's something in the fourth finger. It's a ring.

ESTABROOK. (*Taking glove again.*) So it is.

NORA. I can't put on a glove with a ring in it. (*Ring drops out.*)

ESTABROOK. Perhaps you can put on a ring without a glove on it. Suppose you try.

NORA. Oh—no.

ESTABROOK. (*Taking her hand and ring.*) Suppose you let me try—Nora.

NORA. But—there's no reason why I should.

ESTABROOK. There's the best reason. The affection I felt for Jack seems to have transferred itself to you, Nora. We won't jest any longer. I came here to-day to say I love you. I don't find the words difficult to say. They are very simple words. I wish you could say them to me as easily.

NORA. I cannot say them as easily. Suppose—I was—to think them.

ESTABROOK. Then I should put on the ring. (*Slips it on, bends and kisses her.*)

Enter Old Man. Sees what is going on.

OLD MAN. They're all right, Lor' bless 'em! Nothin' caynt hurt them. They're fixed now. Don't ye mind me, chil'n. 'Taint nothin' ter be ashamed on. It's somethin' ter be proud on. (*Goes to Nora, who has risen, and gives her to Estabrook. To Nora.*) Thar, he'll take care o' ye, honey. (*To Estabrook.*) If she had a father, I reckon he'd say what I do. Stand by her.

ESTABROOK. I think you may trust me.

OLD MAN. Lor', yes; you're the right kind. An' now 'bout Dave and Esmeraldy. Esmeraldy, she's down-stairs.

NORA. And Dave is in there.

OLD MAN. He is? Lor', how glad I'll be ter see him! Thar aint but one thing to be done. I'm agwine to stand out fer seein' things set right. It's a kinder narvous thing to do, but I'm gwine to do it.

Enter Mrs. Rogers, trembling with rage.

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MRS. ROGERS. I'm just in time, am I, and not a minute too soon! I've heard the whole story and I'll put a stop to this.

OLD MAN. Mother, kinder quieten down.

MRS. ROGERS. A nice time to quiet down! It's the old story. Setting my child against me and upholding her, while I'm trying to do the best I can to make a lady of her.

NORA. Mrs. Rogers, let me say a few words to you.

MRS. ROGERS. The quieter you keep the better. You've always stood by her in your still, impudent way. You're sharp enough to know it's a good thing to be friends with a rich girl. You ought to be on the good side of her mother.

ESTABROOK. If a—you are going in for remarks of that kind—suppose—a—you generalize—it would be better.

MRS. ROGERS. (*To Estabrook.*) I've nothing to do with you or her either. I've come here to tend to my own business. (*To Old Man.*) You thought I wouldn't find you out, did you? He hasn't gone back to North Carolina, has he? And you've picked him up out of the gutter and made up your mind to stand up against me. Where is he?

OLD MAN. In there! (*Points to inner room.*)

MRS. ROGERS. In there? And Esmeralda down-stairs waiting to be brought up, and you—you—you! Let me see him—that's all I want.

Mrs. Rogers goes toward door. Old Man gets there before her, and waves her back.

OLD MAN. Mother, kinder quieten down.

MRS. ROGERS. Wh—what do you mean? What's taken you? How dare you stand there and brave it out?

OLD MAN. Mother—seems like we've hed enough. Seems like we've got to a place whar things hed to sorter be settled down—an' it's me as hes got ter do it.

MRS. ROGERS. You—you're a fool! You always was a fool.

OLD MAN. Mebbe I was. Mebbe we might both hev been wiser.

MRS. ROGERS. Let me get into that room.

OLD MAN. No; we've tried it your way awhile. We've hed money, and foren languidges—an' ile paintin's—an'—an' markisses—we've tried a elevatin' ourselves to a higher spear—an' what's come of it?

MRS. ROGERS. Plenty's come of it, if you had the sense to see it. You've seen the world, and you've traveled.

OLD MAN. Yes, we've seed the world. We've been gay, and we've left home behind, an' neighbors an' friends we growed up with

—an' Esmeraldy's heart nigh broke—an' Dave is brought to death's door—an' the little house they was to have lived in an' loved each other in is a standin' empty in North Ca'lliny.

MRS. ROGERS. You'll bring them together and send them back! You mean that you'll defy me out an' out?

OLD MAN. I aint a-defyin' ye, mother. That aint my kind. But I'll bring them two young hearts together, an' let 'em beat side by side.

MRS. ROGERS. You're all in the plot—I always knew you were—he'd never have had the strength to stand out alone—you're all backing him. (*To Nora.*) I always saw it in you, you sly minx! Esmeralda was always harder to manage after she'd been with you.

NORA. I've no doubt of it—and I hope she was. And let me tell you if I had been Esmeralda, I should like to have seen you take me away from—any one I loved.

ESTABROOK. So should I.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you're all in it—and you (*turning fiercely to Old Man*)—you think you can hold out?

OLD MAN. I mean to try, mother. I've hed—a kinder delercacy about sayin' anything about the money sorter belongin' ter me; but it does—in a way—sorter. An' I've been to a lawyer, an' I'm goin' ter hev papers drawn up as'll provide for 'em; an' when we're gone thar's no one but them to hev what's left—an' they kin live whar they like, an' how.

MRS. ROGERS. And you'll give up all I've done, and all I've worked for—what's to make up to the girl for it—what's she going back to, anyhow? Answer me that.

OLD MAN. Mebbe it aint much, mother—and mebbe it's a good deal. She's a-goin' back to home an' love.

MRS. ROGERS. Then I tell you she sha'n't. Do you think I'll give up that easy?

Enter Esmeralda, alarmed. Goes to her father.

ESMERALDA. Father—mother—what is it? Tell me. Oh, how angry you look! I knew something had gone wrong and I couldn't keep away.

OLD MAN. Don't tremble so, honey. 'Taint nothin' gone wrong—it's suthin' thet's a-goin' right.

MRS. ROGERS. You knew well enough, I reckon, with your tricks and plots, deceiving your own mother. You knew he was here, and the only wonder is you weren't up before.

ESMERALDA. I knew he was here? I knew who was here? Father—Nora—who is here?

NORA. No one you need be afraid to see, Esmeralda.

OLD MAN. Don't ye tremble so, honey—nor get so pale. It's only some one ye thought was fur away.

ESMERALDA. No, no, it isn't true. Don't tell me so and break my heart. There's half the world between us.

OLD MAN. Thar aint nothin' between ye, honey—nary thing.

Dave appears in the door. Esmeralda utters a cry and starts toward him. Mrs. Rogers catches her arm.

ESMERALDA. Let me go! I'm not afraid now. Not all the world should keep me from him!

Esmeralda rushes into Dave's arms.

DAVE. I thought you'd gone back on me, Esmeraldy, but you was true—you was true.

OLD MAN. (*Goes to Mrs. Rogers and lays his hand on her shoulder pleadingly.*) Mother, don't grudge it to 'em—don't ye—don't ye.

MRS. ROGERS. Me grudge it to them? No, I wont. Let them have what they've got, and welcome. He came over here to marry a rich girl, did he—and he's got her—thanks to you—with all she's worth. You—you are going to set them up for life and give them all they want. Do it if you can—that's all I've got to say.

OLD MAN. Mother, what d'ye mean?

MRS. ROGERS. What do I mean? (*Triumphantly.*) Just this—I've got a letter—

NORA. In my pocket, which—

MRS. ROGERS. What do you know about it? What does that piece of impudence mean?

NORA. I heard of a letter like it once before.

MRS. ROGERS. You did?

ESTABROOK. Yes, and it was from North Carolina—name of man who wrote it, George Drew.

NORA. And it was about some land that didn't turn out so well as was expected. Is yours anything like it?

MRS. ROGERS. You—you've known it all along.

DAVE. Mrs. Rogers, I've known it myself, and if you'll let me speak—

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, of course you knew you were going to marry a beggar instead of an heiress! You have traveled half the world over for pure love, haven't you—

OLD MAN. Mother! Mother!

MRS. ROGERS. You're—you're to blame for it all. But for you I'd have sold the place out and out—but for you that girl would have been married to a marquis by this, and settled for life—but for you we shouldn't have been disgraced, and mocked, and laughed at.

ESTABROOK. And but for him, of course, the vein of ore would have been carefully

arranged by Nature to meet all demands, and wouldn't have worked out and infamously turned up in another man's farm, and made a millionaire of him.

MRS. ROGERS. Another man's farm? Who's the man? Who is he?

DAVE. Mrs. Rogers, I'm the man.

MRS. ROGERS. You! you! you!

DAVE. Yes, and what's mine is Esmeralda's and her father's and her mother's; and so you see the thing stands just about where it did—an' you're no poorer than before—only that Esmeralda belongs to me.

MRS. ROGERS. Is this true? Is it—is it?

ESTABROOK. Yes, madam. He (*indicating Dave*) has a letter in his pocket which —

NORA. And but for Mr. Hardy you would have known it two months ago. He sent you money when you had spent your own—and he would have sent it until the end of time and said nothing, only that he wanted Esmeralda and found out that she wanted him. Everybody isn't selfish and cruel. There are such things as love and truth, and they are worth all the money the world could hold. There! (*Goes to Estabrook.*)

ESTABROOK. Are there? How do you know?

NORA. I found it out, and so has Esmeralda.

MRS. ROGERS. (*Sinks into chair. To Dave.*) Don't speak to me. You've won and I've lost. Leave me alone awhile. Go and tell him.

She points to Old Man, who has sat down and is mopping his forehead in a wild, bewildered way.

DAVE. Old Man, don't you understand?

OLD MAN. Seems like things was kinder mixed—and mother, she wasn't a-gettin' the best of it.

DAVE. It's easy enough told. You stood by me when you thought I was a poor man and you a rich one.

OLD MAN. An' now —

DAVE. What's mine is yours, and we'll stand by each other.

OLD MAN. (*Seizing his hand.*) Ye don't mean ter tell me we aint rich folks no more?

DAVE. The money has changed hands; that's all, old man.

OLD MAN. And the hands it's in now is the right ones. Mebbe now it's over, mother'll kinder be easy on us.

Goes to Mrs. Rogers. Dave and Esmeralda follow.

OLD MAN. Mother!

ESMERALDA. Mother!

DAVE. Mrs. Rogers!

MRS. ROGERS. (*Turns sharply.*) I don't see what you've got to say to me!

OLD MAN. We thought mebbe you'd got something to say to us, mother. Seems like Dave now—ye might want ter say a word or so to Dave—an' he's ready ter hear it.

MRS. ROGERS. (*Savagely.*) Does he want me to say I forgive him?

OLD MAN. No, mother. It don't seem like thar war eny needcessity on that. He aint done nothin' but act like a man, an' a brave an' honest one as was too much a man to bear a grudge ag'in' them that's injured him.

MRS. ROGERS. Does he want me to ask him to forgive me?

DAVE. No, I don't, Mrs. Rogers. I only want you to shake hands, and let's begin again in a fair and square way. You shall have your rights, and the old man shall have his—and I'll see that Esmeralda has hers.

OLD MAN. And we shall be apt to come out more kinder evenner.

Enter Kate and Desmond, Kate with letter.

KATE. Here's a lovely piece of news.

NORA. What is it?

KATE. I've just found this letter in my room. It is from Mrs. Delaplayne.

NORA. And what in the world is in it that you bring it here?

KATE. The Marquis is in it. Listen. (*Reads.*) "You know that man who was reported to be about to marry Miss Rogers, the Marquis de Montessin; he has just eloped with that awfully stupid Miss Meadows, whose father struck oil a few years ago. They say he heard that Miss Rogers was not as rich as he had imagined, and so he took the other, with much discretion."

MRS. ROGERS. I knew something was wrong when he gave up his claims so suddenly.

ESMERALDA. Oh, he is gone, and I shall never see him again. (*Clasps Dave's arm.*) Oh, Dave, it frightens me to think of him!

DAVE. There is no need of that, honey. The sun shines again as it used in the old days. It shines upon the little house, and the door waiting to be opened. And we are together.

[CURTAIN.]

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

As Seleucus narrates, Hermes described the principles that rank as wholes in two myriads of books; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes. * * *

* * * Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes.—IAMBLICUS.

STILL through Egypt's desert places
Flows the lordly Nile,
From its banks the great stone faces
Gaze with patient smile;
Still the pyramids imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian
Demi-gods and kings?
Nothing left but an inscription
Graven on stones and rings.
Where are Helius and Hephœstus,
Gods of eldest eld?
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred
Thousand books he wrote?
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,
Lost in lands remote;
In oblivion sunk forever,
As when o'er the land,
Blows a storm-wind, in the river
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,
Seems this Theurgist,
In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.
Vague, phantasmal and unreal,
To our thought he seems,
Walking in a world ideal,
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging
Name and fame in one,
Like a stream, to which, converging
Many streamlets run?
Till, with gathered power proceeding,
Ampler sweep it takes,
Downward the sweet waters leading
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,
Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men;
Half-believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight,
How the gods, themselves concealing,
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare
Breathing, as if consecrated,
A diviner air;
And amid discordant noises,
In the jostling throng,
Hearing far, celestial voices
Of Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?
Who has searched or sought
All the unexplored and spacious
Universe of thought?
Who, in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the border-land dividing
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three times greatest!
How thy name sublime
Has descended to this latest
Progeny of time!
Happy they whose written pages
Perish with their lives,
If amid the crumbling ages
Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately
Found I in the vast,
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately
Grave-yard of the Past;
And a presence moved before me
On that gloomy shore,
As a waft of wind, that o'er me
Breathed, and was no more.

THE SUPERLATIVE.

THE doctrine of temperance is one of many degrees. It is usually taught on a low platform, but one of great necessity—that of meats and drinks, and its importance cannot be denied and hardly exaggerated. But it is a long way from the Maine Law to the heights of absolute self-command which respect the conservatism of the entire energies of the body, the mind, and the soul. I wish to point at some of its higher functions as it enters into mind and character.

There is a superlative temperament which has no medium range, but swiftly oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point, and which affects the manners of those who share it with a certain desperation. Their aspect is grimace. They go tearing, convulsed through life—wailing, praying, exclaiming, swearing. We talk, sometimes, with people whose conversation would lead you to suppose that they had lived in a museum, where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phoenixes; their naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar: "most perfect," "most exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French, they are enchanted, they are desolate, because you have got or have not got a shoe-string or a wafer you happen to want—not perceiving that superlatives are diminutives, and weaken; that the positive is the sinew of speech, the superlative the fat. If the talker lose a tooth, he thinks the universal thaw and dissolution of things has come. Controvert his opinion and he cries "Persecution!" and reckons himself with Saint Barnabas, who was sawn in two.

Especially we note this tendency to extremes in the pleasant excitement of horror-mongers. Is there something so delicious in disasters and pain? Bad news is always exaggerated, and we may challenge Providence to send a fact so tragical that we cannot contrive to make it a little worse in our gossip.

All this comes of poverty. We are unskillful definers. From want of skill to convey quality we hope to move admiration by quantity. Language should aim to describe the fact. It is not enough to suggest it and magnify it. Sharper sight would indicate the true line. 'Tis very wearisome, this straining talk, these experiences, all exquisite, intense, and tremendous—"The best I ever saw"; "I never in my life!" One wishes these terms gazetted and forbidden. Every favorite is not a cherub, nor every cat a griffin; nor each unpleasing

person a dark, diabolical intriguer; nor agonies, excruciations, nor ecstasies our daily bread.

Horace Walpole relates that in the expectation, current in London a century ago, of a great earthquake, some people provided themselves with dresses for the occasion. But one would not wear earthquake dresses or resurrection robes for a working jacket, nor make a codicil to his will whenever he goes out to ride; and the secrets of death, judgment, and eternity are tedious when recurring as minute-guns. Thousands of people live and die who were never, on a single occasion, hungry or thirsty, or furious or terrified. The books say "It made my hair stand on end!" Who, in our municipal life, ever had such an experience? Indeed, I believe that much of the rhetoric of terror—"It froze my blood," "It made my knees knock," etc.—most men have realized only in dreams and nightmares.

Then there is an inverted superlative, or superlative contrary, which shivers, like Demophoon, in the sun: wants fan and parasol on the cold Friday; is tired by sleep; feeds on drugs and poisons; finds the rainbow a discoloration; hates birds and flowers.

The exaggeration of which I complain makes plain fact the more welcome and refreshing. It is curious that a face magnified in a concave mirror loses its expression. All this overstatement is needless. A little fact is worth a whole limbo of dreams, and I can well spare the exaggerations which appear to me screens to conceal ignorance. Among these glorifiers, the coldest stickler for names and dates and measures cannot lament his criticism and coldness of fancy. Think how much pains astronomers and opticians have taken to procure an achromatic lens. Discovery in the heavens has waited for it; discovery on the face of the earth not less. I hear without sympathy the complaint of young and ardent persons that they find life no region of romance, with no enchanter, no giant, no fairies, nor even muses. I am very much indebted to my eyes, and am content that they should see the real world, always geometrically finished without blur or halo. The more I am engaged with it the more it suffices.

How impatient we are, in these northern latitudes, of looseness and intemperance in speech! Our measure of success is the moderation and low level of an individual's judg-

ment. Doctor Channing's piety and wisdom had such weight that, in Boston, the popular idea of religion was whatever this eminent divine held. But I remember that his best friend, a man of guarded lips, speaking of him in a circle of his admirers, said: "I have known him long, I have studied his character, and I believe him capable of virtue." An eminent French journalist paid a high compliment to the Duke of Wellington, when his documents were published: "Here are twelve volumes of military dispatches, and the word *glory* is not found in them."

The English mind is arithmetical, values exactness, likes literal statement; stigmatizes any heat or hyperbole as Irish, French, Italian, and infers weakness and inconsequence of character in speakers who use it. It does not love the superlative but the positive degree. Our customary and mechanical existence is not favorable to flights; long nights and frost hold us pretty fast to realities. The people of English stock, in all countries, are a solid people, wearing good hats and shoes, and owners of land whose title-deeds are properly recorded. Their houses are of wood, and brick, and stone, not designed to reel in earthquakes, nor blow about through the air much in hurricanes, nor to be lost under sand-drifts, nor to be made bonfires of by whimsical viziers; but to stand as commodious, rentable tenements for a century or two. All our manner of life is on a secure and moderate pattern, such as can last. Violence and extravagance are, once for all, distasteful; competence, quiet, comfort, are the agreed welfare.

Ever a low style is best. "I judge by every man's truth of his degree of understanding," said Chesterfield. And I do not know any advantage more conspicuous which a man owes to his experience in markets and the Exchange, or politics, than the caution and accuracy he acquires in his report of facts. "Uncle Joel's news is always true," said a person to me, with obvious satisfaction, and said it justly; for the old head, after deceiving and being deceived many times, thinks, "What's the use of having to unsay to-day what I said yesterday? I will not be responsible; I will not add an epithet. I will be as moderate as the fact, and will use the same expression, without color, which I received; and rather repeat it several times, word for word, than vary it ever so little."

The first valuable power in a reasonable mind, one would say, was the power of plain statement, or the power to receive things as they befall, and to transfer the picture of them to another mind unaltered. 'Tis a good rule of rhetoric which Schlegel gives—

"In good prose, every word is underscored"; which, I suppose, means never italicize.

Spartans, stoics, heroes, saints, and gods use a short and positive speech. They are never off their centers. As soon as they swell and paint and find truth not enough for them, softening of the brain has already begun.

It seems as if inflation were a disease incident to too much use of words, and the remedy lay in recourse to things. I am daily struck with the forcible understatement of people who have no literary habit. The low expression is strong and agreeable. The citizen dwells in delusions. His dress and draperies, house and stables, occupy him. The poor countryman, having no circumstance of carpets, coaches, dinners, wine, and dancing in his head to confuse him, is able to look straight at you, without refraction or prismatic glories, and he sees whether you see straight also, or whether your head is addled by this mixture of wines.

The common people diminish: "a cold snap"; "it rains easy"; "good haying weather." When a farmer means to tell you that he is doing well with his farm, he says, "I don't work as hard as I did, and I don't mean to." When he wishes to condemn any treatment of soils or of stock, he says, "It wont do any good." Under the Catskill Mountains the boy in the steam-boat said, "Come up here, Tony; it looks pretty out-of-doors."

The farmers in the region do not call particular summits, as Killington, Camel's Hump, Saddleback, etc., mountains, but only "them 'ere rises," and reserve the word mountains for the range.

I once attended a dinner given to a great state functionary by functionaries,—men of law, state, and trade. The guest was a great man in his own country and an honored diplomatist in this. His health was drunk with some acknowledgment of his distinguished services to both countries, and followed by nine cold hurrahs. There was the vicious superlative. Then the great official spoke and beat his breast, and declared that he should remember this honor to the latest moment of his existence. He was answered again by officials. Pity, thought I, they should lie so about their keen sensibility to the nine cold hurrahs and to the commonplace compliment of a dinner. Men of the world value truth, in proportion to their ability, not by its sacredness, but for its convenience. Of such, especially of diplomatists, one has a right to expect wit and ingenuity to avoid the lie, if they must comply with the form. Now, I had been present, a little before, in the country at a cattle-show dinner, which followed an agricultural discourse delivered by a farmer; the

discourse, to say the truth, was bad; and one of our village fathers gave at the dinner this toast: "The orator of the day: his subject deserves the attention of every farmer." The caution of the toast did honor to our village father. I wish great lords and diplomatists had as much respect for truth.

But whilst thus everything recommends simplicity and temperance of action, the utmost directness, the positive degree, we mean thereby that "rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument." Whenever the true objects of action appear, they are to be heartily sought. Enthusiasm is the height of man; it is the passing from the human to the divine.

The superlative is as good as the positive, if it be alive. If man loves the conditioned, man also loves the unconditioned. We don't wish to sin on the other side, and to be purists, nor to check the invention of wit or the sally of humor. 'Tis very different, this weak and wearisome lie, from the stimulus to the fancy which is given by a romancing talker who does not mean to be exactly taken,—like the gallant skipper who complained to his owners that he had pumped the Atlantic Ocean three times through his ship on the passage, and 'twas common to strike seals and porpoises in the hold. Or what was similarly asserted of the late Lord Jeffrey, at the Scottish bar,—an attentive auditor declaring, on one occasion, after an argument of three hours, that he had spoken the whole English language three times over in his speech.

The objection to unmeasured speech is its lie. All men like an impressive fact. The astronomer shows you in his telescope the nebula of Orion, that you may look on that which is esteemed the farthest-off land in visible nature. At the Bank of England they put a scrap of paper that is worth a million pounds sterling into the hands of the visitor to touch. Our traveling is a sort of search for the superlatives or summits of art,—much more the real wonders of power in the human form. The arithmetic of Newton, the memory of Magliabecchi or Mirandola, the versatility of Julius Caesar, the concentration of Buonaparte, the inspiration of Shakspeare, are sure of commanding interest and awe in every company of men.

The superlative is the excess of expression. We are a garrulous, demonstrative kind of creatures, and cannot live without much outlet for all our sense and nonsense. And fit expression is so rare that mankind have a superstitious value for it, and it would seem the whole human race agree to value a man precisely in proportion to his power of expression; and to the most expressive man that

has existed, namely, Shakspeare, they have awarded the highest place.

The expressors are the gods of the world, but the men whom these expressors revere are the solid, balanced, undemonstrative citizens who make the reserved guard, the central sense, of the world. For the luminous object wastes itself by its shining—is luminous because it is burning up; and if the powers are disposed for display, there is all the less left for use and creation. The talent sucks the substance of the man. Superlatives must be bought by too many positives. Gardens of roses must be stripped to make a few drops of otto. And these raptures of fire and frost, which indeed cleanse pedantry out of conversation and make the speech salt and biting, would cost me the days of well-being which are now so cheap to me, yet so valued. I like no deep stakes. I am a coward at gambling. I will bask in the common sun awhile longer.

Children and thoughtless people like exaggerated event and activity; like to run to a house on fire, to a fight, to an execution; like to talk of a marriage, of a bankruptcy, of a debt, of a crime. The wise man shuns all this. I knew a grave man who, being urged to go to a church where a clergyman was newly ordained, said "he liked him very well, but he would go when the interesting Sundays were over."

All rests at last on the simplicity of nature, or real being. Nothing is for the most part less esteemed. We are fond of dress, of ornament, of accomplishments, of talents, but distrustful of health, of soundness, of pure innocence. Yet nature measures her greatness by what she can spare—by what remains when all superfluity and accessories are shorn off.

Nor is there in nature itself any swell, any brag, any strain, or shock, but a firm common sense through all her elephants and lions, through all her ducks and geese—a true proportion between her means and her performance. *Semper sibi similis*. You shall not catch her in any anomalies, nor swaggering into any monsters. In all the years that I have sat in town and forest, I never saw a winged dragon, a flying man, or a talking fish, but ever the strictest regard to rule, and an absence of all surprises. No; nature encourages no looseness, pardons no errors; freezes punctually at 32°, boils punctually at 212°; crystallizes in water at one invariable angle, in diamond at one, in granite at one; and if you omit the smallest condition the experiment will not succeed. Her communication obeys the gospel rule, yea or nay. She never expatiates, never goes into the reasons. Plant beech-mast and it comes up, or it does

not come up. Sow grain, and it does not come up: put lime into the soil and try again, and this time she says yea. To every question an abstemious but absolute reply. The like staidness is in her dealings with us. Nature is always serious—does not jest with us. Where we have begun in folly, we are brought quickly to plain dealing. Life could not be carried on except by fidelity and good earnest; and she brings the most heartless trifter to determined purpose presently. The men whom she admits to her confidence, the simple and great characters, are uniformly marked by absence of pretension and by understatement. The old and the modern sages of clearest insight are plain men, who have held themselves hard to the poverty of nature.

The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed, but where they speak and think and do what they must, because they are so and not otherwise.

But whilst the basis of character must be simplicity, the expression of character, it must be remembered, is, in great degree, a matter of climate. In the temperate climates there is a temperate speech, in torrid climates an ardent one. Whilst in Western nations the superlative in conversation is tedious and weak, and in character is a capital defect, nature delights in showing us that in the East it is animated, it is pertinent, pleasing, poetic. Whilst she appoints us to keep within the sharp boundaries of form as the condition of our strength, she creates in the East the uncontrollable yearning to escape from limitation into the vast and boundless; to use a freedom of fancy which plays with all the works of nature, great or minute, galaxy or grain of dust, as toys and words of the mind; inculcates the tenet of a beatitude to be found in escape from all organization and all personality, and makes ecstasy an institution.

Religion and poetry are all the civilization of the Arab. "The ground of Paradise," said Mohammed, "is extensive, and the plants of it are hallelujahs." Religion and poetry: the religion teaches an inexorable destiny; it distinguishes only two days in each man's history—the day of his lot, and the day of judgment. The religion runs into asceticism and fate. The costume, the articles in which wealth is displayed, are in the same extremes. Thus the diamond and the pearl, which are only accidental and secondary in their use

and value to us, are proper to the oriental world. The diver dives a beggar and rises with the price of a kingdom in his hand. A bag of sequins, a jewel, a balsam, a single horse, constitute an estate in countries where insecure institutions make every one desirous of concealable and convertible property. Shall I say, further, that the orientals excel in costly arts, in the cutting of precious stones, in working in gold, in weaving on hand-loom costly stuffs from silk and wool, in spices, in dyes and drugs, henna, otto, and camphor, and in the training of slaves, elephants, and camels—things which are the poetry and superlative of commerce.

On the other hand,—and it is a good illustration of the difference of genius,—the European nations, and, in general, all nations in proportion to their civilization, understand the manufacture of iron. One of the meters of the height to which any civility rose is the skill in the fabric of iron. Universally, the better gold, the worse man. The political economist defies us to show any gold-mine country that is traversed by good roads; or a shore where pearls are found on which good schools are erected. The European civility, or that of the positive degree, is established by coal-mines, by ventilation, by irrigation, and every skill—in having water cheap and pure, by iron, by agriculture for bread-stuffs, and manufacture of coarse and family cloths. Our modern improvements have been in the invention of friction matches; of India-rubber shoes; of the famous two parallel bars of iron; then of the air-chamber of Watt, and of the judicious tubing of the engine, by Stephenson, in order to the construction of locomotives.

Meantime, nature, who loves crosses and mixtures, makes these two tendencies necessary each to the other, and delights to reënfice each peculiarity by imparting the other. The Northern genius finds itself singularly refreshed and stimulated by the breadth and luxuriance of Eastern imagery and modes of thinking, which go to check the pedantry of our inventions and the excess of our detail. There is no writing which has more electric power to unbind and animate the torpid intellect than the bold Eastern muse.

If it come back, however, to the question of final superiority, it is too plain that there is no question that the star of empire rolls West: that the warm sons of the South-east have bent the neck under the yoke of the cold temperament and the exact understanding of the North-western races.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth starts a train of mingled reflections. A fortune of singular infelicity has befallen this great statesman's fame. During the period that has intervened since his death in 1852, now almost three full decades of years, his memory has suffered under a most extraordinary fatality of pertinacious public misunderstanding of his position, and consequent blind detraction from his merit. There has been, too, a certain element of undeniable nobleness in the indignant reprobation, as it were vicariously, and, therefore, unjustly, visited upon his name, that all the time went far to clothe it in the general esteem with the attributes of a divine judicial sentence severely accordant with desert. The voice of the people was the voice of God, until at length the accepted and unchallenged voice of God bade fair to become, in turn, the final and irreversible voice of the people. And thus it happens that the one selected man who, by eminence among all our lately finished hundred years of wise Americans, did most by his living labors to postpone the crisis that so nearly cost us our national life, who then, by his transmitted influence, did most to carry us safely through that crisis when it could no longer be postponed, who even yet, by his unexhausted, although unrecognized and unacknowledged, exertion of power from his grave, is destined in the future to do most toward making us really and vitally whole again (for such, we may at length fairly trust, is indeed to be the happy issue), after the dangerous and doubtful period of political experiment that necessarily supervened—that man, a true human saviour to this American nation, as much, at least, as any one man is rightly to be named for such a saviour, Daniel Webster, is now either not known, except by tradition, or else so falsely known that he might almost prefer not to be known at all to the vast majority of the great new nation which he so largely contributed to save. This is a doubly injurious injustice; injurious, first, to the disparaged name, but injurious not less to those to whom the name is thus disparaged.

Perhaps no man ever lived that, quite apart from any adventitious circumstances affecting him, such as accident of birth, or dignity of station, apart indeed from actual achievement of his own, by mere and pure force of inherent character and personality, so impressed the generation to which he belonged as did Daniel Webster. There was something almost

supernatural about it. The adjectives by which he was customarily characterized, in the common and instinctive speech of the people, attributed a kind of divinity to the man. He was the "godlike Daniel" to his countrymen in general, who thus called him by a phrase which, with a certain semi-conscious humor in it racy of the national character, redeemed its own excess of veneration by a corrective dash of associated familiarity. But no less the educated men among his fellows were accustomed to employ in their own more scholarly way a similar language. To them, he was "Jove," a "descended god," a "demi-god," "the Olympian." If he went abroad, some Englishman said he "looked like a cathedral," or Sydney Smith, with irreverent homage to his Titan might, said he "was a steam-engine in breeches."

This imposing effect of Webster's personal presence was partly due to the remarkable physical mold in which he was cast. He was not gigantic in proportions, was not even greatly above the medium height; but somehow the beholder took from him an instantaneous and overwhelming impression of immense mass, weight, momentum,—in one word, of power. He was always one of the sights of Boston, where his presence in the streets made the neighboring buildings look smaller. Men from the country, that did not know who it was, would stand to gaze at him. Of course, as soon as you were aware that a physical frame so magnificent was the abode of a moral and intellectual nature not unfit to inhabit it, the pleasurable inspiration of wonder and awe that you felt in beholding was more than doubled. But when, in addition, you could further assure yourself that this man was the great lawyer, the great statesman, the great orator, of his country and time, why, naturally, the enthusiasm of admiration and delight of which you were conscious in his presence became something extraordinary.

A gentleman whose name, if it were proper to mention it, would be widely recognized as that of an author of rare merit, has told the present writer that in the time of his own early manhood he used to go, when in Washington, to the Senate Chamber and sit by the hour for no other purpose than to look at Daniel Webster. That this instance of generous young devotion at the shrine of manly genius and of personal power nobly incarnated was by no means exceptional, is amply shown in the very remarkable terms of the encomiums which with one-con-

sent were passed upon him by the periodical press, the rostrum, the pulpit, and the bar of the whole country, at his death. Obituary newspaper-writing is quite apt, of course, to be extravagant, and funeral eloquence is not to be taken as sober history. This must be remembered; but it still remains true that, in these various tributes to the memory of Daniel Webster, a certain sentiment of homage and ascription was present that almost literally deified the man whom it exalted. The idolatry was not an idolatry of mere affection. It was much rather an idolatry of reverence and awe. The dead divinity seemed in some cases even to be hated and feared, while he was worshiped; for a strange discord of ex-cration in certain quarters, as if from some unfriendly demoniacal spirit unawares in possession, mingled at the obsequies with the high psalms that chanted his praises.

This strain of posthumous eulogy, it is just to say, was but a return, on the part of the public, for a single remorseful and expiatory moment, to that becoming temper of appreciation toward Daniel Webster which not quite two years before, at a memorable crisis, it abruptly and passionately lost. Daniel Webster died in October, 1852, in the seventy-first year of his age. It was in March of the second year preceding that the first murmur arose of a popular reprisal upon his fame, which refused to be altogether silent at the great man's funeral, and which, in a muffled under-tone of disparagement by neglect, could be detected amid the multitudinous chorus of rejoicing lately heard over our hundred years of prosperous national history, retrieved from irreparable disaster and loss so largely through his own labors and sacrifices. An act of just though tardy expiation toward the memory of Daniel Webster would have constituted one of the most befitting rites that we could have performed to signalize the observance of our national centennial year.

On the 7th of March, 1850, Webster delivered in the Senate of the United States a speech (on the relations of slavery to the Union) the effect of which upon his own chances of fame has been, up to the present moment, in the highest degree unfavorable. That speech turned against the orator nearly the whole force of the particular literary mode then rapidly gaining the ascendant in this country. The time since then has been an era of sentimentalism in literature, as it has been an era of sentimentalism in politics and in religion. Webster has been judged according to the fashion of such an era. There will succeed a different era, having different canons of judgment, and Webster will be judged differently. The pendulum al-

ready commences its return toward the opposite extreme of oscillation. This, however, is anticipation, and we now deal with retrospect. The tide of political opinion, held for a time from ebbing by the almost sole contrary attraction of Webster's own example and influence while he yet lived, receded with precipitate rapidity after his death, and left the great bulk of his name, it well might seem, a wreck forever on the strand. The reaction against Webster in popular regard resulting from this celebrated speech found powerful and beautiful expression in one of Mr. Whittier's finest poems, a piece significantly entitled "*Ichabod!*" Since then, in a published poem on Webster, Mr. Whittier has evinced some disposition to unwrite his earlier branding lyric of dispraise.

What, now, was there in Webster's 7th of March speech that properly inspired a lyric dirge like "*Ichabod!*"? How did Webster obliterate then, at a stroke, the glorious record of his past public life? These are questions rather for a volume in answer (and the volume should be a narrative, not an argument), than for an article like this. But the case is remarkable, and what it is may at least be indicated here. Thirty years before his speech of the 7th of March, Webster had stood on Plymouth Rock and pronounced an oration which may not untruthfully be said to have founded a new order of eloquence peculiar to this country,—the eloquence of patriotism,—so completely equaling then, if he did not even surpass, the great occasion with his utterance, that immediately, and permanently thenceforth, the occasion was conspicuous by the speech, rather than the speech conspicuous by the occasion. A few years later he had stood on Bunker Hill, and, in one great act of oratory, at the same time created the granite monument which was yet to spring from the historic sod under his feet, and made that future monument at once commanding and superfluous by an associated production of genius destined to be more enduring than itself. Again, in commemoration of the illustrious occasion when, by a most impressive coincidence, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, twin founders of the republic, added to the auspices of their country's natal day by concurrent sudden deaths, at a ripe old age, on the Fourth of July, 1826, the semi-centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, he had delivered yet another of those unequalled occasional addresses which from his lips wrought so powerfully on the intellect, the heart, and the conscience of the nation. Once again, and perhaps chief of all, in the Senate of the United States, in 1830 (just twenty years before those fatal nones of March, 1850), he had

spoken for the Union and the Constitution in reply to the graceful, spirited, and seductive sophistries of Hayne, and had won the name of expounder of the Constitution and defender of the Union. During the two decades of years that intervened, he had taught the people only the noblest and purest lessons of grave political and social wisdom, always preferring in his inculcation the true before the agreeable, in accordance with his famous favorite motto, *vera pro gratis*. Such had been the tenor of a public career that during the space of one whole generation had commanded equally the veneration and the grati-

tude of his countrymen to a degree probably never exceeded in the history of the human race, when suddenly, by a single day's deed, with its sequel of consistent conduct, he, as so many will have it, branded "Ichabod" (the glory has departed) in an ineffaceable legend over the entire surface of his life.

This is the case, and the case, I say, is remarkable. The problem it suggests is one to be solved only in a dispassionate judicial study of Webster's life. That study remains to be written. This centennial year for Webster's memory would be a fit occasion for the appearance of the needed volume. Who will write it?

LOVERS IN THE TROPICS.

WEST-INDIAN IDYL.

PHILIP.

LOVE, the winds long to lure you to their home,
To tempt you on beneath the northern arch!
There, in the swift, bright summer, you and I
May loiter where the elms' deep shadows lie;
There, by our household fire, bid Yule-tide come,
And winter's cold, and every gust of March.

CLEMENTINE.

Stay, O stay with me here, and chasten
Your heart still longing to wander more!
Ever the restless winds are winging,
But the white-plumed egrets, skyward-springing,
Over our blue sea hover, and hasten
To light anew on their own dear shore.

PHILIP.

The lips grow tired of honey, the cloyed ear
Of music, and of light the eyelids tire.
I weary of the sky's eternal balm,
The ceaseless droop and rustle of the palm;
Only your whisper, love, constrains me here
From that brave clime I would you might desire.

CLEMENTINE.

Cold, ah! cold is the sky, and leaden,
There where earth rounds off to the pole!
Still by kisses the moments number,—
Here are sweetness, and rest, and slumber,
All to lighten and naught to deaden
The heart's low murmur, the captured soul.

PHILIP.

Dear, I would have you yearn, amid these sweets,
For the clear breeze that blows from waters gray,—
For some fresh, northern hill-top, overgrown
With bush and bloom and brake to you unknown;
There, while the hidden thrush his song repeats,
The rose shall tinge your cheek the livelong day.

CLEMENTINE.

Stay in the clime where living is loving
 And the lips make music unaware;
 Where coppers thrill with the wood-doves' cooing,
 And astral moths on the flight are wooing;
 While the colibris, that poise unmoving,
 Like winged Loves, mate in the trembling air.

PHILIP.

Nay, love itself will languish in the days
 When Summer never doffs his burning helm.
 No lasting links to bind the soul are wrought
 Where passion takes no deeper cast from thought;
 Ah! lend your ear a moment to the lays
 Our poets sing you of a trustier realm!

CLEMENTINE.

Under the cocoa-fronds that flutter,
 Here, where the lush white trumpet-flower
 And the curled lianas roof us over,
 So that no evil thing discover
 The sighs we mingle, the words we utter,—
 Here, oh here, let us make our bower!

PHILIP.

Love is not perfect, sweet, that like a dream
 Flows on without a forecast or a pain;
 Some burden must betide to make it strong,
 Some toil, to make its briefest bliss seem long,—
 Ay, longer than the crossing of a stream
 Mist-haunted, lit by moons that surely wane.

CLEMENTINE.

Here, for a round of moons unbroken,
 A spell that binds shall your loss requite;
 The fleet, sweet moments shall pass unreckoned
 And all to our constant love be second,
 And the fragrant lily shall be our token,
 That folds itself on the waves at night.

PHILIP.

Yonder, or here, and whether summer's star
 Burn overhead, or rains of autumn fall!

CLEMENTINE.

Or snows of winter in the frozen North?

PHILIP.

Love, never doubt it!

CLEMENTINE.

Take me with you forth!
 And oh, forget not in that land afar,
 I am your summer,—you, my life, my all!

THE PHIDIAN AGE OF SCULPTURE.

IN the fifth century before the Christian era, there lived in Greece two sculptors, who were pupils of the same master and were destined to exercise great influence on the art of their land. These were Phidias and Polycletus—the former claiming Athens as his birthplace, and the latter the neighboring Argos.

Among the hills of Epidaurus, across the bay from Athens, was a far-famed health resort where Æsculapius was worshiped, and where his priests directed medical treatment. For the crowds of invalids gathered there, theaters and houses of worship were in demand, as at watering-places of to-day. Of these buildings, the *tholus* and the theater owe their existence to Polycletus. Although Pausanias grows enthusiastic over the latter building, the fame of its builder was due more to his sculptures than to his architectural achievements. Ancient writers were lavish in praise of his statues, sometimes placing them even above those of Phidias. The money value of his handiwork may serve to indicate how highly it was prized, one of his statues bringing a hundred talents (\$117,750)—an immense sum for a single figure, either in ancient or modern times. But quiet Argos, where his lot was cast, was less rich in opportunities for the artist than progressive and ambitious Athens. Since Argos failed to take part with her sister cities against the Persian invader, she had no share in the glorious victories and in that awakening of public spirit and vigorous life which thrilled through Attica after those great national triumphs. Matters went on quietly as before in Argos, the ancient seat of bronze working. It is not strange, then, that we find the activity of Polycletus moving in a narrower sphere than that opened up by Athens to her sons. Such, however, was the excellence of his athletes that the ancients could not extol them enough; but for the most part they are described in obscure terms, which render it well-nigh impossible to determine the art-character of their creator. Two of his bronze figures were most famous. One represented a youthful athlete in the act of binding a fillet about his head, hence called the *Diadumenus*; the other, who bore a spear, received the corresponding name of the *Doryphorus*. One of these may have been the celebrated "canon" or model

which was studied by artists, and about which volumes of theory have been written, even in modern times. These works have perished, and only feeble echoes of them remain in existing marbles and bronzes. Two of these remote repetitions of the *Diadumenus*, one from France and one from Italy, are in the British Museum. Those of the *Doryphorus* have found their way to the collections of Naples, Rome, and Berlin, and are all traceable to Italy. A tombstone relief, recently discovered in Argos, confirms ancient descriptions of the *Doryphorus*. In the replicas of this statue, the figures in the round want the spear, but in this tombstone relief the spear is seen. In this humble monument some ancient workman in Argos, the very home of the great master, seems then to have copied the celebrated bronze, adapting it to his monumental purpose by adding a horse. This animal is strikingly inferior to the youth, who retains some of the force of the original. A statue of the goddess Hera, by Polycletus, enjoyed a fame scarcely second to that of the Olympic Zeus of Phidias. Pausanias, in traveling through Argolis seventeen centuries ago, saw this costly image in gold, ivory, and wood in its temple on the slopes of Mount Eubœa. To-day, the traveler may search among the uncovered foundations of this temple, but he will find no trace of its sacred image. Nevertheless, here, where the genius of this great master once presided, excavations in 1854 were rewarded by a rich discovery of fragments from colossal and life-size figures, besides bits of relief evincing a rare degree of perfection, and mostly in Parian marble. Among these were seven heads, twenty fragments of bodies, forty-two of arms and hands, one hundred and fourteen of thighs and feet, and one hundred and sixty of drapery, all of which were stored in a shed at Argos. Dust and spiders immediately plotted a second oblivion for these precious marbles, and many fragments, it is said, have been purloined by tourists, leaving irreparable gaps. Of only two or three fragments have casts been taken, one of which wins admiration at once, so rich are its lines. These marbles are, then, a stock in reserve, from the study of which we may hope to learn something definite of the art of a master whose

praises were so loud that they have not yet died away, but which, in the opinion of the great German archaeologist, Conze, give Polycletus a position with reference to Phidias like that of Dürer to Raphael.

From Argolis, then, let us turn to Attica, across the blue Saronic gulf. The master who meets us there is Phidias, son of Charmides, as he inscribed himself. Numerous and able were his pupils and rivals, and yet it is around his sublime genius that the memories of the golden age of Attic art cluster. Of his life little is known; calculating from contemporary events, his birth may be placed at about 490 B. C., making him a few years younger than the poet Sophocles. When the word Marathon was sounding from the lips of every exulting Athenian, he was a mere lad. When he was approaching manhood, the vengeance of the Persians broke out afresh upon his native land, and the immense army of Xerxes crossed the Hellespont and approached on the north, while Persian galleys swarmed in Greek waters. Anguish and distress accompanied their course. Athens became a waste, the Athenians were fugitives on the neighboring shores, their homes and sacred places a prey to the flames. The Persians again were driven back, but they carried off many art-treasures sacred to the Athenians. Such memories could not have failed to leave their impression on the young Phidias. His pulse must have quickened with feverish anxiety when the news came that Greek soldiers had defended to the death the pass of Thermopylæ, and his soul must have glowed with patriotic fervor as the shouts of victory rang through the streets after the battles of Plataea, Salamis, and Mycale.

Old Athens had been destroyed, but, fired with new life, it was to be made glorious and powerful for the future. Under Themistocles her walls steadily rose, in the midst of obstacles as great as those met by Nehemiah and Ezra in a similar work. Her port, the Piræus, was laid out as became the center of a great naval power, and although her private houses were hastily thrown together for the returning fugitives, her public buildings were begun in a truly monumental spirit. With the wisdom of a far-seeing statesman, Themistocles gave all strangers at work on Athenian buildings immunity from taxation, and artists of all kinds from different parts of Greece flocked to her opened gates. Such, then, were the favorable circumstances under which Phidias came to manhood. Moreover, he belonged to an artistic family. Though his father, Charmides, seems to have been an artist, the youth was put under the tutelage of Hegias. The works of this sculptor are reported to have been

stiff; we are not, then, surprised to learn that the fame of a greater man, Ageladas of Argos, early attracted Phidias, as it had done Myron and Polycletus, and from this Argive master we may believe that the young Attic sculptor learned those principles of proportion and correctness characteristic of Peloponnesian art, and which, grafted on his native Attic genius, were to produce works of rare richness and perfection.

In the beginning of his career, Phidias seems to have enjoyed the patronage of Cimon, Miltiades's great son, as appears from the subject of his first work. This was an extensive bronze group for Delphi, commemorative of the battle of Marathon, and representing Miltiades, its victor, among gods and mythic heroes. It was doubtless, also, while Cimon ruled, that Phidias executed two other thank-offerings for victory, statues of the goddess Athene—one, an acrolith for Plataea, the decisive battle-field of the Persian war, and the other the familiar bronze colossus called Athene Promachos, or Champion, whose gleaming helmet and spear shone far over the waters, even to Cape Sunium.

His prime, however, was to be spent in the friendship and service of one greater than Cimon, and that was Pericles. The old temples and many sacred semblances had perished in the fires of the Persian invasion. Twenty years had elapsed, and though Themistocles and Cimon had commenced the work of restoration, many temples lay still in ruins, and many vows remained unfulfilled. It was to rebuild and repeople these temples that the powers of Phidias were now called into play. But for their full exercise was needed the patronage of a Pericles, guiding the helm of state. As the Greeks had united against the barbarians, so Pericles believed that they should unitedly celebrate their triumph, and he sent, therefore, ambassadors, veterans from the Persian war, to invite delegates to Athens for the purpose of deliberating upon the restoration of the national sanctuaries. Jealousy of Athens causing the failure of this great plan, Attica concentrated her energies upon rebuilding her own capital and wasted temples, and although a few of the other states were aroused to activity, they fell far short of their sister commonwealth. In Attica the wealth of citizens was not to be devoted to private luxury, but to the public weal and the honoring of the gods. To the same objects was extensively applied the Persian booty—a treasure so great that the frugal Greeks marveled how the oriental monarch could have desired their barren, rugged land. The silver mines of Laurium, and especially the annual tribute from a thousand Greek towns and cities, paid into the national treasury at Athens as a return for her protection,

constituted still other sources of revenue. Prosperous and wealthy, Athens now, more than ever, must have been the center of attraction to artists, for whose works abundant materials were collected. Costly woods and ivories were brought from the far East. The imported Parian marble used by earlier sculptors was now supplanted by a golden-toned but cheaper sort from the neighboring Pentelicus. In the short space of twenty years there arose temples, theaters, and other buildings, with richly sculptured decorations, sheltering statues of sacred import and new beauty. Immense treasure was spent upon these works; the golden drapery of one statue alone weighed forty-four talents (about fifty-three thousand dollars). Only a few decades later the Propylæa of the Acropolis cost the art-loving Athenians two thousand and twelve talents, which was twice the yearly income of all Attica. Even if the marvels of architecture and sculpture studding Attic soil had perished, these sums alone would bear witness to the munificent spirit in art matters of the Athenian state, in this the time of her glory. The brilliant reigns of Leo X. and Julius II., when Raphael and Michael Angelo adorned Rome, and artists flocked to the Eternal City, pale before these magnificent yet fleeting years in the history of Athens.

This stupendous artistic activity was guided, we are told, by Phidias, to whose ruling mind men of celebrity, architects, sculptors, and painters, gladly yielded. But the impulse which the intellectual and æsthetic spirit of the nation had received made it impossible servilely to replace the ancient forms. Although, indeed, the sacred wooden idol of Athene, a time-honored relic, could not be touched, other statues might be produced which, by nobler forms, should attune the souls of men to truer devotion.

To Phidias was intrusted the highest mission which Attica could offer. This was to erect a statue of the virgin goddess of Athens, Athene Parthenos, to be set up in her new and glorious shrine, the Parthenon, erected on the wasted site of an older temple. For this, costly materials were placed at his disposal,—gold, ivory, silver, gems, and choice woods,—making its execution most complicated. A genius for grand composition was required for conceiving the whole, an architect's skill in building up the colossal wooden frame-work, the carver's subtle fancy and fingers to give form to the delicate ivory, and a metal-worker's knowledge in dealing with the broad masses or elaborate finish of the gold work. The wooden frame-work was supported by inserted iron stays, and without was incrustated with thin sheets of ivory, made pliable by fire

and then modeled and fitted together with consummate skill, its creamy color and texture well representing the natural skin. Appurtenances of drapery, weapons, and hair were of massive gold, or of silver gilded, and the eyes of lambent gems, all these materials making up the fabric of the chryselephantine colossi of the gods which were the master-pieces of the Phidian age, but were seldom executed in the following century.

The statue of Athene by Phidias was six times the height of a man (over thirty-eight feet), and must have filled the beholder with an overpowering sense of its presence as it stood in the holy place (*cella*), which was less than sixty-five feet high and but little over one hundred feet long. The air of the Acropolis being dry, water was applied to the statue to prevent shrinkage in the wooden frame-work and consequent displacement of the ivory incrustations. In 437 B. C., this golden colossus stood complete in its sanctuary, but, notwithstanding the precautions taken, as early as 397 B. C. it needed to be repaired. Several centuries later, Pausanias saw it still clothed in gold. It was seen in Athens in 375 A. D., and is reported—with little probability, however—to have been in Constantinople as late as the sixteenth century A. D. Whatever its fate may have been, with its disappearance a priceless treasure of art was lost, and we regretfully ask, is there nothing which can bring before us the form in which Phidias represented the great goddess of his people? With regret comes the answer, there is nothing aside from a few feeble copies, which we recognize because they tally with the descriptions of Pausanias, Pliny, and others. Of these copies, thirteen are scattered through the museums of Athens, Rome, Turin, and Madrid. One was recently discovered at Pergamos, another is in the Louvre. By far the most complete copy of the Athene of Phidias was brought to light during the repavement of a street in Athens. This marble statuette, found in what was probably the chapel (*sacrarium*) of a private dwelling, may have been an object of worship to some pious Athenian, who thus procured for his devotions a semblance of the goddess of gold and ivory, which, according to a recently discovered dedicatory inscription, was regarded as holy. This little figure, executed with that punctilious finish characterizing statues of Roman times, is scarcely three feet high, yet gives, nevertheless, the impression of great size, its proportions, as may be seen from points on the back, being mechanically reduced from those of the colossus, as given by Pausanias.

According to that ancient author and this statuette, Phidias represented the goddess as



STATUETTE OF ATHENE PARTHENOS, ATHENS.

standing quietly erect, and wearing garments simple in form and made of gold. A long, flowing robe, the *chiton*, drops to the feet, and when open on the right side is graceful in detail, though recalling the regular zig-zag folds of earlier art. The length of the *chiton* is broken by a shorter garment, the *diploidion*

falling over it and girt at the waist. But these perpendicular folds, regular hollows, sharply bent and undercut edges, as well as loosely hanging bobs, are so harsh that doubts may arise as to their beauty even in the drapery of the Phidian original. It should be remembered, however, that that was not in marble

but in metal, and that the malleable properties of gold would lend themselves gracefully to a treatment which would be thoroughly harsh and unpleasant when applied to unbending, ponderous stone. The effects of gold, bent at will into broad or into small folds, and of ivory, laid over wood, shaped easily by the turner's wheel, must have been altogether unlike those to which marble consents. Hence, doubtless, the misleading and disappointing impression given by many copies of ancient statues. Besides, what might be elaborate in these brilliant materials would offend in dull marble. The mere money value and sheen of gold suffices to satisfy a lower taste; but let its dazzling lights be toned down, and its rich color be made to reflect beautiful form, then, whether in the tiny jewel or chryselephantine colossus, it will meet the highest demands. It was, doubtless, to break these disturbing lights that the finish of a chryselephantine statue was so elaborate, the drapery enameled, necklace, earrings, and bracelets added, and all accessories, as helmet, scepter, or shield, covered with marks of the goldsmith's skill. Could we then imagine the folds of this marble statuette as of gold, their surfaces broken by smaller ones, neutralizing the disturbing reflexes of the shiny metal, and then translate it all into colossal forms, to be viewed not in the blaze of the sun, but in the mellowed temple light, we should realize that the grandeur of the drapery was worthy of the dignity of the goddess. This little statuette reminds us, also, that the colossal Athene wore the aegis, her ancient defense with its circling border of serpents; but it is no longer the enveloping armor of the warrior goddess of old, storming to battle, as she is seen on black-figured vases and in archaic statuettes. Reduced in size, it is made a broad but graceful collar, falling over the bosom and shoulders, and more becoming to the peace-bestowing character which Phidias seems to have divined in his Attic deity.

The Gorgon head in the center of the aegis has likewise felt the master's touch, giving it a place midway between the repulsive creations of earlier times, as seen in the metopes of Selinunt, and the beautiful death-stricken face of later ages, such as the Ladovisi Medusa. Although the grinning jaws of the older Medusa are here closed, and the disgusting tongue drawn in, yet the lips are still thick, and the nose broad and flat. That terror which the earlier artist sought to inspire by exaggeration amounting to caricature, is here expressed by the furrowed forehead, knitted eyebrows, and a homely, materialistic face, utterly void of the ideal conception given it in later times.

Resting on the maiden locks appears the close-fitting Attic helmet-hat, with laps raised and a crest so high as to seem top-heavy and even awkward. Here, too, we must not forget the peculiar material composing the colossus, and also the position the helmet occupied, raised high above the eye of the beholder. A sphinx crouches on its summit, a standard for its feathery crest and having a sacred meaning, as Pausanias tells us. In the sides of the helmet hover winged Pegasi, emblematical, perhaps, of the wild power in nature tamed by Athene. Bracelets, which pleasantly enlivened the creamy surface of the arm, clasped the wrist in graceful coils. Earrings and necklace doubtless added their finish to the golden colossus, for they may be seen in copies on gems and coins, although wisely omitted in most of the marble copies. Upon Athene's outstretched hand a small figure, the winged goddess Niké, or Victory, appears, and her preservation in the statuette shows us the great thoughts which Phidias expressed while holding to traditional forms in some respect, as seen in the column supporting this figure. As this Victory of gold was six feet high and weighed more than four hundred pounds, we can easily understand, with Doctor Lange, how difficult it would have been for the extended arm of the colossus to hold such a weight without a substantial support, like the column of the statuette. Early coins, moreover, show that such columns were common under the extended arms of very ancient idols. In these earlier works, the column or support gives the impression of an arbitrary addition, while in later art it is intimately associated with the figure, so as to seem an integral part of the composition. Here, also, Phidias takes a place midway between the old and new. Although retaining the traditional pillar as such, he has so worked it into the composition that without it the effect would be one-sided, an unpleasant vacant space being filled by it on Athene's right hand. How Victory with her golden wreath alighted on Athene's hand in the statue of Phidias has been much discussed, but this statuette solves the problem. Niké, the victory-bearer, could not bring triumph to the goddess in whom dwells the fullness of victory, nor yet does she turn her back on the deity, but flies obliquely toward the devout worshiper, whom in imagination we see at her feet, awaiting his crown. Niké, thus bringing the reward, forms a beautiful link between the great goddess looking off into infinity, all-sufficient in herself, and the dependent suppliant mortal at her feet. Athene's lance, which does not appear in the marble statuette, as well as her massive shield, was lowered—the latter,



COPY OF SHIELD OF ATHENE PARTHENOS, WITH PORTRAITS OF PHIDIAS AND PERICLES. BRITISH MUSEUM.

according to recently discovered inscriptions, being of silver, gilded. Under it coiled the sacred Erichthonius serpent, symbolical of the earth-born people of Athens finding protection at the feet of their goddess. Scenes representing combats of mythic Greek heroes with turbulent Amazons, those enemies of law and order, decorated the outer surface of the shield. Among these Phidias, as Plutarch tells us, represented himself as a bald-headed old man, with arms raised to hurl a stone, and Pericles, in full armor, swinging a spear so as to conceal the middle of his face. The shield of Phidias was repeatedly copied in antiquity, the best-preserved imitation being a marble relief in the Elgin room. On its rudely executed surface we can make out the portraits of Phidias and Pericles, corresponding to this description. Besides the decorations on the obverse of the shield and her high sandals, the creation of Pandora, the "Eve" of the Greeks, in the presence of twenty gods, was represented on the low pedestal. Of these figures only the rudest possible trace remains in a tiny marble copy of the Parthenos at Athens, of which casts may be seen in London and Boston. The impression which we receive concerning this statue is that it combined richness of significant

detail with a grand simplicity bordering on severity. The massive breadth of the shoulders, the length of the torso, and the narrowness of the hips are in strong contrast with the lithe and swelling curves of later times. Further, the great size of the statue, its complicated mechanism, as well as its religious character, doubtless limited the expression of movement, which, as seen from the statuette, was confined within an oblong frame, as it were, made by pillar and shield. The architectural surroundings of the great colossus may also have had a share in this limitation, the pillar-like drapery having been made apparently to harmonize with their columnar lines. The goddess does not, as in older figures, stand firmly on both feet, for the left leg is bent. Unlike the statues of Polykletus, and many of a later time, the unfreighted leg is not drawn easily backward, but simply to the side, assuming a pose difficult to maintain, as experiment will prove. Moreover, the poise of the trunk is not made to harmonize with this concentration of weight on one leg—the shoulders being on one level instead of naturally following the bend of the knee. Severity also appears in the pose of the head, which, although not painfully erect as in older works, does not bend as in



COIN OF ELIS. ZEUS ENTHRONED.

later ones. In these archaic traits of his temple statue, Phidias seems to have been influenced still by tradition. So great is their contrast to the dramatic, tempestuous compositions of the Parthenon pediments, that we are tempted to believe that the study for the Athene Parthenos was made at an earlier period—perhaps when the building of its temple was begun, about 450 B. C. The sculptural decorations for the architecture, on the other hand, would naturally be undertaken later, as the building advanced, and when the master had grown into that marvelous freedom evident in every line of the Parthenon groups. The conception of the goddess was, however, worthy of the sublime age of Phidias. Athene is no longer the fierce warrior of older times, brandishing her lance or raising her shield, as on archaic vases and reliefs, but she blesses her people in peace. The barbarian being now vanquished, her implements of war are lowered. Victory flies from her hand, freighted with good things, and the serpent, symbolical of her people, finds shelter at her feet. The whole statue, even to the minutest detail, seems to sound a hymn of praise to the Athenian deity for the triumph of right over wrong. From this time on, we find that Phidias's supremely humane conception of his goddess supplanted the older, more revengeful one; later Attic reliefs similarly represent the goddess in an attitude of peace.

When this statue stood resplendent in its completed temple, even her jealous sister states were forced to acknowledge the primacy of Athens in art. Athenian masters were called in different directions to execute great works for sacred places. The highest honor was, however, awarded to Phidias himself, who was invited to Elis to erect for the temple at Olympia, the religious center of Greece, a statue of the supreme god of Helias. To this quiet vale the master now repaired, accompanied by his kinsman, the painter Panænus, and some of his scholars. Near the holy grove a workshop was built for his use,—an altar to all the gods standing in its center, when seen by Pausanias. Its foundations, long buried beneath the ruins of a Byzantine church,

are at last made visible by modern excavations. The master had expressed the ideal of the goddess of Attica, but the task now required was much greater. The god to be represented was not the ruler of a single state, but of all Greece, the Olympian Zeus, "whose power," as Homer says, "surpasses all the power of gods and men."

Phidias constructed this statue of the same costly materials as those used in his Parthenos, and represented the god as seated on an imposing throne, which rested on a low pedestal. The *altis* (grove) being damp, oil was used to prevent the decay of the wooden frame-work, but even with this precaution and the care with which the descendants of Phidias watched over the statue, about sixty years after its completion cracks appeared in the ivory, rendering repairs necessary. Still later, two of its ponderous golden locks were



COIN OF ELIS. HEAD OF ZEUS.

stolen. In Cæsar's time, the statue was struck by lightning. Caligula, seized with a desire to remove it to Rome and to supplant the head by a portrait of himself, was prevented from carrying out his impious designs, as was popularly believed, by miracles. The workmen put hands to the statue to remove it. But, according to Suetonius, a tremendous peal of scornful laughter burst from its otherwise silent lips, and put them to flight, fearful and trembling before the anger of the god, who, hurling a thunder-bolt at the same time, consumed the ship which was waiting to receive the sacred form. The statue occupied its temple until the time of Theodosius II., about 408 A. D., in whose reign the celebration of the Olympic games ceased and the temple fell a prey to the flames. The statue doubtless perished either in that fire or in the devastations of the Goths, who shortly after swept over the Peloponnesus. The most faithful representation of it is to be found only on a small coin of Hadrian's time. This colossus, though seated, towered to the height of forty-two feet, the sublime head almost touching the temple-ceiling, and, according to the ancients, awakening the feeling that for such a god no temple made by

man could suffice. Peacefully enthroned, the god held in one hand the scepter, crowned with his eagle and glittering with precious metal. On the other hand, which rested on the arm of his seat, Niké appeared, bearing a fillet, and doubtless, as in the statue of Athene, flying toward the worshiper. The nude parts of the great Zeus were of fine ivory; a golden mantle fell over the left shoulder and arm, and lay in folds over the legs. It was studded with lilies and small figures in enamel. Sandals, likewise of gold, shod the feet; an olive wreath, symbolical, perhaps, of the Olympic prize, rested on the golden locks, as if to suggest the thought "with thee, our god, is the fullness of victory." The scepter was not menacingly raised, but held so as least to obstruct the view of the benignant head.

Not alone was the statue sublime in form and thought: seat, footstool, and pedestal were a world of art in themselves, and replete with sacred import to the Greeks. The throne was massive in its build, as suited the immovable seat of the great god. Sculpture beautified it with significant forms and rich color, and painting added its charms. Here were mythic combats of Greeks and Amazons, represented in a composition of twenty-nine statues, besides goddesses of victory, which appear repeatedly, as if they would pass the hymn of praise around the seat of the mighty one, corresponding perhaps to the angel choirs about God the Father in Christian art. There were, also, reliefs representing Niobe's family—symbols, doubtless, of the punishment which follows pride. Sphinxes supported the arms of the throne, each holding a youth in her relentless grasp. Besides these sculptures calculated to inspire fear, there were others indicating the benignity of the god. His "welcome daughters," the "Three Hours," who, in Homeric words, "bring to mortals the day of reward," as well as the three joyous Graces, crowned the back of his throne. The footstool supporting the feet rested on lions, and was enriched with representations of the combat between Theseus and the Amazons. The whole rested on a low pedestal, much of which has recently been discovered, showing it to have been of stone, incrusting with metal plates. On these doubtless appeared the seventeen figures seen by Pausanias, representing the birth of Aphrodite, the goddess of love, as she arose from the sea and was welcomed by the gods of Olympus. The chariot of Helios, the god of the sun, at one end of the composition is seen emerging from the ocean, while Selene's car of the night is descending into the deep at the opposite end. These are noteworthy since the same ideas are repeated in the representation by Phidias of Athene's birth in the

sunrise pediment of the Parthenon. How sublime this conception of the supreme deity of Greece seems when compared with the older ideal of the god! Judging from archaic sculptures and rare paintings, the character of Zeus had been expressed by putting in his hands the winged lightning which should strike terror into the hearts of offenders. But Phidias seems to have caught a diviner spirit in his sacred poet Homer, for when asked what pattern he intended to follow, he quoted that passage in which the mighty one, complying with the pleading of a mother for her son, is said to have given

"The nod with his dark brows;
The ambrosial curls upon the sovereign one's immortal head
Were shaken, and with them the mighty Mount Olympus trembled."

Thus Phidias's conception of his god united that mildness which listens to a mother's prayer with the power which makes the mighty dwelling of the immortals quake. It is related that Phidias, upon the completion of the statue, humbly prayed the unseen Zeus to grant some sign of favorable recognition, when suddenly a thunderbolt flashed from the high heaven through the open roof, and struck the temple floor. Antiquity marked the spot by an urn placed in the pavement, and a curious rent still exists to recall the memorable story.

Gladly would we search the galleries of existing sculptures, or ponder over coins, to find a clearer reflex of this great Zeus. One beautiful Elis coin from Hadrian's time is thought to give the most faithful hint of the benignant head. Here the hair rolls gently up from the forehead, and falls in easy, quiet masses under a wreath. In the broad, serene brow, strong eyebrows, firm but gentle mouth, power seems coupled with unspeakable mildness. The sculptures, however, that suggest the Zeus of Phidias are marked by an elaborate exaggeration altogether unlike the simple truthfulness of the Parthenon sculptures, those authentic works of the Phidian school. In the latter the outlines are quiet, and the passages between the muscles gentle, and there is nothing extreme in their treatment. The famous Roman Otricoli head, long considered the best copy of Phidias's Zeus, is painfully unquiet in detail, especially about the forehead and eyebrows, where excessive elevations and furrows altogether destroy the grand and simple effect of the life-like masses of the Parthenon marbles.

In the British Museum there is, however, another colossal marble head, which clearly approaches nearer to the master's great creation. Though it cannot be an exact copy, being

more elaborate in style than the sculptures of the Phidian age, we may, doubtless, recognize in it the work of a gifted Greek master distantly echoing the original of Phidias. It was discovered in 1828 in an ancient shrine, a grotto on the island of Melos. (See page 552.) Inscriptions showing that this place was sacred to Æsculapius, god of healing, led to the belief that this was the head of that god, but Professor Overbeck has shown that it differs radically from all known heads of Æsculapius, and represents the supreme Hellenic deity. Its discovery in the shrine of Æsculapius may be due to some Roman, who brought it from elsewhere to be worshiped with the deity to whom he had consecrated the shrine—a custom not uncommon in antiquity. The generous forms of this head, covered with lightly curling locks and once crowned with a wreath of metal, are strongly contrasted with the stunted skulls of most Roman Jupiters, and are possessed of an infinite beauty, though the force of many of the shadows is lost in the present false mounting, making the head look upward in an attitude of devotion unsuitable to him who was the hearer, and not the offerer, of prayer. Mark the forehead, significant of wisdom and power. In its center is an elevation from which the curling locks grow gently upward; below, its lines blend in exquisite harmony with those of the nose and eyebrows; at the sides, they pass gently into the prominent temples, there being here only a slight depression—a feature which contrasts most favorably with the exaggerated Otricoli forehead. The subtle, elastic lines of the eyebrows, without any indication of hairs, sweep off on either side at a graceful angle to the nose, and, disappearing in the temples, seem capable at any moment of contracting, and casting over the eyes a look of lowering anger. There is no narrow and abrupt break at the bridge of the nose, as in faces of a baser cast, nor are the muscles directly over the eyebrows, like small hills, indicative of brute force, as in the face of Hercules and in those of simply physically powerful men. The features express spiritual power combined with the highest self-control. The eyes, on which color is still evident, have a mild expression, and lie, unlike those of the Parthenon heads, deeply imbedded beneath the brow—a peculiarity appearing in Attic sculpture in the century following Phidias. The nose, which, by rare good fortune, is perfectly preserved, is of great beauty and strength, being of equal width from forehead to tip, where the finely shaped nostrils seem capable of instantaneous dilation. Around the full lips clusters the manly, curling beard, giving force to the lower part of the face. Benignity is one of the chief char-

acteristics of this face, but the serene forehead and placid eyes are combined with such powerful brows, nose, and mouth that, were these brows contracted in anger, these nostrils distended and these lips moved by passion, we feel that the serenity would be transformed into the dire wrath of the mighty Zeus. If such is the sublimity of one of the later echoes of the Zeus of Phidias, in the unbounded praise of which ancient writers agree, what must have been the impression left by the original? More beautifully than all others did Dion Chrysostomus express the devotion it awakened, saying, "Were any one so heavily burdened with cares and afflicted with sorrows that even sweet sleep would not refresh him, standing before thy statue he would, I firmly believe, forget all that was crushing and fearful in life, so wondrously hast thou, O Phidias, conceived and completed thy work, such heavenly light and grace is in thy art." Thus Phidias placed in the temples of the Greeks, not images of minor deities, but of the sublimest ideals of their religion, interpreting their supreme gods in forms of higher meaning than had ever before met the gaze of the devout.

But let us, with Pausanias, close the rich curtain of Assyrian weaving and Phœnician purple before the Zeus of Phidias, and stepping outside the temple, contemplate the sculptures decorating its pediments or beautifying the holy grove. The temple at Olympia was built by a native architect about the middle of the fifth century before the Christian era, but, according to Pausanias, the pedimental sculptures were by masters from abroad, one of whom, Alcámenes, he tells us, took a place second only to Phidias. The composition of Alcámenes in the western pediment, we further learn, represented the battle of the Lapithæ with Centaurs at the wedding of Pirithoüs, who had bidden these guests to celebrate his nuptials with the beautiful Hippodamia. But these semi-brutes, yielding to passion, laid violent hands upon bride, maidens, and youths, and attempted to carry them off. A fearful struggle ensued on the spot—the heroes, Theseus and Cæneus, aiding the injured bridegroom against his lawless guests. The group by Alcámenes, representing such stirring scenes, has remained for centuries unknown. Earthquakes precipitated the pediments and their supporting columns to the ground, there to be gradually covered by deposits from the overflowing river and rudely disturbed by plundering barbarians. Fragments of the twenty-one statues which formed this group of Alcámenes have, however, been discovered, and are now among the treasures at Olympia, while casts of them are to be

seen in the museums of Berlin, Cambridge (England), and Boston. Among these rescued marbles are six brutal Centaurs carrying off women and boys, heroes fighting, aged women fallen on the ground, nymphs lying unconcerned in the corners, and one erect colossal figure, the insulted bridegroom himself, or perhaps a god. Minor groups of two or three figures each go to make up the composition, which in true Greek style is symmetrical, each group being balanced by a corresponding one on the opposite side of the pediment; but within this symmetry the details are bold and varied. Examining one of these fiercely contending groups, we find a Centaur has seized a struggling woman by the waist and one leg, as if to toss her upon his back, but a hero kneeling in the way catches him by the hair and stabs him in the broad chest; the brute now falling must, we are sure, soon loosen his hold upon his victim, and, succumbing to the pain, suffer full vengeance. How intricate this grouping! the actors seem fairly interlocked; there are, however, few lines of beauty in it. The Centaur's back describes an unnatural and ugly hollow, and the pose of the warrior is constrained. Although the slope of the pediment required the fall of these figures, we cannot but contrast their awkward, unwilling surrender to the architecture, with that supreme grace in yielding, perceivable in each group of the Parthenon pediments. Continuing the contrast, we find that the nude lacks that vigor seen in the Athenian forms, which, to use Professor Brunn's simile, seem to have been nourished on beef while these have been fed on veal. There is, moreover, in this group a strange inequality. The left hand of the Centaur clutching his victim's leg is a masterpiece of sculptural art, and still in no group does insufficient regard for the form beneath the garments appear more strikingly than in this. Although we know that the maiden must have sunk on one knee, while the other leg is held by the well-formed hand, still we are utterly unable to trace her form beneath the folds. The drapery is, in all the statues, more completely disappointing than the nude. While in the Parthenon marbles we find large, graceful masses, so light in their fall and subtle in their lines that we almost forget that they are marble, here we meet nothing but coarse, leathern-like rolls. So cumbrous are these lines that the beholder cannot conceive how so much that was barbarous could have been allowed, in an age when a Phidias lived, in the brow of the great temple which sheltered his masterpiece. Nor is he less astonished at the lack of finish in those parts not directly exposed, there being here a slovenly way of working which contrasts most unfavorably

with the exquisite finish of the Parthenon sculptures. This may, no doubt, in part be explained by the fact that many details were completed with color, one piece of drapery having been discovered still brilliant with deep red, and color being visible on beards and hair which are merely outlined in the marble. But how to explain satisfactorily so much that is fierce and intricate in the composition, such flashes of superior skill in the execution of some parts combined with so much that is inferior in the pediment of Alcámenes, is a problem as yet unanswered.

Similar defects, but more glaring, will appear in the sculptures of the opposite pediments, attributed by Pausanias to Pæonius of Mende. Some think that, when the Peloponnesian war broke out and Elis turned against Attica, the skilled Athenians and other sculptors there employed were obliged to flee, and the local sculptors were thus left to complete the designs. While from these groups we thus gain only glimpses of curious phases in the sculptures of the Phidian age, and little direct knowledge of the masters themselves, excavation has given us a beautiful witness to the skill and boldness of the chisel of Pæonius. Pausanias tersely mentions a goddess of victory which he saw in the sacred grove—a votive offering made by Pæonius for the people of Messina in commemoration of successful warfare. Great were the surprise and joy of the excavators at Olympia as one day, early in their first campaign, they came upon a marble base bearing the inscription quoted by Pausanias, while below it in smaller letters was to be read, "Pæonius of Mende executed the work." The next morning there came to light, close by, a more than life-size figure in Pentelic marble, now in Olympia, and later the remainder of its lofty triangular pedestal. Casts of it have rapidly multiplied, and are to be seen in Berlin, London, and Boston. The intent of this beautiful statue is unmistakable; it is Niké, the winged bearer of victory, shooting through the ether. Shoulder and bosom are bared by the unclasping of the *chiton*, the left arm is raised, and carried doubtless some emblem significant of victory, perhaps a wreath. One leg, from which the flowing drapery has blown backward in her flight, forms a beautiful contrast to the lines around it. We almost hear the rush of her drapery and the whizzing of her wings as she approaches. How bold the subject for marble, which, disregarding all physical laws, seems to float before us! The ankles only touch the clouds beneath, and the inclination of the whole statue is so far forward that we almost fear the mass will topple over. But what we



HEAD OF ZEUS FROM MELOS. BRITISH MUSEUM.

look at it is at the best fragmentary. Could we see the outspread wings and the swelling drapery at the back in their places again, the sense of equilibrium would, doubtless, be restored to the eye. Could we, then, imagine the statue complete and standing out in front of the great temple on its lofty pedestal, towering up in the green of the sacred grove, we should better be able to judge of Pæonius's skill in giving wings to marble. A casual glance will possibly perceive in that figure a resemblance to the Parthenon marbles, but careful comparison will show marked differences. Those matchless sculptures seem to

throb with an inner life which we miss in this Niké. They, moreover, are thoroughly sculptural, while, without detracting from the merit of Pæonius in compelling marble to do so gracefully his bidding, this statue is more pictorial than suits the ponderous material. The Parthenon marbles are, moreover, finished with exquisite care throughout. Those parts of the Niké which are not directly visible are, on the contrary, neglected, notwithstanding the fact that the statue was to be seen from all sides on its lofty isolated pedestal. Under the raised arm the folds are confused, and difficult to trace to their origin. The protrud-

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ing abdomen below the tightly drawn girdle unpleasantly suggests the defects of a living model, which are not toned down, but imitated with a lack of that nobler taste evident in the Parthenon figures. But in criticising thus severely this statue, it is done only on comparison with some of the highest achievements of Greek art. We may fondly believe that Paeonius, when engaged in Olympia, knew the great master Phidias.

But, in spite of his fame, Phidias had much to suffer. Scandalous reports were spread about his private life; he was charged with having appropriated to his own use some of the gold intrusted to him for the drapery of the Athene Parthenos. Fortunately, in compliance with the advice of Pericles, this had been so constructed that it could be removed and weighed, which being done the gold was found intact, and the sculptor's innocence proved. But it had been discovered that, on the goddess's golden shield, Phidias had represented himself and Pericles as warring with mythic heroes. Even the influence of his powerful friend Pericles could not save him from charges of blasphemy. The people demanded his arrest, and Phidias, who had immeasurably increased the glory of Athens, was led to prison, while his lying accuser Menon received favor and distinction. It is said that before the completion of the trial, perhaps about 421 B. C., Phidias breathed his last within his dungeon, a victim of grief, or age, or poison. Another account is that similar charges were brought against the master in Olympia. But this seems hardly probable, since his workshop there was regarded with devotion, and his descendants in charge of the Olympic Zeus were especially honored. It is more than probable that in that unhappy time, toward the close of the century, when party strife and bitter contention filled Athens and disastrous civil wars tore the land, Phidias fell before the political enemies of his great patron Pericles. But, in spite of his country's ingratitude, later ages have done him the honor which is his due, holding that had Greece produced but one great man, and that one Phidias, her mission would have been fulfilled. Happily, we are not left without witnesses of his genius. The marbles which adorned the temple of Athene Parthenos reveal to us the glories of Phidian art. They are widely scattered: a few cling still to the ruined walls of the ancient structure, others are sheltered within the British Museum and the Louvre, or are admired in precious fragments in Denmark and Carlsruhe.

Could we have visited Athens when the Parthenon was being built, we should have seen the people thronging the artists' work-

shops and the site of the building, and, if we may believe ancient story, even the beasts of burden took an interest in the raising of the sacred structure. Such scenes are described eloquently by Michaelis in his great work, "Der Parthenon." We should have seen blocks of Pentelic marble passing up the steep sides of the Acropolis, drawn on carts or carried on the backs of mules. We are told that an octogenarian mule, dismissed from service on account of age, still joined the procession of carts, plodding energetically by the side of his younger comrades, and that, as a reward for his faithfulness, he received a life-long pension from the state. The history of the Parthenon, and the recital of the storms it has braved, might fill a volume of breathless interest. Fortunately, before 1687, when the demons of war were let loose and powder shattered those time-honored walls, a French artist, Carrey, had made sketches of these sculptures, of the greatest importance in studying their composition and bringing home to us our great loss. After the Venetian victory of 1687, a fatal passion seized commander, soldier, and traveler to carry off what they could, and much was destroyed by the Athenians themselves. Thus, in Carrey's time, the west pediment group stood well-nigh perfect; its gaping spaces and shapeless fragments, however, now bear witness to ruthless destruction. Happily, to rescue what little remained, Lord Elgin appeared, and in time, after long delays and partial shipwreck, the marbles found their way to the British Museum. In studying these sculptures, we find that as dramatic compositions they occupy the pediments; as detached groups they give force to the met-



a, Pediment; b, Metopos; c, Frieze.
CORNER OF THE PARTHENON.



GROUP OF GODS FROM THE EAST FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

opes of a ponderous entablature supported by columns; as a graceful band or frieze they enrich the top of the sacred place, or *cella*. This frieze, raised forty feet above the eye and visible to those walking under the colonnades, alone had a length of five hundred and twenty feet. How impossible a task it would have been for one man in a few short years to produce the several thousand square feet of relief, well-nigh fifty colossal marble statues, besides several colossi of gold and ivory, is apparent; and while the conception of the whole and doubtless designs for some of the details emanated from Phidias, the execution must have been by other hands, Phidias reserving for himself the finishing strokes on some of the statues, which are powerful and delicate in their character. The researches of our countryman, Dr. Waldstein, promise to throw light on these matters, and we wait impatiently for the result.

Of the ninety-two metopes in very high relief, representing combats of gods and heroes with Centaurs and other powers of evil, many are preserved. With all their vigor, these sculptures have not that exquisite beauty marking the frieze to which we now turn, and most of which is in the British Museum. Here a procession passes before our eyes, such as frequently wound through the streets of Athens in great religious festivals, when all Attica and Athens took part. Colonies then sent ambassadors to the mother city

with spotless cows and sheep for sacrifice, and even the freed slaves were allowed to share in the rejoicings and to decorate the marketplace with oak-leaves. On this festival, which was held as the anniversary of the birth of the goddess Athene, she was presented with a saffron or violet hued veil (*peplos*), embroidered by Athenian women and carried in procession to her temple, probably there to be placed upon her ancient idol. Gymnastic, equestrian, and musical contests, the Pyrrhic dance and solemn sacrifice, made more complete the sacred ceremonial. Noble maidens, we are told, walked in the procession, carrying costly vessels, or the holy baskets in which were borne to the altar sashes to wreath the victim, the knife to slay it, and corn to strew upon the sacrifice. Envoys in charge of these victims were also then to be seen, as well as gray-haired sires, chosen for their beauty, and bearing branches of the olive sacred to Athene. We are told that youths on horseback or in chariots joined in the stately array. There were also marshals who kept order in the throng. All this mortal beauty has been made immortal for us by the sculptor. In the ideal splendor of his art we seem to forget the ephemeral nature of life; we see devotion glowing still in these Athenian maidens, youths, and sires as we gaze upon their single figures in the frieze, and the study of its composition only increases our wonder.

In that part which was over the door of the

temple, on the east or front side, there reigns a composure befitting the entrance to the dwelling of the gods. They themselves are there enthroned as honored guests, conceived as unseen by the multitude. In their very center takes place a scene, unnoticed by them but intimately connected with the procession beyond. Here a stately woman, doubtless a priestess, receives two chairs from maidens approaching, while by her side a bearded man, perhaps a priest, takes a folded robe from a graceful boy or gives it to him. This robe was long supposed to be Athene's celebrated birthday *peplos*, above mentioned. But a newer and more inviting interpretation of the whole scene is that it concerns the sacrifice of the victims seen approaching on either hand. The priest, it is thought, here lays off his cumbersome outer mantle, preparatory to slaying the cow, and hands it to his attendant. Thus, by acts insignificant in themselves, the sculptor suggests the solemn scene when the priestess, having offered prayer, the priest shall slay the victim and lay its flesh upon the altar to be burned—a sweet-smelling and acceptable offering before the gods.

The matchless forms and grouping of the gods themselves it were vain to attempt to describe. Only he who is so favored as to stand long before the marbles will catch in the composition infinite modulations of rhythm which, like gentle diminuendos, alternate with powerful crescendos, and reveal a subtle grace transfiguring but not supplanting symmetry. Perhaps no figures are better calculated to reveal the grandeur and sublime simplicity of this detail than the group which still adorns the ruins of the Parthenon. Here we see, to the left, Poseidon, the ruler of the seas, his head bound about with a sacred fillet and his locks falling as though wet, and clinging to his neck. The strongly developed forehead, the arched upper lid, almost touching the eyebrow, as well as the widely opened lower one, give the god an air of self-sufficiency; but his attitude is not that of easy repose; leaning forward, as well becomes the stormy sea-god, he seems to force himself to reserve and quiet. In the raised hand, as indicated by holes in the marble, he once held some symbol, doubtless a trident of bronze, it being evident that the whole frieze was finished with adjuncts of metal. Grouped with Poseidon is a god whose type and graceful laxity of pose has won for him, from some, the name of Dionysus, while by others he is called Apollo. On his drapery we see that fluted edge, like the finished-off end of woven stuffs, which is a striking characteristic of the sculptures of the Phidian school, but which disappears

in those of the next century, in which an exact and well-laid seam takes its place. Note the similarity and yet great diversity in these two seated figures. In one the arm is raised, with drapery falling gracefully over it. The legs are quietly crossed and the face turned, affording a front view of its beardless features. In the other a strict profile is observed. The sandaled feet are uneasily in motion, and the left arm is dropped, revealing a marvelous play of skin, veins, and muscles. Heightening by contrast the beauty of these two manly forms, there follow two female figures, attended by the winged Eros. Only a part of one of these appears in the engraving, but so noble and ravishing is its beauty that in its contemplation we would hush the murmur of conjecture as to whom it represents. Let us but note the grandeur of the form, the broad shoulders and strong build, not entirely hidden by the rich drapery. How exquisite the contrast between the fine clinging folds of the *chiton*, unbuttoned and slipping from the left shoulder, and the sweep of the heavier mantle across the lap. Around the head is bound a kerchief, concealing a part of the hair. This appears from vases to have been the house-cap of Greek women, and if we consider this the goddess Demeter, we may here mark her motherly and home character. Female servants also often wear it. And if this goddess represents Pitho, Aphrodite's attendant, as some would have us think, it would perhaps indicate her subjection to that greater goddess. However that may be, this exquisite but impersonal face is one of the most precious witnesses to that ideal treatment so pronounced in the Phidian school, which seems to have seized the general features of beauty and avoided portraiture or fleeting emotion.

Perhaps nothing will better bring out this reserve than comparison with reliefs from the well-known balustrade of the Niké Apteros temple at Athens, on which goddesses of victory, repeated again and again as on the throne of Zeus, and engaged in raising trophies, or preparing for sacrifice, show far more transparent drapery, luxurious forms, and life-like lines than the Parthenon frieze. Thus, that beautiful Niké who stands with wings extended and both arms raised,—once, no doubt, as on the coins of Seleukos, placing a wreath or helmet on a trophy,—as well as other fragments, reveal a delicate elaboration and delicious abandon which seem to be leading away from the divine strength and abstraction of the Parthenon marbles to the ravishing individual grace and passion of the following century.

But returning to the Parthenon frieze, let us watch the procession on the north and south



CAVALRY FROM THE NORTH FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

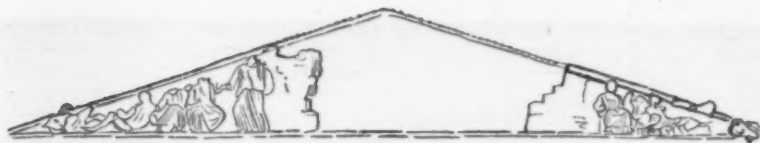
sides of the temple, where, although the subject represented is the same, we shall find an infinite variety of delicate changes. Here, as was doubtless the case in life, the action is far more intense than in the front: the animals for sacrifice grow unruly, chariots dash forward, and horses prance eagerly on, lifting their riders frequently quite off the solid earth. Looking past the musicians, vase-bearers, chariots, and others, we see the cavalry approaching, and so enticing is its composition that the eye, catching its motion, runs eagerly from figure to figure. On the south side it presses more uniformly forward, becoming quiet as it approaches the chariots. In none does the action become more intense than in the glorious riders, sometimes three and sometimes seven deep, of the north side, a fragment of which is given above. We seem to hear spirited stamping, snorting, and neighing from these ranks, which are, however, all under control. And all this life, grace, and subtle detail is given in relief much less than four inches in depth—so low that we constantly ask ourselves how this multitude of figures, this intricate tracery of veins and gently flowing skin, could have been expressed within such narrow limits, and still be as clear as limpid water and as truthful as nature.

Passing from the frieze, we note the statues

which adorned the temple fronts. Pausanias saw these sculptures raised high up in the two pediments, but only tells us that those over the entrance related to the birth of Athene, and the others to her successful combat with Poseidon for the possession of Attica. Accordingly, here were represented two great articles of faith in the Attic religion—the birth of their goddess, and her taking the land under her patronage.

In these pediments, each of which affords the sculptor a triangular space nearly one hundred feet long, about ten feet high at its central and loftiest point, and about three feet deep, these great ideas were represented by no less than forty-four colossal statues in Pentelic marble. Of these only fifteen large fragments are preserved, thirteen of them being in the British Museum, two still in the pediment at Athens, and many smaller ones in London and Athens.

In the eastern pediment Pausanias saw represented the birth of Athene, but, alas! a yawning gap, many feet long, now occupies all its center, and conjecture is unable to charm back the creation of Phidias, or even tell us whether Zeus here awaited the issuing of his daughter Athene from his head, or whether she had already appeared "golden," "all radiant in warlike armor dressed, the



EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON, REDUCED FROM CARREY'S DRAWING, PARIS.

wonder of the assembled gods," as she is described in Homeric song. Conjecture has also been busy as to the names of the few remaining fragments from the extremities of the pediment. Twenty-one different theories exist about them, and twenty-six about the groups of the western pediment, but still we must consider the question unsettled. One point is certain, that as in the Olympic Zeus of Phidias the rising Helios and sinking Selene bounded the scenes of Aphrodite's birth, so here, on one side, the fiery steeds of Helios plunge snorting out of the water, and on the other, those of Selene, watchful and vigilant, descend into the deep. As the chariot of Helios emerges from the waves, his rays are first cast on a powerful youthful form, reclining on a rocky eminence over which is thrown a skin. This figure, of heroic build, has been called in turn Theseus, Hercules, and Dionysus. But its vigorous type and semi-active attitude seem most appropriate to the personification of a mountain,

thought by Professor Brunn to be sacred Olympus, the local seat of the gods, and scene of Athene's birth, illumined by the first rays of the rising sun. The head still rests upon the powerful shoulders, showing that manly beauty belonging to Attic art in the time of Phidias. The skull has those strong, square proportions peculiar to intellectually superior races, and the face, with its fullness about the chin and cheeks, is a round oval and not the pointed one of the Æginetan heads. The forehead is enlivened by a gentle projection of the frontal bone above the nose, but which is not, as in later heads, extended toward the temples. There is no luxurious sweep of the lower jaw as in the Apollo Belvedere, but it is more nearly upright and chaste in its outlines. The neck is strong and columnar, and quite suited to bear such a head. Contrast these massive shoulders, this broad chest, with the liquid form of the well-known river god of the west pediment, and the tre-



OLYMPUS, FROM THE EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON. BRITISH MUSEUM.



TRIAD FROM THE EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON. BRITISH MUSEUM.

mendous power of this rocky character will appear. The harmony of its proportions is so subtle and overpowering that, though one collar-bone is shorter than the other, our admiration is thereby only increased for the genius which has given the spirit, without being bound to the letter. One knee projected ten inches beyond the cornice, "thus breaking the architectural lines, which might have seemed too rigidly to confine the composition," while its other lines, as would appear were the feet still attached, quietly fell in with those of the pediment toward its declining angle. This form of such ideal beauty and strength has inspired many modern sculptors, among whom none has better expressed its sublimity than the great Dannecker, who wrote concerning it: "This statue is so true to nature, that one is tempted to say the master must have formed his model directly on the limbs and body of some beautiful youth; and yet," he adds, "no such heroic youth ever meets us, or ever could have walked the earth."

But the group of all groups occupies the opposite end of the pediment. These figures, like the Olympus, have received many different names. The Fates, the daughters of Cecrops, Hestia, Pitho, and Aphrodite, are some of them. But, again, Professor Brunn offers so poetic an interpretation that we are tempted to receive it, especially as it harmonizes with the character of the statues and the place they occupy next to Selene, the goddess of night. He considers them personifications of the graceful, fleeting clouds gathering about the setting sun. By a recent correction in the placing of

the reclining figure in conformity with its original position in the pediment, lines of unexpected beauty in the composition of Phidias have been revealed to us. These appear in the bended form and deeper shadows of the central figure, as contrasted with the erect and lighter ones of the first, and the long, flowing form of the third. This will be seen in the illustration, taken from the group in its new position. The figure nearest the center of the pediment and looking toward the scene of Athene's birth, seems to catch life from what there takes place and is about to rise from the rocky seat. She wears a fine, soft undergarment (*chiton*), which is rendered, even in its larger oblique folds between the breasts, with masterly simplicity and grace. Her heavier mantle, thrown around the form and across the lap, seems ready to be lifted by the first gust, so easy is its fall. Each broad fold can be traced to its faint beginning, and each deep shadow is as exquisitely rendered as though done with a painter's subtle power. The glorious form of womanhood in its perfect maturity is not lost in this drapery, but rather enhanced in beauty by it. The grandeur of the shoulders, neck, and bended form, the natural curve and ease of the remaining toe of the sandaled but shattered foot, reveal how great is our loss in the lack of head and arms. The feeling of the living, throbbing form under the drapery, as well as the harmonious contrast between the large folds of the mantle and the finer tissues of the *chiton*, are to be obtained even from the back of the statue—a view which could not

have been enjoyed when it was raised high up in its place in the pediment.

What inexpressible beauty marks the remaining figures of the triad! Here seems held up to view the intimacy of the gods. One, reclining, rests on the bosom of a sister goddess, who, bending forward, draws in her feet to make more easy the repose of her charge, besides encircling her with one arm. How rich in this statue is the plastic truth in each detail, and how loving the finish in the deep recess about the feet,—although almost lost to view, even now, when the statues stand nearly on a level with the eye, and entirely beyond inspection when elevated in the pediment. But if these sister statues are so ravishing in beauty, what shall be said of the reclining figure? When Carrey saw the group, this goddess gazed off toward Selene's steeds, her very thought and attitude in harmony with the quiet of coming evening, and gently suiting the slope of the pediment. Majesty of form is here combined with ethereal grace, reëchoed interminably in the countless quietly fluttering folds of the drapery, while there exist the most subtle tenderness and exquisite harmony between the form and the folds through which the marble glows with life. Seen in a fresh cast, with its unsullied light and shadow deepening around the waist and limbs, and growing broader and more quiet in the drapery thrown over the rock, this group seems not material, but a dream of beauty and queenly majesty which must vanish from sight. Viewed from whatever point, unlike most

groups of sculpture, new and equally charming lines reveal themselves.

These statues of the Parthenon are, as Mr. Newton eloquently writes, "the result of a generalization so profound that, in contemplating them, we almost forget that they are the product of human thought and executed by human hands. They seem to reveal to us the very archetypes of form, such as we might conceive to dwell in the mind of a divine creator." But while the forms rouse such enthusiasm, the thoughts of the Parthenon marbles expressed in treble structure, as in the tragedy of *Æschylus*, are no less sublime when regarded as a whole. Like great harmonies blending in some vast symphony, appear in the pediments the relation of the goddess to her land, in the metopes her battle for law and order, and in the frieze the honors offered by her grateful people. Could we imagine these matchless forms in their Attic home, shaded by the marble roof of the Parthenon, or looking down from among its faultless pillars; could we charm before us violet-hued *Hymettus* and the depths of the overarching azure; could we feel the gentle breezes from the blue sea, and behold the Greek sun bathing all with golden light,—then should we realize what met the eye of the Athenian of old and inspired his thoughts as he devotedly ascended his sacred mountain—then should we feel in our own souls what transcendent ideals were charmed into adequate and splendid material forms by the Phidian age.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

THE name of Frederick Robertson is on many accounts remarkable. There is probably no one of our time whose writings have had such an extended influence after his death, and who yet was during his life-time so little known except to the immediate circle to whom he ministered. His extraordinary merits as a preacher were acknowledged in that limited range, but beyond this, although from time to time his fame reached the outer world, yet his manner, his voice, his appearance, were entirely unknown. One single sermon, that on the death of Queen Adelaide, was all that he published whilst actually living. He was a contemporary of mine at Oxford. I may no doubt have met him in the rooms of casual friends; but I have not the slightest recollection of ever having heard his name at that time. He was also curate of St. Ebbs in Oxford during some part of

my stay there; but neither did I then become acquainted with him, nor, in fact, ever hear that such a person existed. In later years I now and then heard of his fame at Brighton; but I never was there on a Sunday, and therefore my early ignorance of him was never compensated by any knowledge in later times. How remarkable is the contrast of this obscurity with his wide-spread popularity in after years! It is not too much to say that he has become, beyond question, the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century, the most widely admired, and with the most powerful reasons for this wide-spread judgment.

Let us look at the diffusion of his sermons. They are the only sermons that have been published in Tauchnitz's edition, side by side with the novels of Dickens or the essays of Macaulay; they have been the model on



*Sincerely & gratefully yours
Fred W. Robertson*

which the sermons of the French Colani have evidently been formed; and I may be allowed to mention two instances of the way in which I became acquainted with this general appreciation. Once, in traveling from the south of France to Paris, we entered the railway, at Macon, and found coiled up on the opposite seat of the railway carriage a rough, shaggy, way-worn traveler, fast asleep. He was, with us, the only occupant of the carriage. After a time he lifted up his head and began to speak to us. He was a wild, revolutionary, unbe-

lieving surgeon who had been attached to a regiment in Algeria, and was then on his way to the army in Mexico. We entered into conversation, which lasted through the livelong day till we reached Paris. In the course of this conversation he asked—not knowing that I was a clergyman—whether I had ever known or read the sermons of Frederick Robertson; he had himself fallen in with a copy and been struck with them; and he was eager to know anything that I could tell him about them. We parted at Paris; he went to

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Mexico, and I have since lost all trace of him. This was one end of the scale.

On the next day, in Paris, I went as usual to see a man who in his best days I greatly respected and loved, Augustin Cochin, who afterward became prefect of Versailles in the troubles which succeeded the Franco-German war, and who died of the fatigues which in that war had fallen to his lot. He was a devout Catholic, liberal, indeed, and open to all kinds of questionings about England and Protestantism; of the school of Montalembert and Father Gratry. He, on the occasion to which I refer, asked if I could tell him anything about an extraordinary preacher whose name was Frederick Robertson. Thus, in the course of forty-eight hours, I had evidence of the effect produced on the two extremes of French society, and that by an English preacher.

I do not doubt that there are English sermons and religious publications very widely known in foreign parts; Mr. Spurgeon's tracts and sermons, for example; possibly also those of Bishop Ryle; but these have never penetrated into the high intellectual circles which, after all, must be considered the permanent test of celebrity, literary or otherwise.

What is there, we may ask, which justifies this unique fame? There are two sets of sermons with which it may be useful to compare Frederick Robertson's. They are the most nearly approaching, we will not say in celebrity, but in point of literary excellence, to his volumes. One example is to be found in the six volumes of Cardinal Newman's sermons. No doubt, many Englishmen would say that these sermons are far superior to those of Robertson, at once in their excellence and their authority. The singular grace with which sacred subjects are handled in Doctor Newman's is beyond all praise. There are hardly any passages in English literature which have exceeded in beauty the description of music, in his University sermons; of the parting of friends, in his Parish sermons; the description of the sorrows of human life in his sermon on the pool of Bethesda; the description of Elijah on Mount Horeb; or, again, in the discourses addressed to mixed congregations: "The arrival of St. Peter as a Missionary in

Rome"; the description of Dives as the example of a self-indulgent voluptuary; the account of the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and of the growth of the belief in the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. We also acknowledge to the fullest extent the insight into many phases of human character and the subtle analysis of human thought. But what is the truth concerning God or man which these sermons can in any degree be said to have illustrated, except indirectly, and by force of that marvelous grasp of the English language which their author possessed? What are the principles respecting the interpretation of the Scriptures or the causes of history which have received any permanent light from these exquisite productions? Where is the insight which has penetrated into any of the deeper questions which agitate the minds of men, and which bring into one focus the doubts or the certainties of modern times?

Let us turn to Arnold's sermons. They certainly do not possess the grace or the charm which belong to the elaborate compositions of the Cardinal. They bear the traces of the headlong haste with which they were composed, the ink on the page hardly dry before he entered the pulpit. They are short to a degree which baffles the attempt to create out of any of them a finished work of art; but in spite of this there is a grasp of the subject on which he treats; there is a knowledge shown of the criticism of modern times; there is a hold never lost of the moral and spiritual side of the Christian religion; there is a constant endeavor to distinguish between the spirit and the letter; there is a manly, wholesome, vigorous atmosphere pervading the discourses which invites, instead of repelling, the most masculine mind; there is that keen sympathy with the moral progress of individuals and of races which his son Matthew has so well described in his touching poem on Rugby Chapel.

We have brought together these two series of sermons in order to indicate wherein we think that Robertson was, as a preacher, superior to both.* There is in the first place a completeness in the manner in which he treats the subject of his discourse that is on the one hand unlike to the abrupt and

* There are two sets of sermons which ought not to be forgotten in this comparison. One is the volume by Principal Caird. It is perhaps equal in excellence, but not in celebrity. The Scottish atmosphere clings to it, and has prevented it from ever receiving more than a provincial greatness. It is as great in its combination of philosophic thought with religious force. It is not, perhaps, as great in the literary and, so to speak, ecclesiastical completeness with which its subjects are rounded off. There is, however, one sermon of Principal Caird's which, being completely in the spirit of Robertson's sermons, is yet, we think, superior to any. It is the greatest sermon of this century. The religion of human life grapples with the most serious of all questions, with a depth of illustration and with a thoroughness of application which are more than equal to Robertson's finest efforts. And this sermon has had a wide-spread Continental reputation equal to its extraordinary merit.

The other sermons are those of Professor Mozley. Penetrating as they are, and larger in their scope than Doctor Newman's, yet they also have only an English—almost only an academical—fame, and they cannot, except in a few instances, compete with them in fullness or in strength.

rapid discourses of Arnold, and on the other to the one-sided and partial representations of Cardinal Newman. He, as it were, goes all round the subject in hand, and leaves the reader with the impression that, if he has not entirely mastered the whole of it, yet he has endeavored to do so with open eyes and listening ears. He rises entirely above that party spirit which to a great degree affected the discourses of both the great men whom we have named. How entirely he is able to enter into the detestation of the calumnious representations which drove the Oxford school from the Church of England! How nobly does he describe in burning words the mischief of such double-edged arguments; and yet, on the other hand, how thoroughly he sympathizes with the free and manly spirit which animated the inquirers and the scholars of another phase! While throwing aside the conventionalities which hedge in and cloak up the sacred topics of which he is preaching, he yet never loses the dignity and the simplicity of a preacher, or the generous and vigorous tone of a man of letters. In the sermon, for example, on Jacob's wrestling, he acknowledges, as it were, at a glance, that the story may be a myth or a legend; and yet draws out of it truths so powerful and so penetrating that we find ourselves diverted from what we have lost at the gain of what we have found in the relation. On the subject of the sacrifice of Christ he lays down principles so wide in their interpretation that they will stand the fire of all the scathing criticisms of later times. In the representation of the divine life of Jesus Christ, how much there is which is applicable to every phase of thought which can be formed concerning it! How vainly should we look in the discourses of Cardinal Newman, or of any of his followers, for such a direct, outspoken declaration of Christian thought as in the ser-

mon on the Sabbath, or Salvation out of the Visible Church. How striking is that passage from the one sermon which, as we have said, he published himself, on the Christian Spirit before the *Christian Times*: "Christ was in Joseph's heart, though not definitely in Joseph's creed. The Eternal Word whispered in the souls of men before it spoke articulately aloud in the Incarnation. It was the divine thought before it became the divine expression, *Λόγος ἐνδύσας—προφορεῖς*. It was the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, before it blazed into the day-spring from on high which visited us. The mind of Christ, the spirit of the years yet future, blended itself with life before He came; for his words were the eternal verities of our humanity. In all ages love is the truth of life."

I remember to have heard on one occasion from the old Dissenter, Crabbe Robinson, who entertained an admiration for him as keen as if he had been one of his own communion, that Frederick Robertson, expressing his belief upon some disputed point, said: "There is no orthodox statement of doctrine, however true in itself, which does not contain in its outer form a detestable falsehood." To which the old Dissenter added, no doubt with Robertson's entire assent, "And there is no orthodox statement of doctrine, however false, which does not contain in its kernel a precious truth."

"Such an appreciation of the different sides of truth is the secret of the excellence of Robertson as a preacher,—this appreciation sanctified and purified by the truthful and the sacred atmosphere with which he surrounded both them and himself. Other preachers, other teachers, have arisen since, but there is no one who so filled the place allotted to him as Frederick Robertson did at the time, and there is no one who so holds that place now that he has departed from us.

THE NIGHT-WIND.

ONCE, when the night-wind clapped its wings,
And shook the window-bars and roof,
I heard the souls of battle-kings
Drive by in clashing proof!

Sometimes, a runic strife it kept,
Of winter nights, in sleeted trees;
Or underneath the eaves it crept—
A swarm of murmuring bees.

These things the night-wind used to tell,
And still would tell, if I might hear;
But sorrow sleeps too sound and well
To lend a dreamful ear.

Or, now, wild huntsmen of the air
In hollow chase their bugles blew,
While swift o'er wood and hill-top bare
The shrill-voiced quarry flew.

Sometimes I heard of lovers flown,
Safe, under ward of storm and night,
To where, in sylvan lodge, there shone
A taper kind and bright.

SIGNIFICANT ASPECTS OF THE ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION.

WHEN the record of the "International Cotton Exposition" at Atlanta, Georgia, is made up, it will be marked as singular in many ways. Under the able control of Mr. H. I. Kimball, the Director-General, well sustained by the Executive Committee and by the citizens of Atlanta, it has developed into something vastly greater, better, and of more far-reaching influence than could have been contemplated at its inception; yet it is not, in many respects, what it was intended or what it purports to be.

In the first place, it is not "international." With the exception of one English roller gin, an excellent example contributed by Messrs. Platt Brothers & Co., of Oldham, the writer is unaware of there being any foreign exhibit of machinery included within its limits. There is, however, some foreign combing machinery, forming a part of the collective exhibit of the Willimantic Thread Company. This lack is much to be regretted, as English machinery has been adapted to many purposes with which we are not yet familiar, especially to ginning and preparing cotton. It would have been a matter of great interest to planters and farmers to see more of the work of the English roller gins; but as our own mechanics have now taken up this subject, it may not matter much that the English machines are wanting. The other foreign contributions consist of a valuable exhibit of foreign cotton fibers, in the bale, collected by the Treasurer, Mr. S. M. Inman, to whose firm, wise, and quiet discretion the Exposition owes much; and a quite complete collection of Chinese and Japanese hand-made native fabrics. The Chinese hand-made fabrics and garments contributed by Messrs. Russell & Co., of Shanghai, are of the greatest interest, as they represent the common wear of the immense population of China, of whom not over ten per cent. have yet been supplied with the machine-made goods of Europe or the United States. With these few exceptions, everything in the several buildings is national.

Nor is it primarily an exposition of cotton. The collection of tools and implements for the cultivation of cotton, of machinery and apparatus for preparing, baling, spinning, and weaving, and for the treatment of cotton-seed, has never been equaled in any other exhibition yet held, and cannot be excelled elsewhere at the present time, yet cotton itself is only a small element in the case.

While this is neither an international nor a cotton exposition, in the ordinary sense of the term, neither is it in a general way like other exhibitions. At other times and in other places, vast collections of finished products have been exposed to view, principally for the purpose of advertising their existence. There are very few examples of this class of exhibits at Atlanta. It might, rather than anything else, be called an exhibition of the beginnings of new processes and for the correction of errors in old methods; coupled with examples of a great variety of materials of which the world has as yet had little knowledge. Might we not call it an exhibition of the potentialities of the future? Within the limits of this article, it will be impossible to do more than to name a portion of the contents of the buildings.

The vast collection of minerals, timber, and products of agriculture surprises even the managers of the railroads by whom they have been hastily gathered. Silk from worms fed upon the leaf of the Osage orange finds its place alongside the wild silk of North China, made by worms which feed upon oak leaves of the same variety that grows upon the mountains of Virginia. The Japanese persimmon gives promise of a new and valuable fruit. The ramie fiber is shown in a way that looks as if the secret of its treatment had been discovered. The small, cheap mills for hulling rough rice, of which there are two examples, give promise of profit in the growth of upland rice, which crop may be indefinitely extended if these machines shall adequately serve their purpose. The fine examples of the hair of the Angora goat make it apparent that we may add that, also, to our list of fibers; the cultivation of the olive has begun, and the samples of many kinds of wine give evidence that Italian and Swiss immigrants may have plenty of opportunity to apply their skill to growing grapes and improving the methods of making the wine. Leather is sent from Chattanooga, tanned in what is already the largest single tannery in the country,—a tannery worked wholly by colored laborers. Many machines for utilizing cotton-seed, which the inventors had almost despaired of being able to introduce before, are now being ordered faster than their works can supply them. Trash-cleaners, for saving the waste or total loss of storm-beaten cotton, or cotton which has been blown to the ground, which

were hardly known last year, when the reasons for this exhibition were first submitted, cannot now be made fast enough to supply the demand.

The writer does not feel competent to describe the collection of minerals. Of iron and coal the evidence of unequaled abundance is conclusive. In respect to other minerals, the words of Colonel Killbrew, who is in charge of this department, may be quoted: "Within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles from Mount Mitchell, the highest mountain east of the Rocky Mountains, may be found every mineral that contributes to the arts, and every variety of timber which grows between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. But," said Colonel Killbrew, "tell your people that there are two classes of persons who will not be tolerated here." "Who are they?" asked the writer. "Mormons and Secessionists," was the prompt reply.

This exhibition may also be regarded as an instrumentality for the correction of errors of opinion on the part of citizens of the two sections of this country in regard to each other, in respect to their relative conditions and opportunities, and also in regard to the past history of their respective sections. It may be well to consider the social and political changes which have occurred, without which this exhibition could not have been held, before we treat the industrial changes which are in part a consequence and in part a cause of them.

It surely marks an important era in the history of this country, that even the abolitionists of old time can here meet ex-Confederate officers of high rank, and while conversing, without any sense of animosity, about the events and ideas which controlled the ante-war period, can also take counsel together as to the common interests and common needs of the future,—almost as if slavery and war had never been. It may not be a new conviction to many persons that there were men of great mental capacity in the South, fifty years since, who absolutely feared liberty; who absolutely believed that emancipation would lead to anarchy; and who were positively convinced that if freedom were given to the slave in any way whatever, the existence of the two races in the same place or State would become impossible; yet such is the conception which one cannot fail to receive from the intimate relations into which men of the two sections are brought by such an undertaking as this one is.

That such were the convictions of many persons of little prominence, may have been well understood throughout the long period

of controversy which preceded the civil war; but that such should have been the want of faith on the part of leading Southern men, who, it may be assumed, knew something of history and of politics, is certainly a new conception to many, if not to all, of those who were engaged upon the other side of the question. It is therefore well worth while for men who have passed middle age and who were active throughout the conflict regarding the status of Kansas; who helped fit out John Brown for the beginning of that fight (even though they might have condemned the Virginia raid had they known about it), to review some of the proceedings of that time; and it may also be well even for those who came much later into the ranks of the Republican party, after the Free Soil party had completed its work, to reconsider these questions; better yet would it be for "stalwarts," so called, or the Bourbons of the North, to visit this exhibition, if there were any hope that they could extend their mental vision.

Objection is sometimes made to any reference to these incidents of the past, and it is often assumed that good feeling may be more promoted by silence regarding slavery; but it will soon become apparent to any one visiting the South who attempts to solve the questions of the present, that reference to the past must be made, in order to comprehend or explain the curious anomalies which one meets to-day on every side. Next, one will find that even if he himself carefully refrain from any reference to the war or to the conditions which preceded it, when conversing with Southern friends, they themselves will constantly refer to both; and finally it may also become apparent that they feel more respect and confidence in a man who makes no attempt to conceal his own past ideas and acts than they do for one who tries to excuse or palliate the acts of the past on either side. The sensitive nerve of the citizen of the New South is less quickly touched by any reference to the past than by the expression of doubt as to the immediate capacity of the Southern people to do any kind of work in the manufacturing or mechanic arts.

It is a singular fact that several of the Northern subscribers to the capital of the Atlanta Exposition could not have visited that city without danger to their lives, had they been known, between the years 1855 and 1860 inclusive, because they were either members of the Boston Vigilance Committee for rescuing fugitive slaves, or of the Philadelphia branch of the "Underground Railroad," or active promoters and members of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, by which John Brown was fitted out for Kansas. It

is only necessary to consider the light in which such men were of necessity viewed by the sincere supporters of slavery to perceive that the latter had no choice in the matter, but were compelled, as years went by, to make it more and more unsafe to oppose slavery, even to the extent of outlawing and lynching any man who dared differ in opinion or action: the more sincere they were the more necessary their appeal to force, either with or without law.

The volume of speeches and letters of the late Governor and Senator James H. Hammond, of South Carolina, gives a good example of the convictions of the sincere slaveholder, who really believed that American slavery was warranted by the Christian religion and could be fully sustained by arguments drawn from the Bible, and must be defended at any cost. As one looks over this volume in the light of the present time, it has a strange sound to read such paragraphs as the following, and to perceive that they represented very profound and sincere convictions:

"It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that slavery is contrary to the will of God. It is equally absurd to say that American slavery differs in form or principle from that of the chosen people. *We accept the Bible terms as the definition of our slavery, and its precepts as the guide of our conduct.*" We desire nothing more. Even the right to 'buffet,' which is esteemed so shocking, finds its express license in the Gospel (1. Peter 2: 20). Nay, what is more, God directs the Hebrews to 'bore holes in the ears of their brothers' to mark them, when under certain circumstances they become perpetual slaves.

"I think, then, I may safely conclude, and I firmly believe, that American slavery is not only not a sin, but especially commanded by God through Moses, and approved by Christ through his Apostles."

In another place, he says:

"Hence, slavery is truly the corner-stone and foundation of every well-designed and durable Republican edifice."

This man was no hypocrite; he was honest and true according to his light. Probably no expression uttered by a slaveholder ever created more resentment in the North than the one used by Senator Hammond during the Kansas debates, when he referred to the slaves of the South and the mechanics and laborers of the North as the "mud-sills" of society; yet it was a perfectly natural expression for one to use who had no faith in, and could hardly conceive of, a government uncontrolled by an aristocracy, and who regarded permanent class-distinctions as necessary in their very nature. The simple sincerity with which the Senator quotes the Old Testament as final authority becomes curiously

interesting, now that the awful retribution has cured the error which he sustained, yet it is perfectly evident that he would have been very much shocked had any one defended polygamy upon the authority of the Old Testament.

It was this narrowing of the mind, this intense provincialism, which made slavery so dangerous to those who sustained it; they became incapable of sound judgment, and therefore could not help misleading the States which they governed, even without knowing what they did.

The fear of the negro crops out throughout Governor Hammond's letters and speeches. It is curious to read his words in the light of the present time. He says:

"The negro loves change, novelty, and sensual excitements of all kinds, *when awake*. Reason and order, of which Mr. Wilberforce said 'liberty was the child,' do not characterize him. Released from his present obligations, his first impulse would be to go somewhere; and here no natural boundaries would restrain him. At first they would all seek the towns, and rapidly accumulate in squalid groups upon their outskirts. Driven thence by the armed police which would immediately spring into existence, they would scatter in all directions. Very few of them could be prevailed on to do a stroke of work, none to labor continuously while a head of cattle, sheep, or swine could be found in our ranges, or an ear of corn nodded in our abandoned fields. These being exhausted, our folds and poultry yards, barns and store-houses, would become their prey.

"Finally, our scattered dwellings would be plundered, perhaps fired, and the inmates murdered. How long do you suppose that we could bear these things? How long would it be before we should sleep with rifles at our bedside, and never move without one in our hands?

"No preparation can avoid these dangers, and gradual emancipation is impossible. Every scheme founded upon the idea that the two races can remain together on the same soil, beyond the briefest period, in any other relation than precisely that which now subsists between them, is not only preposterous, but fraught with deepest danger."

If these were the convictions of honest and otherwise able leaders, what must have been the prejudices of men of less education and intelligence? If we then recall the fact that these dreaded negroes were not only suddenly enfranchised, but that the greater part of the white citizens of the Southern States were, at the same time, disfranchised, while we may not palliate or excuse the period of fraud and violence which followed, we may yet wonder that nothing worse has happened, and that order and safety for white and black alike are now well assured throughout the South, unless it be in some of the most remote districts, not yet penetrated by the railroad.

No wonder that those who have inherited these convictions from their own immediate ancestors find it hard to believe that the suburbs of the cities in which the negroes

have actually gathered in large numbers, are not all as "squalid" as the suburbs of many other cities which are almost wholly occupied by whites. Most of those who stay in these suburbs remain for the same reasons that keep white men in similar places—because work is more certain and the pay is better. The curious inconsistency in the testimony of the white regarding the negro cannot last much longer in the face of the facts disclosed in places where the latter has had a fair opportunity for work. The ample suburbs of Lynchburg and other places where the manufacture of tobacco is carried on,—an industry which is exclusively in the hands of colored people,—and also of Charleston, Savannah, Norfolk, and many other cities, mark the capacity of the negro to establish himself in comfort wherever the conditions are propitious for saving a portion of his wages, or the means of investment are fairly open to him. Washington itself offers probably more numerous examples of fairly prosperous colored men than any other place.

That there are also many who only work spasmodically cannot be denied, but the reason is not far to seek. Not yet educated to new wants, a little labor suffices to meet their needs, and, until savings-banks are established, the quicker they spend their earnings the safer for them. The true capacity of the negro, and of the poor white of the South as well, cannot be determined until some means of saving small sums with safety shall be provided; when that time comes the South will learn the one lesson now needed more than any other—the difference between a cent and a nickel (five-cent coin)—a difference now measured in Massachusetts by two hundred and twenty-five million dollars in our savings-banks.

Another controlling conviction of the late Senator Hammond constitutes one of the lingering errors which are being refuted at Atlanta. The idea still pervades and misleads the South that the world could not get on without American cotton, and that all the great financial interests would be reduced to chaos if the cotton crop of the South were cut off. Senator Hammond said:

"I do not undervalue the importance of other articles of commerce, but no calamity could befall the world at all comparable to the sudden loss of two millions of bales of cotton annually. The factories of Europe would fall with a concussion that would shake down castles, palaces, and even thrones; while the purse-proud, elbowing insolence of our Northern monopolist would disappear forever under the smooth speech of the peddler scouring our frontiers for a livelihood, or the bluff vulgarity of the South Sea whaler, following the harpoon amid storms and shoals. Doubtless, the Abolitionists think we could grow

cotton without slaves, or that at worst the reduction of the crop would be moderate and temporary.

"Such gross delusions show how profoundly ignorant they are of our condition here."

In his speech upon the admission of Kansas, he added:

"You dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares to make war upon it. Cotton is King."

Speaking to the North, he said:

"One hundred and fifty million dollars of our money passes annually through your hands. Much of it sticks: all of it assists to keep your machinery together and in motion. Suppose we were to discharge you; suppose we were to take our business out of your hands;—we should consign you to anarchy and poverty."

All these are the sincere views of a man of profound convictions, whose last words expressed as his last wish, the desire that if the Southern States did not succeed in their effort to secede, a plow should be run over his grave in order that its place might be forgotten. It is a pity he could not have lived to know that the sixteen crops of cotton made by free labor since the war exceed the last sixteen crops of slavery by fourteen million bales.

When it is remembered that the Southern States were actually governed by such leaders in former days, in a way of which we have little conception in the North; that books and papers were few, and that all political instruction was given by speeches, the pernicious influence of such sincere but utterly false convictions may now be comprehended, and with such comprehension may come a removal of the bitter feelings which were engendered by the war. Such men were the mere creatures of circumstance, who could no more avoid the logic of their convictions than the men of the North could avoid resisting them. Of the baser sort, who knew the malignant effect of slavery, but yet sustained it, nothing more need be said either here or hereafter; even if still in life they are now dead and gone.

In general, it may be said that the New South is surely surmounting the intense and dogmatic provincialism of the Old, and is rapidly coming into line with the more progressive States. The most conclusive proof of the change may be found in the instructive book entitled "Our Brother in Black," by President Haygood, of Emory College, Oxford, Georgia.

If, then, Southern men, suffering even under the sting of defeat, are, whether wittingly or not, surrendering errors which have come to them from remote generations, and are now only sensitive when the least doubt is thrown upon their immediate ability to take any

part in any manufacturing, mechanical, or other kind of work,—if they are now in as dead earnest to take up every branch of profitable work as they formerly were averse to sharing certain kinds of manual labor at all,—may it not be well for Northern men to see if they also have not been controlled by some errors in regard to the past history and condition of the South?

In the course of a conversation upon the events preceding the war, with two grandsons of John C. Calhoun, the writer was somewhat startled by a remark substantially to this effect:

"If my grandfather and his associates had known as much about the negro as I know, and could have had the same faith in his capacity for progress which I have attained from my own experience, there would have been neither slavery nor war."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that your grandfather feared liberty for the black, however compassed?"

"Of course I mean that," said he. "What other justification could there have been? He and his associates believed that the two races could not exist together upon the same soil except in the relation of masters and slaves."

One of these gentlemen moved from South Carolina to the bottom-lands of the Mississippi, with a large number of the negroes formerly the slaves of his family. He has succeeded in assuring not only his own prosperity, but their welfare also, and he bears conclusive testimony to the ability of the colored laborers to sustain themselves in comfort. I am permitted to use the following notes of my conversation with this gentleman and his brother, which, at my request, one of them reduced to writing, and which will fully indicate the difficulties under which Southern planters and farmers have been placed. After demonstrating the enormous productive power and present low valuation of the bottom-lands of the Mississippi valley, these gentlemen make the following statement:

"These lands rent for eight or ten dollars an acre, but why should lands that produce so much, and rent for so much, sell at such low prices? It is not because there is any danger of losing the rents from the inability of the tenants to pay. The landlord's lien is a first lien upon the crop, and these lands never fail to produce very much more than the rental. The true explanation will be found in the condition of the country. Here we must go back a little into the past.

"Prior to the war, as is well known, these plantations were cultivated by slave-labor. In nearly every instance, the planter's wealth

consisted of his slaves, his plantations, and the personal property required to run them. In the vast majority of cases, he was heavily in debt, either for the purchase of his land, or his slaves, or from his extravagant mode of life. When the war closed, he found his slaves freed, his personal property lost, stolen, or destroyed, and only his land, which had greatly depreciated in value, left to pay his debts. As a rule, his liabilities exceeded his assets. But the price of cotton was very high, and he found persons willing, at a high rate of interest, to carry his indebtedness and to advance the sum necessary to carry on his business. This was the more easily accomplished, as the commission merchant was the principal creditor. In addition to his already existing debt, the planter had to borrow the money with which to buy such personal property, mules, wagons, etc., as he was compelled to have to run his plantations. The slave emerged from slavery without a dollar, and at first the planter had to borrow the money to supply him with the necessities of life. At the high prices of provisions, this was no small item. In spite, however, of all obstacles, the planter found no difficulty in obtaining advances at high rates of interest, and with the high price of cotton and an average season, he was able to make a large sum of money. The result was, that he continued to spend and to borrow, and that 1874 found him poorer than 1865. If the merchants had demanded payment for their claims, it is safe to assert that nearly the entire planting interest would have been found bankrupt, and that the majority of the property would have passed into the hands of the creditors. But it was not the interest of the merchant to foreclose. He could not personally attend to the growing of cotton, and it was better for him to carry the planter at high rates and secure the control of his cotton. If, in order to protect himself, he was forced to foreclose, he willingly sold again on credit. Thus, the planter became, in all but the name, the manager of the merchant. His debts, as a rule, were only carried from year to year. What was left after paying the merchant back the special advance for the year, with the interest, went to the interest on the old debt, and the remainder, after defraying the expenses of the planter's family, which seemed to have a wonderful way of adapting themselves to the largest crops, went to the principal of the old debt. Thus it happens that every year the planter has had to borrow to run his places. It would be safe to assert that even now, after several years of closer economy than the planter ever before practiced, and after reducing the balance against him, it would be cheaper for him to let his land go to pay his

debts, and borrow money at a legitimate interest with which to buy and run it. The interest he now pays for yearly advances alone, not counting the interest on older debts, would more than pay the interest at six per centum on the present value of his plantations and the money it would take to run them.

"But I do not wish to be understood as condemning the merchants. But for them the planter could not have planted at all, and they have probably been as liberal as any capitalists who had the borrower completely at their mercy. From nowhere else could the planter borrow. Again, the capital of the merchant was, and is, limited. By advancing upon cotton and sugar, and receiving and selling the articles advanced upon during the same month, for a large part of the year, he is able to make five per cent. commissions in one month, besides interest.

"The secret is, that the merchant is not simply a money-lender. Money is to him the lever with which to obtain commissions. No wonder, then, that the commission merchant should be willing only to advance money to the planter at such high rates, or should be willing to sell places which have fallen into his hands, and which rent for eighteen and twenty per cent. on their present value. These latter it necessarily takes some attention to manage, and lying, as they do, hundreds of miles from him, are the source of annoyance.

"Another of the great evils of this system is, that the planter cannot protect his laborers from the extortions of the store-keepers who supply them, or, if he provides for them himself, he, from force of circumstances, becomes an extortioner himself. Borrowing money at a high and ruinous rate, he takes the risk of loaning to the laborer. Many of these are responsible; many are not. The practice is to make the hard-working, the industrious, the frugal, pay for the deficits of the idle. The result of the whole is, to speak in the language of one of the most intelligent merchants of America, to make paupers of the planters and tramps of the negroes.

"Add to this vicious system of business the disturbed state of that section incident to the total overthrow of the former social status, and you have a complete picture of the obstacles under which the planter has labored.

"But the clouds in the sky are beginning to clear away. The country is taking on settled habits; the planter has become more industrious and economical; the negro who, as we said before, emerged from slavery without a dollar, and we here add, with no experience of providing for himself, has, by industry, in many instances been able to buy mules, wagons, farming implements, cattle, etc., and

to surround himself with the comforts of a home. Many others have enough, at least, to support themselves for one year. In spite of everything, many have prospered. The fertility of the soil and their own industry have been in their favor. And here permit me to digress far enough to say that I believe if our ancestors could have foreseen the present condition of the negro, there would have been no war. They did not sufficiently estimate the development which attrition with civilization for several generations had produced upon the savage. But this is too large a subject for this letter. At some other time I hope to give you sound reasons for my opinions.

"But to resume: Why, you will naturally ask, if the condition of the country is so improving, should the planter be willing to sell his lands at the prices I have named?

"Let one example answer this question. There is a plantation that was purchased by a bank, and resold since the war for \$120,000. The purchasers have so managed to reduce their indebtedness as now to owe only \$62,500. To it is attached a landing that is now rented to perfectly solvent and responsible persons for \$3,000 per annum. The rental of the planters this year is 375 bales of cotton. They will sell the whole place, landing included, for \$90,000, and agree to take the plantation for five years at a rental of \$10,000 per annum, because they say it would be cheaper for them to do this than to pay their present interest. Nor can we estimate the demoralizing effect upon a people of borrowing, borrowing, year after year.

"There is another subject to which I would call your attention in this connection, except that your greater familiarity with it forbids. And that is, the immense increase the planter could add to the value of his crop by introducing better machinery, and paying more attention to saving it; and the immense expense he could save by dealing directly with the manufacturers.

"But, I fear, I have already trespassed too far upon your time and patience. In conclusion, permit me to say, that the indications seem to point to a day not far distant when the introduction of Northern capital will give to these lands a value more nearly proportioned to their productiveness, and when their only standards of value will cease to be the necessities of the seller and the offers of the purchaser.

"The abolitionist and the former secessionist can well unite in the prayer for the speedy coming of the day when the planter and manufacturer will be brought into the closest relations."

I give this statement of the Messrs. Calhoun

thus fully because it may go far to explain the reasons why the only exodus of negroes of any moment was from these very same rich bottom-lands of the Mississippi Valley. It is impossible to doubt that with relief from the financial burdens indicated by this letter, better conditions of life for black and white will ensue, and may it not be held that such vast industrial changes must ultimately control the political status of this great valley?

The managers of some of the large companies which have loaned money on the security of Western farms, greatly to the benefit of themselves and of the farmers as well, are now turning their attention to these rich lands of the Mississippi Valley, and of the South-west. No greater benefit could happen than will come from this movement: the citizens of such States as have not yet re-established their State credit will be obliged to give attention to the matter at once, lest their own personal interests, which are inseparable from the credit of their State, should be imperiled; on the other hand, whenever full confidence in Southern credits can be restored and mortgages on Southern land are safe, the plethora of capital in the East will be relieved. The work now being done upon Southern railroads is but the beginning, and the managers of these roads have done wisely in giving such ample material evidence of the capacity of the country through which they pass, in their contributions to the Atlanta Exposition.

It is by such intercourse as this, with the Messrs. Calhoun and others, and by the better understanding of industrial conditions which comes from it, that the Atlanta Cotton Exposition may be most useful in removing false impressions on both sides.

It is somewhat difficult for men who have been bred in utter abhorrence of slavery to make the mental concession which is necessary when they become convinced that the iniquity of slavery was not apparent to Southern men of large mental capacity, or, if apparent, was met by graver danger in its removal. Sad must have been the lives of many men under such conditions. It is difficult to conceive that they may have dreaded liberty more than they feared the consequences of slavery; yet as one reviews the heated contentions of the ante-war period, and converses with men who were ruined by the loss of slave property, but who would now resist the re-establishment of slavery more urgently than they ever sustained it, it becomes impossible not to yield to the impression that these men lived according to their light, and that whatever may have been the baneful effects of the system, they themselves were dominated by it,

and could not resist the necessity of their own conditions. The writer well remembers a conversation with Theodore Parker, which he related to some of these Southern gentlemen, and to which they fully assented. He said: "Slavery is a condition of passive war; it can only end in active war, by which it will be destroyed." The first shot fired upon Fort Sumter in 1861, which gave liberty to the slaves, proved how true was the insight of Mr. Parker.

The writer has been held to have spoken harshly and unjustly of the South, both in the address in which the Atlanta Exposition was first proposed and since that time, yet he has found that the intolerance of free thought and expression which was the absolute necessity of slavery, has almost wholly ceased to govern the thought or action of the men of the New South; naught has been set down to him in malice, and no sign of animosity, of any moment, has been witnessed; a few childish examples of jealousy and intolerance on the part of some of the smaller newspapers only bringing the general emancipation of thought into more prominent view. He may therefore the more freely admit that the more he has come into close relations with his Southern friends the more he has had reason to perceive that the sad events of recent history had been the necessary evolution of the past; and that all animosity ought now to cease with the hearty effort of both sections to adopt a policy of "vigorous prosecution of peace."

The errors on the part of the children of Southern slave-holders, which are being removed by contact with Northern men at the Exposition, may be of somewhat the same nature as our own. They had inherited the bitter animosity which their grandfathers entertained against the antislavery men of the North, and it certainly marks a great change in the condition of opinion when an able ex-Confederate general cordially expressed to the writer his gratification at the success of the Exposition and the opportunity which it gave him to make the acquaintance of those who had formerly been his most bitter opponents. Over our lunch we compared notes regarding the past, and discussed in what manner coöperation could be had in the future;—he admitting that the opportunity which had come with liberty had greatly surprised him, and had given him more confidence in the stability of this country than he had ever known before; while also admitting that under the logic of events, had he lived in Massachusetts and inherited the confidence in liberty by which the abolitionists were moved, he himself would have been a bitter abolitionist.

It is necessary to study these changes for oneself in order to appreciate the social and industrial revolution which has occurred since the end of the war. It would be well if a capable observer could spend a few months in each year, for a few years, in studying the phases of this change. Not only would his work cover the effect of the change from slavery to freedom, but the industrial history of two centuries can be observed within the limits of a two days' journey from the center of the mountain section, where the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom are still in use, to the great works of the middle and eastern States. In three short vacation trips which the writer has been able to make in the South during the last few years, it has seemed to him that one of the most remarkable chapters in social and industrial history was passing almost unobserved and unrecorded; that underneath the political froth, which may constitute the only record which will be written, great forces have been working upon which a true observer could base his assurance of future welfare springing up under the peaceful order of liberty, with the same certainty that led Theodore Parker to predict the war by which slavery would destroy itself. No such change can ever occur again, because the conditions can never be repeated, but in view of the impending struggle in Europe by which the system of standing armies is to be destroyed, and "government of the people, by the people, for the people" is to be substituted, it might well repay the ablest student or legislator to study the way in which society has become re-organized in the New South under the working of democratic institutions.

A material error regarding the relative conditions of North and South, of which Governor Hammond's statements of the supposed power of King Cotton constituted so marked an example, is also being removed. The idea still controls very many otherwise intelligent persons in the South, that a very large share of the prosperity of the Northern States rests upon the manufacture of cotton. They express the greatest surprise when informed that this branch of industry constitutes only a small fraction of the work even of Massachusetts, where the largest number of spindles are to be found; and many very intelligent persons yet hold to the idea that it is so profitable as to make it possible to work the mills, even though the rivers freeze up in the winter. It is not an uncommon notion among many persons in the South, that all work in the cotton-mills in New England ceases during a portion of the winter, because the rivers are frozen and the wheels cannot be turned.

This error in regard to the climate and condition of the North finds a correlative in the idea which many Northern people have had regarding the climate and condition of the South. The aspect of the Piedmont district, of the mountain sections and broad plateaus of the central part of the South, from which sections most of the minerals, timber, and products of agriculture on exhibition have been drawn, is evidently a great surprise to many of the Northern visitors, and the variety of products which can be shown from a single small farm, excites the astonishment, not only of Northern visitors, but of most of the Southern planters as well.

No more pernicious error ever obtained, throughout a great section, than what is called the "all-cotton" method of farming; and it was interesting to observe that some of the visitors from the Mississippi Valley, where the plantation system, as has been stated, still continues to exist in greater measure than elsewhere, took especial note of the very low cost of the cotton exhibited by the small farmers of Georgia as their surplus crop. They could hardly imagine that a Georgia farmer could raise wheat, oats, corn, cow-pease, sorghum, potatoes, upland rice; make pickles, sirup, preserves, and bacon, and yet have twenty or thirty bales of cotton, equal to the best of their bottom-land staple, as his surplus or money crop; yet there is ample evidence of these facts in the Exposition.

As this is one of the most significant points brought out at the Exposition, the following statement, made by Mr. James F. Jones, of Hogansville, Troup County, Georgia, may well be made a part of this review. It will be observed that the subsistence of the family and the money value of the boys' labor are charged against the crop, but Mr. Jones makes no charge for his own work.

"CROP OF 1880.

"	Based on 21 acres in cotton,	
"	12	" corn,
"	10	" wheat,
"	14	" oats,
"	1	" sweet-potatoes,
"	$\frac{1}{4}$	" rice,—

besides water-melons, chufa and ground pea patches, garden vegetables, such as cabbage, tomatoes, Irish potatoes, turnips, beans, pease, and all other garden products usually grown in this section. In January and February, during such weather and at such times as plowing could not be done free from freezing or wet, we cut and put in forty (40) cords of wood. Our compost heap was prepared also in such times and during rainy weather, as it was all under shelter. Our wheat being sowed, our first work on the farm was to sow oats. We had been three (3) days seeding wheat, and now required about the same time to put in our oats. Our cotton land, in connection with four (4) acres of corn land, also such other preparation

as was necessary for garden—sweet-potato patch, etc.—was all finished up in good time, the four (4) acres of corn being planted last of March and cotton last of April, our manures all having been applied with a distributor, and a planter used in planting seeds. The remaining corn was planted in June, after oats from same land had been harvested. (Corn all on bottom or branch land.)

"By the time our small grain was ready for the scythe, our four (4) acres in corn had been plowed twice and hoed out, our cotton plowed twice and hoed out nicely and clear of weeds. In accomplishing this, I used the seventeen dollars of extra labor, so as to be ready for my wheat and oats crop when it was ready to harvest.

"Now, in order to get through with harvesting in time to get back to my corn and cotton before it would suffer for work, I employed extra labor. Three (3) cradlers and three (3) binders finished the wheat and oats in a little less than two and one-half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) days, at one

dollar and a half a cradle, they furnishing their own binders. The wheat cost one-tenth ($\frac{1}{10}$) and oats one-twelfth ($\frac{1}{12}$) for threshing. (I own an interest in a field thresher and did not pay toll.) For this work, I had three extra hands at seventy-five cents per day, and in one day threshed out and housed all my grain and penned the straw. Then up to saving my fodder and picking cotton, no extra labor was used. After finishing up the crop, I set about repairing about my premises, such as renovating gates, moving rock for fencing purposes, cleaning ditches, etc., which time lasted about one month, from the 15th of July to 15th of August; in the meantime finishing up the cultivation of our late corn, planted after oats.

"We commenced to pick cotton last of August, and in order to gather it and our fodder, cow-pease, etc., as it ripened, employed extra labor to pick half the cotton—fourteen bales at seven dollars per bale. At the conclusion of our year's labor, the results were as follows:

RECEIPTS.

28 bales cotton, average weight 518 lbs. at 10c	\$1448.00
300 bushels corn, at \$1.00 per bushel	300.00
190 " wheat, at \$1.25	237.50
500 " oats, at \$1.00	500.00
80 " sweet-potatoes	25.00
16 " rough rice, at \$2.00	32.00
3500 lbs. fodder at \$1.00 per hundred	35.00
3000 lbs. swamp hay " "	30.00
12 bushels cow-pease, at \$1.50	18.00
Wheat and oat straw and shucks, worth	50.00
40 cords wood at \$1.50 per cord	60.00
850 bushels cotton-seed, and from their extra quality, I sold 200 bushels for	600.00
The remaining 650 bushels I used as manure and to plant, 20c. per bushel	130.00
We fattened and sold five (5) beeves of our own raising, 1 and 2 years old, for	40.00
We raised, fattened, and killed nine (9) hogs, at 7c. per pound	125.00
	<hr/> \$3630.50

"N.B.—Ground pease, chufas, turnips, Irish potatoes, and garden vegetables not being marketable here at a fair valuation, no value can be estimated correctly. We also raised one fine colt that year."

EXPENSES.

Willie Jones, 16 years old	\$75.00
Hugh Jones, 12 "	40.00
Gordon Jones, 9 "	40.00
Of extra labor cultivating	17.00
Seed wheat, 10 bushels, worth	12.00
Harvesting wheat, oats, and threshing, extra labor	13.50
Seed oats, 30 bushels	30.00
Rails made and put up, 2000 at 50c. per hundred	10.00
300 feet lumber used on farm	3.00
Nails, 25 lbs.75
Blacksmithing, iron, etc.	15.00
Picking cotton with extra labor	98.00
One and a half ($1\frac{1}{2}$) tons guano	90.00
Cotton-seed used as manure	63.00
250 bushels corn was consumed	250.00
1000 lbs. fodder	10.00
70 bushels oats	70.00
60 " wheat, as bread	75.00
1200 lbs. pork	84.00
Garden vegetables, etc., not estimated.	
	<hr/> \$996.25
Bagging and ties for cotton	33.60
	<hr/> \$1029.85

The high price at which Mr. Jones credits corn, oats, and hay gives an indication of the disadvantage under which his neighbors work, who pursue the all-cotton method still, and who buy Western corn and Northern hay. It will be observed that the crop of cotton is very nearly 700 pounds lint per acre: that if the cotton is charged with its proportion of the expense of the farm, according to its ratio of value to the rest of the crop, 14,500 pounds cost \$410.90, or less than three cents per pound.

A discrepancy will be noticed between the price at which cotton-seed is credited in the crop and charged in the cost. This arises from the fact that Major Jones cultivates an extra quality of great prospective value, of which he sells the seed, buying common seed for manure.

In the two statements of the Messrs

Calhoun and of Mr. Jones are embodied examples of two different methods of work, and of conditions varying greatly from each other; yet both so far removed from the conditions of the ante-war period that it is almost impossible to convey in words even a faint idea of what has been called the industrial reconstruction of these States. It should be added that for several years Major Jones tried the "all-cotton" plantation system, and only gave it up when he had incurred a debt of more than seven thousand dollars; he then went to work with the aid of his boys, and may now, having paid his debts, rightly enjoy the name he has given to his place, that of "Farm Independence." Samples of all his crops are to be found in the Exposition, together with the honey saved and the pickles and preserves made by his daughters.

We may now consider some more technical points. The Exposition has dispelled an error held by Major Jones, and by many others;—namely, that he could properly prepare his cotton upon a saw gin. It will be observed that he values his crop at ten cents per pound, but the variety of cotton which he grows is of extra staple, and he was much astonished when he brought a portion of his crop of 1881 to the roller gin of the Willimantic Thread Company, and was informed that when prepared upon that machine it was worth sixteen cents a pound, at which price he has since sold several bales to the manager of that company.

If English readers still have any fear that "Cheap Cotton by Free Labor" may not be supplied in any needed quantity, it may interest them to know that the State of Georgia alone contains fifty-eight thousand square miles, of which, if every acre were cultivated as intelligently and as productively as the little cotton-patch of Major Jones, less than seven thousand would be needed to produce the present entire cotton crop of the United States, or over six million bales; also that the average summer heat of Troup County, which is in part about seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, is less than that of some parts of Philadelphia, and that land in Troup County equal to Major Jones's can be purchased at ten dollars per acre, while unimproved but equally good land at a greater distance from a railroad is worth only three to five dollars.

In view of this testimony of Major Jones and many others, I may be permitted to make the following extracts from my first writing upon cotton, a pamphlet published in 1861, the first year of the civil war, entitled "Cheap Cotton by Free Labor." In this I said:

"The object of the present pamphlet is to prove that labor upon cotton culture may be performed by whites, with perfect ease and safety—that it will yield a larger return to the small cultivator than almost any other agricultural product of the country, and that free labor upon cotton is an absolute necessity to enable this country to maintain its hold upon the cotton markets of Europe.

"What intelligent farmer will deny his ability, with one able-bodied assistant, to cultivate forty acres of light sandy loam in corn and wheat * * * then let him suppose himself upon Texas cotton-lands, the best in the world, producing five hundred pounds clean cotton to the acre. He will put twenty acres in cotton, and if he is blessed with a reasonable family of children he will require very little assistance to pick it. He will pick ten thousand pounds of cotton, and will, for some years to come, be certain of receiving at least *ten* cents a pound for it, after paying all expenses of sale—one thousand dollars income from one-half his land. Any one who doubts that his other twenty acres will yield wheat, corn, and other products sufficient for the food of his family, may have his doubts removed by reading Olmsted's 'Texas Journey.' Let it be borne distinctly in mind that at ten

cents a pound, or even higher, this country can hold almost a monopoly of the cotton markets of the world."

It may be added that at the time it was published, so little were the facts about cotton then understood, this pamphlet excited considerable derision even in the North. It was at this time that the writer also submitted the proof that if cotton were a northern plant producing seed alone and no lint, it would constitute one of our most valuable crops in the production of oil and oil-cake.

It is a curious fact that while cotton has affected modern history most profoundly, and is a prime factor in all finance, yet the grower and the spinner have been cut off from each other almost as if they lived on two sides of an impassable sea, neither knowing the requirements of the other. Men who have spent their lives in spinning visit Atlanta in order to see cotton in the field for the first time, and to witness its preparation. Men who have grown cotton all their lives go there to see a spindle operated by power, to learn what a machine-card is, and to be taught how to form a true judgment of the quality of their own staple.

It is by consultation with Major Jones and his associates that another error, which has been widely held in the North, is also being dispelled, to wit: that the intelligence and mental activity of the Southern planter and farmer are to be measured by the barbarous manner in which cotton is picked, ginned, baled, and pressed. Such an inference is entirely unwarranted; the whole treatment of the cotton fiber was the logical necessity of slavery—the planter was controlled by his own conditions, but yet it took a great deal of mental capacity and power of organization to operate a large plantation with ignorant slaves, incapable of using good tools or machinery without abusing them. On the other hand, how could the white cotton-farmer, working his small bit of cotton land in a sparsely settled community, be expected to master in one or two decades the true methods acquired of necessity by Northern farmers during a century of close attention to small savings? It is a great error to assume that there is not as much mental capacity applied to the working of land in the South as there is in the North or West, if not more, and if this is not yet fully apparent in the results, ought not some of the reasons to be considered?

The rapid extension of the railway system, the establishment of schools, and the opening of direct communication between the two departments of the cotton manufacture, cannot fail to produce most beneficent results. The want of direct communication has had a most pernicious effect on both sides.

Very many planters and farmers have heretofore assumed that it was better not to attempt to remove dust, sand, and trash from their cotton-bales, and that they could get more money for the trash than they could for well-handled staple. There may have been sound reasons for this conclusion before the last cotton year, ending September, 1880; but the large quantity of very low grade cotton which formed a part of that crop, and which brought a very low price, taught the necessary lesson. The new spirit which controls the New South has led to the investigation of this and other questions. When the planters began to weigh clean and dirty bales in order to compare them, many of them discovered that for each quarter-cent's worth of dirt left in the bale, they lost a cent in the grade of the cotton. Greater discrimination is now being used in the sorting of the cotton from the very beginning; and the pernicious habit of merging all kinds of staple together is passing by. It is true that this important change is just beginning, and that much time will of necessity elapse before new methods will be perfected. How much farther this reform may be carried can be inferred from an incident which happened at the Exposition. A preliminary trial of the various kinds of cotton-gins had been arranged, and the persons in charge of the supply of seed-cotton had been requested to bring in a load of seed-cotton from one field, of uniform quality: this they did, so far as they knew, and sold it all at three and one-half cents a pound in the seed; but when a portion of the cotton had passed through two of the gins, and a third was being tried, the staple came from the gin worth, in the judgment of the experts who were watching the proceedings, at least two and one-half to three cents a pound more than the cotton already ginned. At first the improvement was attributed to the merit of the gin; but it presently appeared that an entirely different variety of cotton was being worked. Yet those who had provided the cotton were not aware of the difference in value; and had they been carrying their load to a neighboring gin, it would all have been merged together and sold at the same price; the good cotton even injuring rather than improving the poor staple by the irregularity in length of the staple which would have ensued.

Another error may perhaps be corrected. The superiority of the cotton prepared upon a roller gin has long been admitted with regard to the long staple or black-seed cotton of the Sea Island variety; but it has not been supposed that any roller gin existed which could be applied to the green-seed or common cotton of commerce in an economic way. It has

always been assumed that no roller gin could approach the saw gin in quantity, and therefore it has been inferred that the roller gin could not be generally used. Many farmers and planters are attending the Exposition from the interior, where the Sea Island variety is not grown, who had never even seen a roller gin. They find several kinds in the Exposition which are expected to yield not only the better quality resulting from their use, but also as large a quantity in proportion to the capital invested in machines, and in ratio to the power and labor applied, as can be obtained from any saw gin in existence. If such shall prove to be the fact, a great step will be made in enabling this country to undertake branches of fine spinning, such as are now conducted in Europe mainly by the use of Egyptian cotton, worked upon combing-machines. We have had a full supply of Sea Island cotton for the very finest work; we have also had a full supply of green-seed cotton for common and medium work. But we have lacked the middle class, like the Egyptian, for spinning yarn suitable for fine hosiery, fine lawns, and other classes of goods for which the Sea Island cotton is too expensive. A large number of varieties of extra staple cotton can be found in the Exposition which will serve even better than Egyptian or South American for all these purposes, provided they are prepared upon a roller gin, and are not torn in pieces and virtually destroyed, as they are by the work of the saw gin. Many growers informed the writer that they had been unable to carry out plans for the improvement of their crop, because they could not prepare the cotton properly upon the saw gin, and did not know that there was any other machine which could be used with economy.

Another error which has greatly retarded the progress of the South may be corrected by the Exposition. It seems to have been assumed by the managers of Southern railways that very high rates of charge were most expedient. Hence traveling in that section has been more expensive than in any other part of the country. But the low excursion rates established upon all the lines which center in Atlanta have set great crowds in motion, and if a permanent change of policy should follow, the people and the railroads will be equally benefited. This matter is the more important in view of the consolidation and extension of the Southern railway service now in progress. A thorough analysis of the railway service of the United States will reveal the fact that the great consolidated lines which have been most profitable to their owners are also the lines which have performed the largest public service at

the lowest rates of charge. In the sixteen years which have elapsed since the end of the civil war, sixty-six thousand of our present total of one hundred thousand miles of railway have been constructed, or about four thousand miles a year; but, in this extension, the Southern States have had the least proportionate share. With our increasing population and traffic, it is not too much to assume that we shall construct about six thousand miles a year, or a little more, for the next sixteen years, by which we shall double our present mileage. This work will call for the continuous service of three hundred and fifty thousand men, as executive officers and engineers, as workers in mines, iron-works, rolling-mills, and machine-shops, and as car-builders, track-layers, and laborers. This small army, engaged in works that make for peace and plenty, is just one-half the standing army which we should need if we should maintain a force under arms in camp and barracks equal to the present standing armies in active service in France and Germany, in proportion to our population as our population will be for the period named. With the other half of our industrial army employed especially upon the development of the resources just now brought to light at Atlanta, we may bring the commerce of the world to our feet. A nation endowed like our own with the most abundant elements of wealth—applying even moderate skill and industry to their development,—which is free from the blood-tax of a standing army, and which pays high wages because the opportunities for labor are many—can enjoy the greatest abundance of the products of the field, the mine, and the factory, at the lowest cost, and pay for its exchanges with other nations by the sale of what it does not need and could not itself consume.

On the other hand, our abundant supply of the products of the field, the mine, and the forest is rendering the burden of rent, of tithes, and of standing armies intolerable to the people of other countries, and when our commerce is even in part made free from the obstruction of our navigation laws, and our excessive war tariff, our competition in supplying the world with manufactured goods will be felt in equal measure.

Several other errors exist, but on which side the error lies cannot yet be determined. It is alleged by many that although Northern men and Northern capital are now welcome in the South, and each one is free to work in his own way, yet families are not received with the same welcome,—that women

and children are isolated, and that offensive distinctions are made, not only in regard to persons of Northern birth, but even in respect to those of Southern birth who do not belong to the dominant political party. Should this be true, it will prove to be a great error in judgment, if Southern men expect to secure the use of capital or to promote emigration in any but the most scanty measure. The writer himself believes that the error in this case lies upon both sides; that in the larger portion constituting the progressive parts of the South, all such prejudices have been abated, but that they still exist in some remote or insignificant places in sufficient measure to justify the allegation. That such silly prejudices can resist the effect of the closer relations brought about by this exposition is not to be believed.

I can close this article in no better manner than by quoting the words of one of the most intelligent Georgia farmers, who summed up the case in this way: "Massachusetts has heretofore sold us her shoddy and has bought of us our trash; this exposition has given us the first chance we have ever had to meet each other and to begin anew under better methods of trade."

It will be apparent to the reader of this article that any attempt to analyze the true meaning of the Atlanta Cotton Exposition must lead the observer into deeper questions than those of mere purchase and sale, and may make his treatment of it very discursive. This exhibition deals apparently with mere material interests and business questions, but its social and political influence will profoundly affect the future history of this nation. The exhibition of minerals and timber contributed by only a portion of the Southern railroads cannot fail to give increased confidence in the future value of the railways themselves; the intercourse between the planters of the Mississippi Valley and men controlling capital from the Northern States may soon lead to the extension of the system of lending capital through the mortgage-security companies, which has worked so successfully in the West; the small farmers of other Southern States may learn a useful lesson from the progressive men of Georgia, whose crops give such assurance of their intelligence and activity. All these forces work together toward peace, order, industry, and mutual confidence; they will compel those who are called political leaders to obey their behest, and will render futile all attempts to maintain party divisions upon the dead issues of the past.

IN EXILE.

I.

THE singing streams and deep, dark wood
Beloved of old by Robin Hood,

Lift me a voice, kiss me a hand,
To call me from this younger land.

What time, by dull Floridian lakes,
What time, by rivers fringed with brakes,

I blow the reed and draw the bow,
And see my arrows hurtling go

Well-sent to deer or wary hare,
Or wild-fowl whistling down the air;—

What time I lie in shady spots
On beds of wild forget-me-nots,

That fringe the fen-lands insincere
And boggy marges of the mere,

Whereon I see the heron stand,
Knee-deep in sable slush of sand,—

I think how sweet if friends should come
And tell me England calls me home.

II.

I keep good heart and bide my time
And blow the bubbles of my rhyme;

I wait and watch, for soon I know
In Sherwood merry horns shall blow,

And blow and blow, and folk shall come
To tell me England calls me home.

Mother of archers, then I go
Wind-blown to you with bended bow,

To stand close up by you, and ask
That it be my appointed task

To sing in leal and loyal lays
Your matchless archers' meed of praise,

And that unchallenged I may go
Through your green woods with bended bow—

Your woods where bowered and hidden stood
Of old the home of Robin Hood.

Ah, this were sweet, and it will come
When merry England calls me home!

III.

Perchance, long hence, it may befall,
Or soon, mayhap, or not at all,

That all my songs nowhither sent,
And all my shafts at random spent,

Will find their way to those who love
The simple truth and force thereof,

Wherefore my name shall then be rung
Across the land from tongue to tongue,

Till some who hear shall haste to come
With news that England calls me home.

IV.

I walk where spiced winds raff the blades
Of sedge-grass on the summer glades;

Through purified braids that fringe the mere,
I watch the timid tawny deer

Set its quick feet and quake and spring,
As if it heard some deadly thing,

When but a brown snipe flutters by
With rustling wing and piping cry;

I stand in some dim place at dawn,
And see across a forest lawn

The tall wild turkeys swiftly pass,
Light-footed, through the dewy grass.

I shout and wind my horn, and go
The whole morn through with bended bow,

Then on my rest I feel at noon
Sown pulvil of the blooms of June;

I live and keep no count of time,
I blow the bubbles of my rhyme;

These are my joys till friends shall come
And tell me England calls me home.

v.

The self-yew bow was England's boast;
She leaned upon her archer host,—

It was her very life-support
At Crécy and at Agincourt,

At Flodden and at Halidon Hill,
And fields of glory redder still!

O bows that rang at Neville's Cross!
O yeomanry of Solway Moss!

These were your victories, for by you
Breast-plate and shield were cloven through,

And mailed knights, at every joint
Sore wounded by an arrow-point,

Drew rein, turned pale, reeled in the sell,
And, bristled with arrows, gasped and fell!

O barbèd points that scratched the name
Of England on the walls of fame!

O music of the ringing cords
Set to grand songs of deeds, not words!

O yeomen! for your memory's sake
These bubbles of my rhyme I make;

Not rhymes of conquest, stern and sad,
Or hoarse-voiced, like the Iliad,

But soft and dreamful as the sigh
Of this sweet wind that washes by

The while I wait for friends to come
And tell me England calls me home.

vi.

I wait and wait; it would be sweet
To feel the sea beneath my feet,

And hear the breeze sing in the shrouds
Betwixt me and the white-winged clouds,

To feel and know my heart would soon
Have its desire, its one sweet boon,

To look out on the foam-sprent waste
Through which my vessel's keel would haste,

Till on the far horizon dim
A low white line would shine and swim!

O God, the very thought is bliss!
The burden of my life it is,

Till over sea song-blown shall come
The news that England calls me home!

vii.

Ah, call me, England, some sweet day
When these brown locks are silver gray,

And these brown arms are shrunken small,
Unfit for deeds of strength at all;

When the swift deer shall pass me by
Whilst all unstrung my bow shall lie,

And birds shall taunt me with the time
I wasted blowing foolish rhyme,

And wasted dreaming foolish dreams
Of English woods and English streams,

Of grassy glade and queachy fen
Beloved of old by archer-men,

And of the friends who would not come
To tell me England called me home.

viii.

Such words are sad—blow them away
And lose them in the leaves of May,

O wind! and leave them there to rot
Like random arrows lost when shot;

And here, these better thoughts, take these
And blow them far across the seas,

To that old land and that old wood
Which hold the dust of Robin Hood!

Say this, low-speaking in my place:
"The last of all the archer-race

Sends this, his sheaf of rhymes, to those
Whose fathers bent the self-yew bows,

And made the cloth-yard arrow ring
For merry England and her king,

Wherever Lion Richard set
His fortune's stormy banneret!"

Say this, and then, oh haste to come
And tell me England calls me home!

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

VIII.

THE more Bartley dwelt upon his hard case, during the week that followed, the more it appeared to him that he was punished out of all proportion to his offense. He was in no mood to consider such mercies as that he had been spared from seriously hurting Bird; and that Squire Gaylord and Doctor Wills had united with Henry's mother in saving him from open disgrace. The physician, indeed, had perhaps indulged a professional passion for hushing the matter up, rather than any pity for Bartley. He probably had the scientific way of looking at such questions; and saw much physical cause for moral effects. He refrained, with the physician's reticence, from inquiring into the affair; but he would not have thought Bartley without excuse under the circumstances. In regard to the relative culpability in matters of the kind, his knowledge of women enabled him to take much the view of the woman's share that other women take.

But Bartley was ignorant of the doctor's leniency, and associated him with Squire Gaylord in the feeling that made his last week in Equity a period of social outlawry. There were moments in which he could not himself escape the same point of view. He could rebel against the severity of the condemnation he had fallen under in the eyes of Marcia and her father; he could, in the light of example and usage, laugh at the notion of harm in his behavior to Sally Morrison; yet he found himself looking at it as a treachery to her. Certainly, she had no right to question his conduct before his engagement. Yet, if he knew that Marcia loved him, and was waiting with life-and-death anxiety for some word of love from him, it was cruelly false to play with another at the passion which was such a tragedy to her. This was the point that, put aside however often, still presented itself, and its recurrence, if he could have known it, was mercy and reprieve from the only source out of which these could come.

Sally Morrison did not return to the printing-office, and Bird was still sick, though it was now only a question of time when he

should be out again. Bartley visited him some hours every day, and sat and suffered under the quiet condemnation of his mother's eyes. She had kept Bartley's secret with the same hardness with which she had refused him her forgiveness, and the village had settled down into an ostensible acceptance of the theory of a faint as the beginning of Bird's sickness, with such other conjectures as the doctor freely permitted each to form. In the evasions he was obliged to make, Bartley found his chief consolation in the work which saved him from question. He worked far into the night, as he must, to make up for the force that was withdrawn from the office. At the same time he wrote more than ever in the paper, and he discovered in himself that dual life of which every one who sins or sorrows is sooner or later aware: that strange separation of the intellectual activity from the suffering of the soul, by which the mind toils on in a sort of ironical indifference to the pangs that wring the heart; the assurance that, in some ways, his brain can get on perfectly well without his conscience.

There was a great deal of sympathy felt for Bartley at this time, and his popularity in Equity was never greater than now when his life there was drawing to a close. The spectacle of his diligence was so impressive that when, on the following Sunday, the young minister who had succeeded to the pulpit of the orthodox church preached a sermon on the beauty of industry from the text "Consider the Lilies," there were many who said that they thought of Bartley the whole while, and one—a lady—asked Mr. Savin if he did not have Mr. Hubbard in mind in the picture he drew of the Heroic Worker. They wished that Bartley could have heard that sermon.

Marcia had gone away early in the week to visit in the town where she used to go to school, and Bartley took her going away as a sign that she wished to put herself wholly beyond his reach, or any danger of relenting at sight of him. He talked with no one about her; and going and coming irregularly to his meals, and keeping himself shut up in his room when he was not at work, he left people

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very little chance to talk with him. But they conjectured that he and Marcia had an understanding; and some of the ladies used such scant opportunity as he gave them to make sly allusions to her absence and his desolate condition. They were confirmed in their surmise by the fact known from actual observation, that Bartley had not spoken a word to any other young lady since Marcia went away.

"Look here, my friend," said the philosopher from the logging-camp, when he came in for his paper on the Tuesday afternoon following, "seems to me from what I hear tell around here, you're tryin' to kill yourself on this newspaper. Now, it wont do; I tell you it wont do."

Bartley was addressing for the mail the papers which one of the girls was folding.

"What are you going to do about it?" he demanded of his sympathizer with whimsical sullenness, not troubling himself to look up at him.

"Well, I haint exactly settled yet," replied the philosopher, who was of a tall, lank figure, and of a mighty, brown beard. "But I've been around pretty much everywhere, and I find that about the poorest use you can put a man to is to kill him."

"It depends a good deal on the man," said Bartley. "But that's stale, Kinney. It's the old formula of the anti-capital-punishment fellows. Try something else. They're not talking of hanging me yet." He kept on writing, and the philosopher stood over him with a humorous twinkle of enjoyment at Bartley's readiness.

"Well, I'll allow it's old," he admitted. "So's Homer."

"Yes; but you don't pretend that you wrote Homer."

Kinney laughed mightily; then he leaned forward, and slapped Bartley on the shoulder with his newspaper.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "I like you!"

"Oh, try some other tack! Lots of fellows like me." Bartley kept on writing. "I gave you your paper, didn't I, Kinney?"

"You mean that you want me to get out?" was the response.

"Far be it from me to say so."

This delighted Kinney as much as the last refinement of hospitality would have pleased another man.

"Look here!" he said, "I want you should come out and see our camp. I can't fool away any more time on you here; but I want you should come out and see us. Give you something to write about. Hey?"

"The invitation comes at a time when circumstances over which I have no control

oblige me to decline it. I admire your prudence, Kinney."

"No, honest Injian, now," protested Kinney. "Take a day off, and fill up with dead advertisements. That's the way they used to do out in Alkali City when they got short of help on the 'Eagle,' and we liked it just as well."

"Now you are talking sense," said Bartley, looking up at him. "How far is it to your settlement?"

"Two miles, if you're goin'; three and a half, if you aint."

"When are you coming in again?"

"I'm in, now."

"I can't go with you to-day."

"Well, how'll to-morrow morning suit?"

"To-morrow morning will suit," said Bartley.

"All right. If anybody comes to see the editor to-morrow morning, Marilla," said Kinney to the girl, "you tell 'em he's sick, and gone a-loggin', and wont be back till Saturday. Say," he added, laying his hand on Bartley's shoulder, "you aint foolin'?"

"If I am," replied Bartley, "just mention it."

"Good!" said Kinney. "To-morrow it is, then."

Bartley finished addressing the newspapers, and then he put them up in wrappers and packages for the mail.

"You can go, now, Marilla," he said to the girl. "I'll have some copy for you and Kitty; you'll find it on my table in the morning."

"All right," answered the girl.

Bartley went to his supper, which he ate with more relish than he had felt for his meals since his troubles began, and he took part in the supper-table talk with something of his old audacity. The change interested the lady-boarders and they agreed that he must have had a letter. He returned to his office, and worked till nine o'clock, writing and selecting matter out of his exchanges. He spent most of the time in preparing the funny column, which was a favorite feature in the "Free Press." Then he put the copy where the girls would find it in the morning, and leaving the door unlocked, took his way up the street toward Squire Gaylord's.

He knew that he should find the lawyer in his office, and he opened the office-door without knocking, and went in. He had not met Squire Gaylord since the morning of his dismissal, and the old man had left him for the past eight days without any sign as to what he expected of Bartley, or of what he intended to do in his affair.

They looked at each other, but exchanged no sort of greeting, as Bartley, unbidden,

took a chair on the opposite side of the stove; the Squire did not put down the book he had been reading.

"I've come to see what you're going to do about the 'Free Press,'" said Bartley.

The old man rubbed his bristling jaw, that seemed even lankier than when Bartley saw it last. He waited almost a minute before he said:

"I don't know as I've got any call to tell you."

"Then I'll tell you what I'm going to do about it," retorted Bartley. "I'm going to leave it. I've done my last day's work on that paper. Do you think," he cried, angrily, "that I'm going to keep on in the dark, and let you consult your pleasure as to my future? No, sir! You don't know your man quite, Mr. Gaylord!"

"You've got over your scare," said the lawyer.

"I've got over my scare," Bartley retorted.

"And you think, because you're not afraid any longer, that you're out of danger. I know my man as well as you do, I guess."

"If you think I care for the danger, I don't. You may do what you please. Whatever you do, I shall know it isn't out of kindness for me. I didn't believe from the first that the law could touch me, and I wasn't uneasy on that account. But I didn't want to involve myself in a public scandal, for Miss Gaylord's sake. Miss Gaylord has released me from any obligations to her; and now you may go ahead and do what you like." Each of the men knew how much truth there was in this; but for the moment, in his anger, Bartley believed himself sincere, and there is no question but his defiance was so. Squire Gaylord made him no answer, and after a minute of expectation Bartley added, "At any rate, I've done with the 'Free Press.' I advise you to stop the paper, and hand the office over to Henry Bird, when he gets about. I'm going out to Willett's logging-camp to-morrow, and I'm coming back to Equity on Saturday. You'll know where to find me till then, and after that you may look me up if you want me."

He rose to go, but stopped with his hand on the door-knob, at a sound, preliminary to speaking, which the old man made in his throat. Bartley stopped, hoping for a further pretext of quarrel, but the lawyer merely asked,

"Where's the key?"

"It's in the office-door."

The old man now looked at him as if he no longer saw him, and Bartley went out, balked of his purpose in part, and in that degree so much the more embittered.

Squire Gaylord remained an hour longer; then he blew out his lamp, and left the little

office for the night. A light was burning in the kitchen, and he made his way round to the back door of the house, and let himself in. His wife was there, sitting before the stove, in those last delicious moments before going to bed, when all the house is mellowed to such a warmth that it seems hard to leave it to the cold and dark. In this poor lady, who had so long denied herself spiritual comfort, there was a certain obscure luxury: she liked little dainties of the table; she liked soft warmth, an easy cushion. It was doubtless in the disintegration of the finer qualities of her nature, that as they grew older together, she threw more and more the burden of acute feeling upon her husband, to whose doctrine of life she had submitted, but had never been reconciled. Marriage is, with all its disparities, a much more equal thing than appears, and the meek little wife, who has all the advantage of public sympathy, knows her power over her oppressor, and at some tender spot in his affections or his nerves can inflict an anguish that will avenge her for years of coarser aggression. Thrown in upon herself in so vital a matter as her religion, Mrs. Gaylord had involuntarily come to live largely for herself, though her talk was always of husband. She gave up for him, as she believed, her soul's salvation, but she held him to account for the uttermost farthing of the price. She padded herself round at every point where she could have suffered through her sensibilities, and lived soft and snug in the shelter of his iron will and indomitable courage. It was not apathy that she showed when their children died one after another, but an obscure and formless exultation that Mr. Gaylord would suffer enough for both.

Marcia was the youngest, and her mother left her training almost wholly to her father; she sometimes said that she never supposed the child would live. She did not actually urge this in excuse, but she had the appearance of doing so; and she held aloof from them both in their mutual relations, with mildly critical reserves. They spoiled each other, as father and daughter are apt to do when left to themselves. What was good in the child certainly received no harm from his indulgence; and what was naughty was after all not so very naughty. She was passionate, but she was generous; and if she showed a jealous temperament that must hereafter make her unhappy, for the time being it charmed and flattered her father to have her so fond of him that she could not endure any rivalry in his affection.

Her education proceeded fitfully. He would not let her be forced to household tasks that she disliked; and as a little girl she

went to school chiefly because she liked to go, and not because she would have been obliged to if she had not chosen. When she grew older, she wished to go away to school, and her father allowed her; he had no great respect for boarding-schools, but if Marcia wanted to try it, he was willing to humor the joke.

What resulted was a great proficiency in the things that pleased her, and ignorance of the other things. Her father bought her a piano, on which she did not play much, and he bought her whatever dresses she fancied. He never came home from a journey without bringing her something; and he liked to take her with him when he went away to other places. She had been several times at Portland, and once at Montreal; he was very proud of her; he could not see that any one was better-looking, or dressed any better than his girl.

He came into the kitchen, and sat down with his hat on, and taking his chin between his hands, moved uneasily about on his chair.

"What's brought you in so early?" asked his wife.

"Well, I got through," he briefly explained.

After a while he said, "Bartley Hubbard's been out there."

"You don't mean 't he knew she ——"

"No, he didn't know anything about that. He came to tell me he was going away."

"Well, I don't know what you're going to do, Mr. Gaylord," said his wife, shifting the responsibility wholly upon him. "D' he seem to want to make it up?"

"M-no!" said the Squire, "he was on his high horse. He knows he aint in any danger now."

"Aint you afraid she'll carry on dreadfully when she finds out 't he's gone for good?" asked Mrs. Gaylord, with a sort of implied satisfaction that the carrying on was not to affect her.

"M-yes," said the Squire, "I suppose she'll carry on. But I don't know what to do about it. Sometimes I almost wish I'd tried to make it up between 'em that day; but I thought she'd better see, once for all, what sort of man she was going in for, if she married him. It's too late, now, to do anything. The fellow came in to-night for a quarrel, and nothing else; I could see that; and I didn't give him any chance."

"You feel sure," asked Mrs. Gaylord, impartially, "that Marcia wa'n't too particular?"

"No, Miranda, I don't feel sure of anything, except that it's past your bed-time. You better go. I'll sit up awhile yet. I came in because I couldn't settle my mind to anything out there."

He took off his hat in token of his intending to spend the rest of the evening at home, and put it on the table at his elbow.

His wife sewed at the mending in her lap, without offering to act upon his suggestion.

"It's plain to be seen that she can't get along without him."

"She'll have to, now," replied the Squire.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Gaylord, softly, "that she'll be down sick. She don't look as if she'd slept any great deal since she's been gone. I d' know as I like very much to see her looking the way she does. I guess you've got to take her off somewheres."

"Why, she's just been off, and couldn't stay!"

"That's because she thought he was here, yet. But if he's gone, it won't be the same thing."

"Well, we've got to fight it out, some way," said the Squire. "It wouldn't do to give in to it, now. It always *was* too much of a one-sided thing, at the best; and if we tried now to mend it up, it would be ridiculous. I don't believe he would come back at all, now, and if he did, he wouldn't come back on any equal terms. He'd want to have everything his own way. M-no!" said the Squire, as if confirming himself in a conclusion often reached already in his own mind, "I saw by the way he began to-night that there wasn't anything to be done with him. It was fight from the word go."

"Well," said Mrs. Gaylord, with gentle, skeptical interest in the outcome, "if you've made up your mind to that, I hope you'll be able to carry it through."

"That's what I've made up my mind to," said her husband.

Mrs. Gaylord rolled up the sewing in her work-basket, and packed it away against the side, bracing it with several pairs of newly darned socks and stockings neatly folded one into the other. She took her time for this, and when she rose at last to go out, with her basket in her hand, the door opened in her face, and Marcia entered. Mrs. Gaylord shrank back, and then slipped round behind her daughter and vanished. The girl took no notice of her mother, but went and sat down on her father's knee, throwing her arms round his neck, and dropping her haggard face on his shoulder. She had arrived at home a few hours earlier, having driven over from a station ten miles distant, on a road that did not pass near Equity. After giving as much of a shock to her mother's mild nature as it was capable of receiving by her unexpected return, she had gone to her own room, and remained ever since without seeing her father. He put up his thin old hand and passed it

over her hair, but it was long before either of them spoke.

At last Marcia lifted her head, and looked her father in the face with a smile so pitiful that he could not bear to meet it.

"Well, father?" she said.

"Well, Marsh," he answered huskily.

"What do you think of me now?"

"I'm glad to have you back again," he replied.

"You know why I came?"

"Yes, I guess I know."

She put down her head again, and moaned and cried, "Father! Father!" with dry sobs. When she looked up, confronting him with her tearless eyes, she demanded desolately:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He tried to clear his throat to speak, but it required more than one effort to bring the words.

"I guess you better go along with me up to Boston. I'm going up the first of the week."

"No," she said quietly.

"The change would do you good. It's a long while since you've been away from home," her father urged.

She looked at him in sad reproach of his uncandor.

"You know there's nothing the matter with me, father. You know what the trouble is."

He was silent. He could not face the trouble.

"I've heard people talk of a heart-ache," she went on. "I never believed there was really such a thing. But I know there is, now. There's a pain here." She pressed her hand against her breast. "It's sore with aching. What shall I do? I shall have to live through it somehow."

"If you don't feel exactly well," said her father, "I guess you better see the doctor."

"What shall I tell him is the matter with me? That I want Bartley Hubbard?" He winced at the words, but she did not. "He knows that already. Everybody in town does. It's never been any secret. I couldn't hide it, from the first day I saw him. I'd just as lief as not they should say I was dying for him. I shall not care what they say when I'm dead."

"You'd oughtn't—you'd oughtn't to talk that way, Marcia," said her father gently.

"What difference?" she demanded, scornfully.

There was truly no difference, so far as concerned any creed of his, and he was too honest to make further pretense.

"What shall I do?" she went on again. "I've thought of praying; but what would be the use?"

"I've never denied that there was a God, Marcia," said her father.

"Oh, I know. *That* kind of God! Well, well! I know that I talk like a crazy person! Do you suppose it was providential, my being with you in the office that morning when Bartley came in?"

"No," said her father, "I don't. I think it was an accident."

"Mother said it was providential, my finding him out before it was too late."

"I think it was a good thing. The fellow has the making of a first-class scoundrel in him."

"Do you think he's a scoundrel now?" she asked quietly.

"He hasn't had any great opportunity yet," said the old man, conscientiously sparing him.

"Well, then, I'm sorry I found him out. Yes! If I hadn't, I might have married him, and perhaps if I had died soon I might never have found him out. He could have been good to me a year or two, and then, if I died, I should have been safe. Yes, I wish he could have deceived me till after we were married. Then I *couldn't* have borne to give him up, may be."

"You *would* have given him up, even then. And that's the only thing that reconciles me to it now. I'm sorry for you, my girl; but you'd have made me sorrier then. Sooner or later he'd have broken your heart."

"He's broken it now," said the girl calmly.

"Oh, no, he hasn't," replied her father with a false cheerfulness that did not deceive her. "You're young, and you'll get over it. I mean to take you away from here, for a while. I mean to take you up to Boston, and on to New York. I shouldn't care if we went as far as Washington. I guess when you've seen a little more of the world, you won't think Bartley Hubbard's the only one in it."

She looked at him so intently that he thought she must be pleased at his proposal.

"Do you think I could get him back?" she asked.

Her father lost his patience; it was a relief to be angry.

"No, I don't think it. I know you couldn't. And you ought to be ashamed of mentioning such a thing!"

"Oh, ashamed! No, I've got past that. I have no shame any more where he's concerned. Oh, I'd give the world if I could call him back—if I could only undo what I did! I was wild; I wasn't reasonable; I wouldn't listen to him. I drove him away without giving him a chance to say a word! Of course, he must hate me now. What makes you think he wouldn't come back?"

"I know he wouldn't," answered her father, with a sort of groan. "He's going to leave Equity for one thing, and —"

"Going to leave Equity?" she repeated, absently. Then he felt her tremble. "How do you know he's going?" She turned upon her father, and fixed him sternly with her eyes.

"Do you suppose he would stay after what's happened, any longer than he could help?"

"How do you know he's going?" she repeated.

"He told me."

She stood up.

"He told you? When?"

"To-night."

"Why, where—where did you see him?" she whispered.

"In the office."

"Since—since—I came? Bartley been here! And you didn't tell me—you didn't let me know?"

They looked at each other in silence.

"When is he going?" she asked, at last.

"To-morrow morning."

She sat down in the chair which her mother had left, and clutched the back of another, on which her fingers opened and closed convulsively, while she caught her breath in irregular gasps. She broke into a low moaning, at last, the expression of abject defeat in the struggle she had waged with herself. Her father watched her with dumb compassion. "Better go to bed, Marcia," he said, with the same dry calm as if he had been sending her away after some pleasant evening which she had suffered to run too far into the night.

"Don't you think—don't you think—he'll have to see you again before he goes?" she made out to ask.

"No; he's finished up with me," said the old man.

"Well, then," she cried, desperately, "you'll have to go to him, father, and get him to come! I can't help it! I can't give him up! You've got to go to him, now, father—yes, yes, you have! You've got to go and tell him. Go and get him to come, for *mercy's* sake! Tell him that I'm sorry—that I beg his pardon—that I didn't think—I didn't understand—that I knew he didn't do anything wrong!"

She rose, and placing her hand on her father's shoulder, accented each entreaty with a little push.

He looked up into her face with a haggard smile of sympathy.

"You're crazy, Marcia," he said, gently.

"Don't laugh!" she cried. "I'm not crazy now. But I was, then—yes, stark, staring crazy. Look here, father! I want to tell you—I want to explain to you!" She dropped upon his knee again, and tremblingly

passed her arm round his neck. "You see, I had just told him the day before that I shouldn't care for anything that happened before we were engaged, and then at the very first thing I went and threw him off! And I had no right to do it. He knows that, and that's what makes him so hard towards me. But if you go and tell him that I see now I was all wrong, and that I beg his pardon, and then ask him to give me *one* more trial, just one *more*—you can do as much as that for me, can't you?"

"Oh, you poor, crazy girl!" groaned her father. "Don't you see that the trouble is in what the fellow *is*, and not in any particular thing that he's done? He's a scamp, through and through; and he's all the more a scamp when he doesn't know it. He hasn't got the first idea of anything but selfishness."

"No, no! Now, I'll tell you—now, I'll prove it to you. That very Sunday when we were out riding together; and we met her and her mother, and their sleigh upset, and he had to lift her back; and it made me wild to see him, and I wouldn't hardly touch him or speak to him afterwards, he didn't say one angry word to me. He just pulled me up to him, and wouldn't let me be mad; and he said that night he didn't mind it a bit because it showed how much I liked him. Now, doesn't that prove he's good—a good deal better than I am, and that he'll forgive me, if you'll go and ask him? I know he isn't in bed yet; he always sits up late—he told me so; and you'll find him there in his room. Go straight to his room, father; don't let anybody see you down in the office; I couldn't bear it; and slip out with him as quietly as you can. But, oh, do hurry now! Don't lose another minute!"

The wild joy sprang into her face, as her father rose; a joy that it was terrible to him to see die out of it as he spoke:

"I tell you it's no use, Marcia! He wouldn't come if I went to him!"

"Oh, yes—yes, he would! I know he would! If!"

"He wouldn't! You're mistaken! I should have to get down in the dust for nothing. He's a bad fellow, I tell you; and you've got to give him up."

"You hate me!" cried the girl. The old man walked to and fro, clutching his hands. Their lives had always been in such intimate sympathy, his life had so long had her happiness for its sole pleasure, that the pang in her heart racked his with as sharp an agony. "Well, I shall die; and then I hope you will be satisfied."

"Marcia, Marcia!" pleaded her father. "You don't know what you're saying."

"You're letting him go away from me—you're letting me lose him—you're killing me!"

"He wouldn't come, my girl. It would be perfectly useless to go to him. You *must*—you *must* try to control yourself, Marcia. There's no other way—there's no other hope. You're disgraceful. You ought to be ashamed. You ought to have some pride about you. I don't know what's come over you since you've been with that fellow. You seem to be out of your senses. But try—try, my girl, to get over it. If you'll fight it, you'll conquer yet. You've got a spirit for anything. And I'll help you, Marcia. I'll take you anywhere. I'll do anything for you."

"You wouldn't go to him, and ask him to come here, if it would save his life!"

"No," said the old man, with a desperate quiet, "I wouldn't."

She stood looking at him, and then she sank suddenly, and straight down, as if she were sinking through the floor. When he lifted her, he saw that she was in a dead faint, and while the swoon lasted would be out of her misery. The sight of this had wrung him so that he had a kind of relief in looking at her lifeless face; and he was slow in laying her down again, like one that fears to wake a sleeping child. Then he went to the foot of the stairs, and softly called to his wife: "Miranda! Miranda!"

IX.

KINNEY came into town the next morning bright and early, as he phrased it; but he did not stop at the hotel for Bartley till nine o'clock. "Thought I'd give you time for breakfast," he exclaimed, "and so I didn't hurry up any about gettin' in my supplies."

It was a beautiful morning, so blindingly sunny, that Bartley winked as they drove up through the glistening street, and was glad to dip into the gloom of the first woods; it was not cold; the snow felt the warmth, and packed moistly under their runners. The air was perfectly still; at a distance on the mountain-sides it sparkled as if full of diamond-dust. Far overhead some crows called.

"The sun's getting high," said Bartley, with the light sigh of one to whom the thought of spring brings no hope.

"Well, I shouldn't begin to plow for corn just yet," replied Kinney. "It's curious," he went on, "to see how anxious we are to have a thing over, it don't much matter what it is, whether it's summer or winter. I suppose we'd feel different if we wa'n't sure there was going to be another of 'em. I guess that's one reason why the Lord concluded

not to keep us clearly posted on the question of another life. If it wa'n't for the uncertainty of the thing, there are a lot of fellows like you that wouldn't stand it here a minute. Why, if we had a dead sure thing of over-the-river—good climate, plenty to eat and wear, and not much to do—I don't believe any of us would keep Darling Minnie waiting, well, a *great* while. But you see, the thing's all on paper, and that makes us cautious, and willing to hang on here awhile longer. Looks splendid on the map: streets regularly laid out; public squares; hand-stands; churches; solid blocks of houses, with all the modern improvements; but you can't tell whether there's any town there till you're on the ground; and then, if you don't like it, there's no way of gettin' back to the States."

He turned round upon Bartley and opened his mouth wide, to imply that this was pleasantry.

"Do you throw your philosophy in, all under the same price, Kinney?" asked the young fellow.

"Well, yes; I never charge anything over," said Kinney. "You see, I have a good deal of time to think when I'm around by myself all day, and the philosophy don't cost me anything, and the fellows like it. Roughing it the way they do, they can stand 'most anything. Hey?" He now not only opened his mouth upon Bartley, but thrust him in the side with his elbow, and then laughed noisily.

Kinney was the cook. He had been over pretty nearly the whole uninhabitable globe, starting as a gaunt and awkward boy from the Maine woods, and keeping until he came back to them in late middle-life the same gross and ridiculous optimism. He had been at sea, and had been shipwrecked on several islands in the Pacific; he had passed a rainy season at Panama, and a yellow-fever season at Vera Cruz, and had been carried far into the interior of Peru by a tidal-wave during an earthquake season; he was in the Border Ruffian War of Kansas, and he clung to California till prosperity deserted her after the completion of the Pacific road. Wherever he went he carried or found adversity; but with a heart fed on the metaphysics of Horace Greeley, and buoyed up by a few wildly interpreted maxims of Emerson, he had always believed in other men, and their fitness for the terrestrial millennium which was never more than ten days or ten miles off. It is not necessary to say that he had continued as poor as he began, and that he was never able to contribute to those railroads, mills, elevators, towns, and cities which were sure to be built, sir, sure to be built, wherever he went. When he came home at last to the woods, some hundreds of miles

north of Equity, he found that some one had realized his early dream of a summer hotel on the shore of the beautiful lake there; and he unobtrusively settled down to admire the landlord's thrift, and to act as guide and cook for parties of young ladies and gentlemen who started from the hotel to camp in the woods. This brought him into the society of cultivated people, for which he had a real passion. He had always had a few thoughts rattling round in his skull, and he liked to make sure of them in talk with those who had enjoyed greater advantages than himself. He never begrudged them their luck; he simply and sweetly admired them; he made studies of their several characters, and was never tired of analyzing them to their advantage to the next summer's parties. Late in the fall, he went in, as it is called, with a camp of loggers, among whom he rarely failed to find some remarkable men. But he confessed that he did not enjoy the steady three or four months in the winter-woods with no coming out at all till spring; and he had been glad of this chance in a logging-camp near Equity, in which he had been offered the cook's place by the owner, who had tested his fare in the northern woods the summer before. Its proximity to the village allowed him to loaf in open civilization at least once a week, and he spent the greater part of his time at the "Free Press" office on publication-day. He had always sought the society of newspaper men, and wherever he could, he had given them his. He was not long in discovering that Bartley was smart as a steel-trap; and by an early and natural transition from calling the young lady compositors by their pet names, and patting them on their shoulders, he had arrived at a like affectionate intimacy with Bartley.

As they worked deep into the woods on their way to the camp, the road dwindled to a well-worn track between the stumps and bushes. The ground was rough, and they constantly plunged down the slopes of little hills, and climbed the sides of little valleys, and from time to time they had to turn out for teams drawing logs to the mills in Equity, each with its equipage of four or five wild young fellows, who saluted Kinney with an ironical cheer or jovial taunt in passing.

"They're all just so," he explained, with pride, when the last party had passed. "They're gentlemen, every one of 'em—perfect gentlemen."

They came at last to a wider clearing than any they had yet passed through, and here on a level of the hill-side stretched the camp, a long, low structure of logs, with the roof

broken at one point by a stove-pipe, and the walls irregularly pierced by small windows; around it crouched and burrowed in the drift the sheds that served as stables and store-houses.

The sun shone, and shone with dazzling brightness, upon the opening; the sound of distant shouts and the rhythmical stroke of axes came to it out of the forest; but the camp was deserted, and in the stillness Kinney's voice seemed strange and alien.

"Walk in, walk in!" he said, hospitably. "I've got to look after my horse."

But Bartley remained at the door, blinking in the sunshine, and harking to the near silence that sang in his ears. A curious feeling possessed him; sickness of himself as of some one else; a longing, consciously helpless, to be something different; a sense of captivity to habits and thoughts and hopes that centered in himself, and served him alone.

"Terribly peaceful around here," said Kinney, coming back to him, and joining him in a survey of the landscape, with his hands on his hips, and a stem of timothy projecting from his lips.

"Yes, terribly," assented Bartley.

"But it *aint* a bad way for a man to live, as long as he's young; or haint got anybody that wants his company more than his room.—Be the place for you."

"On which ground?" Bartley asked, dryly, without taking his eyes from a distant peak that showed through the notch in the forest.

Kinney laughed in as unselfish enjoyment as if he had made the turn himself.

"Well, that *aint* exactly what I meant to say: what I meant was that any man engaged in intellectual pursuits wants to come out and commune with nature, every little while."

"You call the Equity 'Free Press' intellectual pursuits?" demanded Bartley, with scorn. "I suppose it is," he added. "Well, here I am—right on the commune. But nature's such a big thing, I think it takes two to commune with her."

"Well, a girl's a help," assented Kinney.

"I wasn't thinking of a girl, exactly," said Bartley, with a little sadness. "I mean that if you're not in first-rate spiritual condition, you're apt to get floored, if you undertake to commune with nature."

"I guess that's about so. If a man's got anything on his mind, a big railroad depot's the place for him. But you're run down. You ought to come out here, and take a hand, and be a man amongst men." Kinney talked partly for quantity, and partly for pure, indefinite good feeling.

Bartley turned toward the door. "What have you got inside, here?"

Kinney flung the door open, and followed his guest within. The first two-thirds of the cabin was used as a dormitory, and the sides were furnished with rough bunks, from the ground to the roof. The round, unhewn logs showed their form everywhere; the crevices were calked with moss; and the walls were warm and tight. It was dark between the bunks, but beyond it was lighter, and Bartley could see at the farther end a vast cooking-stove, and three long tables with benches at their sides. A huge coffee-pot stood on the top of the stove, and various pots and kettles surrounded it.

"Come into the dining-room and sit down in the parlor," said Kinney, drawing off his coat as he walked forward. "Take the sofa," he added, indicating a movable bench. He hung his coat on a peg and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and began to whistle cheerily, like a man who enjoys his work, as he threw open the stove-door and poked in some sticks of fuel. A brooding warmth filled the place, and the wood made a pleasant crackling as it took fire.

"Here's my desk," said Kinney, pointing to a barrel that supported a broad smooth board-top. "This is where I compose my favorite works." He turned round, and cut out of a mighty mass of dough in a tin trough a portion which he threw down on his table, and attacked with a rolling-pin. "That means pie, Mr. Hubbard," he explained, "and pie means meat-pie—or squash-pie, at a pinch. To-day's pie-baking day. But you needn't be troubled on that account. So's to-morrow and so was yesterday. Pie twenty-one times a week is the word, and don't you forget it. They say old Agassiz," Kinney went on, in that easy familiar fondness with which our people like to speak of greatness that impresses their imagination, "they say old Agassiz recommended fish as the best food for the brain. Well, I don't suppose but what it is. But I don't know but what pie is more stimulating to the fancy. I *never* saw anything like meat-pie to make ye dream."

"Yes," said Bartley, nodding gloomily, "I've tried it."

Kinney laughed.

"Well, I guess folks of sedentary pursuits, like you and me, don't need it; but these fellows that stamp round in the snow all day, they want something to keep their imagination goin'. And I guess pie does it. Anyway, they can't seem to get enough of it. Ever try apples when you was at work? They say old Greeley kep' his desk full of 'em; kep' munchin' away all the while when he was writin' his editorials. And one of them German poets—I don't know

but what it was old Gutty himself—kept *rotten* ones in *his* drawer; liked the smell of 'em. Well, there's a good deal of apple in meat-pie. May be it's the apple that does it. I don't know. But I guess if your pursuits are sedentary, you better take the apple separate."

Bartley did not say anything; but he kept a lazily interested eye on Kinney as he rolled out his pie-crust, fitted it into his tins, filled these from a jar of mince-meat, covered them with a sheet of dough pierced in herring-bone pattern, and marshaled them at one side ready for the oven.

"If fish *is* any better for the brain," Kinney proceeded, "they can't complain of any want of it, at least in the salted form. They get fish-balls three times a week for breakfast, as reg'lar as Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday comes round. And Fridays I make up a sort of chowder for the Kanucks; they're Catholics, you know, and I don't believe in interferin' with *any* man's religion, it don't matter what it is."

"You ought to be a deacon in the First Church at Equity," said Bartley.

"Is that so? Why?" asked Kinney.

"Oh, they don't believe in interfering with any man's religion, either."

"Well," said Kinney, thoughtfully, pausing with the rolling-pin in his hand, "there's such a thing as being *too* liberal, I suppose."

"The world's tried the other thing a good while," said Bartley, with cynical amusement.

It seemed to chill the flow of the good fellow's optimism, so that he assented with but lukewarm satisfaction.

"Well, that's so, too," and he made up the rest of his pies in silence.

"Well," he exclaimed, at last, as if shaking himself out of an unpleasant reverie, "I guess we shall get along, somehow. Do you like pork and beans?"

"Yes, I do," said Bartley.

"We're goin' to have 'em for dinner. You can hit beans any meal you drop in on us; beans twenty-one times a week, just like pie. Set 'em in to warm," he said, taking up a capacious earthen pot, near the stove, and putting it into the oven. "I been pretty much everywhere, and I don't know as I found anything for a stand-by that come up to beans. I'm goin' to give 'em potatoes and cabbage to-day—kind of a boiled-dinner day—but you'll see there aint one in ten'll touch 'em to what there will these old residents. Potatoes and cabbage'll do for a kind of a delicacy—sort of a side-dish—on *free*, you know; but give 'em beans for a steady diet. Why, off there in Chili, even, the people regularly live on beans—not exactly like ours—broad and

flat—but they're beans. Wa'n't there some those ancients—old Horace, or Virgil, may be—rung in something about beans in some their poems?"

"I don't remember anything of the kind," said Bartley, languidly.

"Well, I don't know as *I* can. I just have a dim recollection of language thrown out at the object—as old Matthew Arnold says. But it might have been something in Emerson."

Bartley laughed.

"I didn't suppose you were such a reader, Kinney."

"Oh, I nibble round wherever I can get a chance. Mostly in the newspapers, you know. I don't get any time for books, as a general rule. But there's pretty much everything in the papers. I should call beans a brain-food."

"I guess you call anything a brain-food that you happen to like, don't you, Kinney?"

"No, sir," said Kinney, soberly; "but I like to see the philosophy of a thing when I get a chance. Now, there's tea, for example," he said, pointing to the great tin pot on the stove.

"Coffee, you mean," said Bartley.

"No, sir, I mean tea. That's tea; and I give it to 'em three times a day, good and strong—molasses in it, and no milk. That's a brain-food, if ever there was one. Sets 'em up, right on end, every time. Clears their heads and keeps the cold out."

"I should think you were running a seminary for young ladies, instead of a logging-camp," said Bartley.

"No, but look at it: I'm in earnest about tea. You look at the tea-drinkers and the coffee-drinkers all the world over! Look at 'em in our own country! All the Northern people and all the go-ahead people drink tea. The Pennsylvanians and the Southerners drink coffee. Why, our New England folks don't even know how to *make* coffee so it's fit to drink! And it's just so all over Europe. The Russians drink tea, and they'd e't up those coffee-drinkin' Turks long ago, if the tea-drinkin' English hadn't kept 'em from it. Go anywhere you like in the North and you find 'em drinkin' tea. The Swedes and Norwegians in Aroostook County drink it; and they drink it at home."

"Well, what do you think of the French and Germans? They drink coffee, and they're pretty smart, active people, too."

"French and Germans drink coffee?"

"Yes."

Kinney stopped short in his heated career of generalization, and scratched his shaggy head.

"Well," he said, finally, "I guess they're a kind of a missing link, as old Darwin says." He joined Bartley in his laugh cordially, and

looked up at the round clock nailed to a log. "It's about time I set my tables, anyway. Well," he asked, apparently to keep the conversation from flagging, while he went about this work, "how is the good old 'Free Press' getting along?"

"It's going to get along without me from this out," said Bartley. "This is my last week in Equity."

"No!" retorted Kinney, in tremendous astonishment.

"Yes: I'm off at the end of the week. Squire Gaylord takes the paper back for the committee, and I suppose Henry Bird will run it for a while; or perhaps they'll stop it altogether. It's been a losing business for the committee."

"Why, I thought you'd bought it of 'em."

"Well, that's what I expected to do; but the office hasn't made any money. All that I've saved is in my colt and cutter."

"That sorrel?"

Bartley nodded.

"I'm going away about as poor as I came. I couldn't go much poorer."

"Well!" said Kinney, in the exhaustion of adequate language. He went on laying the plates and knives and forks in silence. These were of undisguised steel; the dishes and the drinking-mugs were of that dense and heavy make which the keepers of cheap restaurants use to protect themselves against breakage, and which their servants chip to the quick at every edge. Kinney laid bread and crackers by each plate, and on each he placed a vast slab of cold corned beef. Then he lifted the lid of the pot in which the cabbage and potatoes were boiling together, and pricked them with a fork. He dished up the beans in a succession of deep tins, and set them at intervals along the tables, and began to talk again.

"Well, now, I'm sorry. I'd just begun to feel real well acquainted with you. Tell you the truth, I didn't take much of a fancy to you, first off."

"Is that so?" asked Bartley, not much disturbed by the confession.

"Yes, sir. Well, come to boil it down," said Kinney, with the frankness of the analytical mind that disdains to spare itself in the pursuit of truth, "I didn't like your good clothes. I don't suppose I ever had a suit of clothes to fit me. Feel kind of ashamed, you know, when I go into the store, and take the first thing the Jew wants to put off on to me. Now, I suppose you go to Macullar and Parker's in Boston, and you get what *you* want."

"No; I have my measure at a tailor's," said Bartley, with ill-concealed pride in the fact.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Kinney.

"Well!" he said, as if he might as well swallow this pill, too, while he was about it. "Well, what's the use? I never was the figure for clothes, anyway. Long, gangling boy to start with, and a lean, stoop-shouldered man. I found out some time ago that a fellow wa'n't necessarily a bad fellow because he had money; or a good fellow because he hadn't. But I hadn't quite got over hating a man because he had style. Well, I suppose it was a kind of a *survival*, as old Tylor calls it. But I tell you, I sniffed round you a good while before I made up my mind to swallow you. And that turn-out of yours, it kind of staggered me, after I got over the clothes. Why, it wa'n't so much the colt—any man likes to ride after a sorrel colt; and it wa'n't so much the cutter: it was the red linin' with pinked edges that you had to your robe; and it was the red ribbon that you had tied round the waist of your whip. When I see that ribbon on that whip, dumn you, I wanted to kill you." Bartley broke out into a laugh, but Kinney went on soberly. "But, thinks I to myself: 'Here! Now you stop right here! You wait! You give the fellow a chance for his life. Let him have a chance to show whether that whip-ribbon goes all through him, first. If it does, kill him cheerfully; but give him a chance, first.' Well, sir, I gave you the chance, and you showed that you deserved it. I guess you taught me a lesson. When I see you at work, pegging away hard at something or other, every time I went into your office, up and coming with everybody, and just as ready to pass the time of day with me as the biggest bug in town, thinks I: 'You'd have made a great mistake to kill that fellow, Kinney!' And I just made up my mind to like you."

"Thanks," said Bartley, with ironical gratitude.

Kinney did not speak at once. He whistled thoughtfully through his teeth, and said:

"I'll tell you what: If you're going away very poor, I know a wealthy chap you can raise a loan out of."

Bartley thought seriously for a moment.

"If your friend offers me twenty dollars, I'm not too well dressed to take it."

"All right," said Kinney. He now dished up the cabbage and potatoes, and throwing a fresh handful of tea into the pot, and filling it up with water, he took down a tin horn, with which he went to the door and sounded a long, stertorous note.

X.

"GUESS it was the clothes again," said Kinney, as he began to wash his tins and

dishes after the dinner was over, and the men had gone back to their work. "I could see 'em eyin' you over when they first came in, and I could see that they didn't exactly like the looks of 'em. It would wear off in time, but it *takes* time for it to wear off; and it had to go pretty rusty for a start-off. Well, I don't know as it makes much difference to you, does it?"

"Oh, I thought we got along very well," said Bartley, with a careless yawn. "There wasn't much chance to get acquainted." Some of the loggers were as handsome and well-made as he, and were of as good origin and traditions, though he had some advantages of training. But his two-button cutaway, his well-fitting trowsers, his scarf with a pin in it, had been too much for these young fellows in their long 'stoga boots and flannel shirts. They looked at him askance, and dispatched their meal with more than their wonted swiftness, and were off again into the woods without any demonstrations of satisfaction in Bartley's presence.

He had perceived their grudge, for he had felt it in his time. But it did not displease him; he had none of the pain with which Kinney, who had so long bragged of him to the loggers, saw that his guest was a failure.

"I guess they'll come out all right in the end," he said. In this warm atmosphere, after the gross and heavy dinner he had eaten, he yawned again and again. He folded his overcoat into a pillow for his bench and lay down, and lazily watched Kinney about his work. Presently he saw Kinney seated on a block of wood beside the stove, with his elbow propped in one hand, and holding a magazine, out of which he was reading; he wore spectacles, which gave him a fresh and interesting touch of grotesqueness. Bartley found that an empty barrel had been placed on each side of him, evidently to keep him from rolling off his bench.

"Hello!" he said. "Much obliged to you, Kinney. I haven't been taken such good care of since I can remember. Been asleep, haven't I?"

"About an hour," said Kinney, with a glance at the clock, and inquiring his agency in Bartley's comfort.

"Food for the brain!" said Bartley, sitting up. "I should think so. I've dreamt a perfect New American Cyclopaedia, and a pronouncing gazetteer thrown in."

"Is that so?" said Kinney, as if pleased with the suggestive character of his cookery, now established by eminent experiment.

Bartley yawned a yawn of satisfied sleepiness, and rubbed his hand over his face.

"I suppose," he said, "if I'm going to

write anything about Camp Kinney, I had better see all there is to see."

"Well, yes, I presume you had," said Kinney. "We'll go over to where they're cuttin', pretty soon, and you can see all there is in an hour. But I presume you'll want to see it so as to ring in some description, hey? Well, that's all right. But what you going to do with it, when you've done it, now you're out of the 'Free Press'?"

"Oh, I shouldn't have printed it in the 'Free Press,' anyway. Coals to Newcastle, you know. I'll tell you what I think I'll do, Kinney: I'll get my outlines, and then you post me with a lot of facts—queer characters, accidents, romantic incidents, snowings-up, threatened starvation, adventures with wild animals—and I can make something worth while; get out two or three columns, so they can print it in their Sunday edition. And then I'll take it up to Boston with me, and seek my fortune with it."

"Well, sir, I'll do it," said Kinney, fired with the poetry of the idea. "I'll post you! Dumn 'f I don't wish I could write! Well, I *did* use to scribble once for an agricultural paper; but I don't call that writin'. I've set down, well, I guess as much as sixty times, to try to write out what I know about loggin'!"

"Hold on!" cried Bartley, whipping out his note-book. "That's first-rate. That'll do for the first line in the head: *What I Know About Logging*: large caps. Well!"

Kinney shut his magazine, and took his knee between his hands, screwing his eyes almost shut to sharpen his recollection. He poured forth a stream of reminiscence, mingled observation, and personal experience. Bartley followed him with his pencil, jotting down points, striking in sub-head lines, and now and then interrupting him with cries of "Good!" "Capital!" "It's a perfect mine—it's a mint! By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I'll make *six* columns of this! I'll offer it to one of the magazines, and it'll come out illustrated! Go on, Kinney."

"Hark!" said Kinney, craning his neck forward to listen. "I thought I heard sleigh-bells. But I guess it wa'n't. Well, sir, as I was sayin', they fetched that fellow into camp with both feet frozen to the knees—dumn 'f it *wa'n't* bells!"

He unlimbered himself, and hurried to the door at the other end of the cabin, which he opened, letting in a clear block of the afternoon sunshine, and a gush of sleigh-bell music, shot with men's voices, and the cries and laughter of women.

"Well, sir," said Kinney, coming back and making haste to roll down his sleeves and put on his coat. "*Here's* a nuisance! A whole

party of folks—two sleigh-loads—right on us. I don't know who they *be*, or where they're from. But I know where I wish they *was*. Well, of course, it's natural they should want to see a loggin'-camp," added Kinney, taking himself to task for his inhospitable mind, "and there aint any harm in it. But I wish they'd give a fellow a *little* notice!"

The voices and bells drew nearer, but Kinney seemed resolved to observe the decorum of not going to the door till some one knocked.

"Kinney! Kinney! Hello, Kinney!" shouted a man's voice, as the bells hushed before the door, and broke into a musical clash when one of the horses tossed his head.

"Well, sir," said Kinney, rising, "I guess it's old Willett himself. He's the owner; lives up to Portland, and been threatening to come down here all winter, with a party of friends. You just stay still," he added; and he paid himself the deference which every true American owes himself in his dealings with his employer: he went to the door very deliberately, and made no haste on account of the repeated cries of "Kinney! Kinney!" in which others of the party outside now joined.

When he opened the door again, the first voice saluted him with a roar of laughter.

"Why, Kinney, I began to think you were dead!"

"No, sir," Bartley heard Kinney reply, "it takes more to kill me than you suppose." But now he stepped outside, and the talk became unintelligible.

Finally Bartley heard what was imaginably Mr. Willett's voice saying, "Well, let's go in and have a look at it now;" and with much outcry and laughter the ladies were invisibly helped to dismount, and presently the whole party came stamping and rustling in.

Bartley's blood tingled. He liked this, and he stood quite self-possessed, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and his elbows dropped, while Mr. Willett advanced in a friendly way.

"Ah, Mr. Hubbard! Kinney told us you were in here, and asked me to introduce myself while he looked after the horses. My name's Willett. These are my daughters; this is Mrs. Macallister, of Montreal; Mrs. Witherby, of Boston; Miss Witherby, and Mr. Witherby. You ought to know each other; Mr. Hubbard is the editor of the *Equity* 'Free Press'; Mr. Witherby of the 'Boston Events,' Mr. Hubbard. Oh, and Mr. Macallister."

Bartley bowed to the Willett and Witherby ladies, and shook hands with Mr. Witherby, a large, solemn man, with a purse-mouth and tight rings of white hair, who treated him with the pomp inevitable to the owner of a city newspaper in meeting a country editor.

At the mention of his name, Mr. Macallister, a slight little straight man, in a long ulster and a seal-skin cap, tiddled farcically forward on his toes, and giving Bartley his hand, said, "Ah, haow d'e-do, *haow* d'e-do!"

Mrs. Macallister fixed upon him the eye of the flirt who knows her man. She was of the dark-eyed English type; her eyes were very large and full, and her smooth black hair was drawn flatly backward, and fastened in a knot just under her dashing fur cap. She wore a fur sack, and she was equipped against the cold as exquisitely as her Southern sisters defend themselves from the summer. Bits of warm color, in ribbon and scarf, flashed out here and there; when she flung open her sack, she showed herself much more lavishly buttoned and bugled and bangled than the Americans. She sat down on the movable bench which Bartley had vacated, and crossed her feet, very small and saucy, even in their arctics, on a stick of fire-wood, and cast up her neat profile, and rapidly made eyes at every part of the interior. "Why, it's delicious, you know. I never saw anything so comfortable. I want to spend the rest of me life here, you know." She spoke very far down in her throat, and with a rising inflection in each sentence. "I'm going to have a quarrel with you, Mr. Willett, for not telling me what a delightful surprise you had for us here. Oh, but I'd no idea of it, assure you!"

"Well, I'm glad you like it, Mrs. Macallister," said Mr. Willett, with the clumsiness of American middle-age when summoned to say something gallant. "If I'd told you what a surprise I had for you, it wouldn't have been one."

"Oh, it's no good your trying to get out of it *that* way," retorted the beauty. "There he comes now! I'm really in love with him, you know," she said, as Kinney opened the door and came hulking forward.

Nobody said anything at once, but Bartley laughed finally and ventured,

"Well, I'll propose for you to Kinney."

"Oh, I dare say!" cried the beauty, with a lively effort of wit. "Mr. Kinney, I have fallen in love with your camp, d'ye know?" she added, as Kinney drew near, "and I'm beggin' Mr. Willett to let me come and live here among you."

"Well, ma'am," said Kinney, a little abashed at this proposition, "you couldn't do a better thing for your health, I *guess*."

The proprietor of the "Boston Events" turned about, and began to look over the arrangements of the interior; the other ladies went with him, conversing in low tones. "These must be the places where the men sleep," they said, gazing at the bunks.

"We must get Kinney to explain things to us," said Mr. Willett a little restlessly.

Mrs. Macallister jumped briskly to her feet.

"Oh, yes, do, Mr. Willett, make him explain everything! I've been tryin' to coax it out of him, but he's *such* a tease!"

Kinney looked very sheepish in this character, and Mrs. Macallister hooked Bartley to her side for the tour of the interior. "I can't let you away from me, Mr. Hubbard; your friend's so satirical, I'm afraid of him. Only fancy, Mr. Willett! He's been talkin' to me about brain-foods! I know he's makin' fun of me; and it isn't kind, is it, Mr. Hubbard?"

She did not give the least notice to the things that the others looked at, or to Kinney's modest lecture upon the manners and customs of the loggers. She kept a little apart with Bartley, and plied him with bravadoes, with pouts, with little cries of suspense. In the midst of this he heard Mr. Willett saying, "You ought to get some one to come and write about this for your paper, Witherby." But Mrs. Macallister was also saying something, with a significant turn of her floating eyes, and the thing that concerned Bartley, if he were to make his way among the newspapers in Boston, slipped from his grasp like the idea which we try to seize in a dream. She made sure of him for the drive to the place which they visited to see the men felling the trees, by inviting him to a seat at her side in the sleigh; this crowded the others, but she insisted and they all gave way, as people must to the caprices of a pretty woman. Her coquetties united British willfulness to American nonchalance, and seemed to have been graduated to the appreciation of garrison and St. Lawrence River steam-boat and watering-place society. The Willett ladies had already found it necessary to explain to the Witherby ladies that they had met her the summer before at the sea-side, and that she had stopped at Portland on her way to England; they did not know her very well, but some friends of theirs did; and their father had asked her to come with them to the camp. They added that the Canadian ladies seemed to expect the gentlemen to be a great deal more attentive than ours were. They had known as little what to do with Mr. Macallister's small-talk and compliments as his wife's audacities, but they did not view Bartley's responsiveness with pleasure. If Mrs. Macallister's arts were not subtle, as Bartley even in the intoxication of her preference could not keep from seeing, still, in his mood, it was consoling to be singled out by her: it meant that even in a logging-camp he was recognizable by any person of fashion as a good-looking, well-dressed man of the world. It embittered him

the more against Marcia, while, in some sort, it vindicated him to himself.

The early winter sunset was beginning to tinge the snow with crimson, when the party started back to camp, where Kinney was to give them supper; he had it greatly on his conscience that they should have a good time, and he promoted it as far as hot mince-pie and newly fried doughnuts would go. He also opened a few canned goods, as he called some very exclusive sardines and peaches, and he made an entirely fresh pot of tea, and a pan of soda-biscuit. Mrs. Macallister made remarks across her plate which were for Bartley alone; and Kinney, who was seriously waiting upon his guests, refused to respond to Bartley's joking reference to himself of some questions and comments of hers.

After supper, when the loggers had withdrawn to the other end of the long hut, she called out to Kinney,

"Oh, *do* tell them to smoke: we shall not mind it at all, I assure you. Can't some of them do something? Sing or dance?"

Kinney unbent a little at this.

"There's a first-class clog-dancer among them; but he's a little stuck-up, and I don't know as you could get him to dance," he said in a low tone.

"What a bloated aristocrat!" cried the lady. "Then the only thing is for us to dance first. Can they play?"

"One of 'em can whistle like a bird—he can whistle like a whole band," answered Kinney, warming. "And of course the Kanucks can fiddle."

"And what are Kanucks? Is *that* what you call us Canadians?"

"Well, ma'am, it aint quite the thing to do," said Kinney, penitently.

"It isn't at *all* the thing to do! Which are the Kanucks?"

She rose, and went forward with Kinney, in her spoiled way, and addressed a swarthy, gleaming-eyed young logger in French. He answered with a smile that showed all his white teeth, and turned to one of his comrades; then the two rose, and got violins out of the bunks, and came forward. Others of their race joined them, but the Yankees hung gloomily back; they clearly did not like these liberties, this patronage.

"I shall have your clog-dancer on his feet yet, Mr. Kinney," said Mrs. Macallister, as she came back to her place.

The Canadians began to play and sing those gay, gay airs of old France which they have kept unsaddened through all the dark events that have changed the popular mood of the mother-country; they have matched words to them in celebration of their life on

the great rivers and in the vast forests of the North, and in these blithe barcaroles and hunting-songs breathes the joyous spirit of a France that knows neither doubt nor care; France untouched by Revolution or Napoleonic wars; some of the airs still keep the very words that came over seas with them two hundred years ago. The transition to the dance was quick and inevitable; a dozen slim young fellows were gliding about behind the players, pounding the hard earthen floor, and singing in time.

"Oh, come, come!" cried the beauty, rising and stamping impatiently with her little foot, "suppose we dance, too."

She pulled Bartley forward by the hand; her husband followed with the tallest Miss Willett; two of the Canadians, at the instance of Mrs. Macallister, came forward and politely asked the honor of the other young ladies' hands in the dance; their temper was infectious, and the cotillion was in full life before their parents had time to wonder at their consent. Mrs. Macallister could sing some of the Canadian songs; her voice, clear and fresh, rang through those of the men, while in at the window, thrown open for air, came the wild cries of the forest: the wail of a catamount, and the solemn hooting of a distant owl.

"Isn't it jolly good fun?" she demanded, when the figure was finished; and now Kinney went up to the first-class clog-dancer, and prevailed with him to show his skill. He seemed to consent on condition that the whistler should furnish the music; he came forward with a bashful hauteur, bridling stiffly like a girl, and struck into the laborious and monotonous jig which is, perhaps, our national dance. He was exquisitely shaped, and as he danced, he supplied more and more, while the whistler warbled a wilder and swifter strain, and kept time with his hands. There was something that stirred the blood in the fury of the strain and dance. When it was done, Mrs. Macallister caught off her cap and ran round among the spectators to make them pay; she excused no one, and she gave the money to Kinney, telling him to get his loggers something to keep the cold out.

"I should say whisky, if I were in the Canadian bush," she suggested.

"Well, I guess we sha'n't say anything stronger than lawger in *this* camp," said Kinney.

"Yes, lager for loggers—that's right," she returned, promptly punning upon Kinney's accent. "I know Mr. Hubbard is dying to do something. Do something, Mr. Hubbard!" Bartley looked up in surprise at this interpretation of his tacit wish to distinguish himself

before her. "Come, sing us some of your student songs."

Bartley's vanity had confided the fact of his college training to her, and he was really thinking just then that he would like to give them a serio-comic song, for which he had been famous with his class. He borrowed the violin of a Kanuck, and, sitting down, strummed upon it banjo-wise. The song was one of those which is partly spoken and acted; he really did it very well; but the Willett and Witherby ladies did not seem to understand it quite; and the gentlemen looked as if they thought this very undignified business for an educated American.

Mrs. Macallister feigned a yawn, and put up her hand to hide it. "Oh, what a stupid song!" she said. She sprang to her feet, and began to put on her wraps. The others were glad of this signal to go, and followed her ex-

ample. "Good-bye!" she cried, giving her hand to Kinney. "I don't think your ideas are ridiculous. I think there's no end of good sense in them, I assure you. I hope you won't leave off that regard for the brain in your cooking. Good-bye!" She waved her hand to the Americans, and then to the Kanucks, as she passed out between their respectfully parted ranks. "Adieu, messieurs!" She merely nodded to Bartley; the others parted from him coldly, as he fancied, and it seemed to him that he had been made responsible for that woman's coquetries, when he was conscious, all the time, of having forborne even to meet them half-way. But this was not so much to his credit as he imagined. The flirt can only practice her audacities safely by grace of those upon whom she uses them, and if men really met them half-way there could be no such thing as flirting.

(To be continued.)

INVOCATION.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

COME, come, come, my love, come and hurry, and come, my dear;

You'll find me ever loving true, or lying on my bier:

For love of you has burned me through—has ope'd a gap for Death, I fear;

O come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here.

Though angels' swords should bar your way, turn you not back, but persevere;

Though heaven should send down fiery hail, rain lightnings, do not fear;

Let your small, exquisite, white feet fly over cliffs and mountains sheer,

Bridge rivers, scatter armed foes, shine on the hill-tops near.

Like citizens to greet their queen, then shall my hopes, desires, troop out,

Eager to meet you on your way and compass you about—

To speed, to urge, to lift you on, 'mid storms of joy and floods of tears,

To the poor town, the battered wall, delivered by your spears.

The javelin-scourges of your eye, the lightnings from your glorious face,

Shall drive away death's armies gray in ruin and disgrace.

Lift me you shall, and succor me; my ancient courage you shall rouse,

Till like a giant I shall stand, with thunder on my brows.

Then, hand in hand, we'll laugh at Death, his brainless skull, his nerveless arm;

How can he wreak our overthrow, or plot, or do us harm?

For what so weak a thing as Death when you are near, when you are near?

Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here!

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL LIBRARY BUILDING.

If it be true, as Carlyle has written, that "the true university of these days is a collection of books," all men should rejoice in the growth of libraries open to all the people. Such an educator is the Government Library at Washington. Known as the Library of Congress since its foundation in 1800, this collection was called, in Mr. Jefferson's catalogue of the books which formed the nucleus of the new library, after the British had burned the old one with the Capitol in 1814, "The Library of the United States." It is in fact, though not in name, the library of the United States, because (1) it is the property of the nation; (2) it is the only repository of copyright publications in the United States; (3) it is maintained and recruited by the public treasury; (4) it is open to all the people, without formality or introduction.

Having risen from the ashes of two conflagrations, the last of which, in 1851, spared only twenty thousand volumes, the Government Library has grown with rapid strides, until it counts, in 1881, upward of four hundred thousand volumes, besides one hundred and fifty thousand pamphlets, and several hundred thousand copyright publications, other than books. In the history of this progress, which has raised the collection in thirty years from twenty thousand books to four hundred thousand, the marked sources of increase have been fourfold:—first, a liberal appropriation by Congress, in 1852, of eighty-five thousand dollars in one sum for the purchase of books to repair losses by fire; second, the acquisition of the Smithsonian Scientific Library in 1866, with all its annual accessions since; third, the purchase of the Force Historical Library in 1867; and fourth, the enactment of the copyright law in 1870, making this library the national record office for copyrights, and the depository of all publications to which exclusive right of multiplying copies is secured.

The law of growth of this already large collection, aside from the very modest appropriations for purchase (varying from five thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars per annum, for the last thirty years), is such as to give emphasis to the fact that it requires most ample provision of space for its orderly arrangement and preservation. This library not only presents itself as the great conservatory of American letters, but there is added,

by careful and steady annual purchase, a selection of the best literature of other lands and languages. It is, besides, the assiduous gatherer of books, periodicals, documents, and maps relating to America. Its collection of newspaper files extends to over seven thousand volumes, embracing the "London Gazette" from 1665 to 1881; the "Times" from 1796 to date; the German "Allgemeine Zeitung," complete, from the close of the last century; full sets of the "Moniteur Universel" and of the "Journal des Débats," from their origin in 1789; the "New York Evening Post" from the first issue in 1801; with complete sets of every important English or American review or magazine, and an extensive collection of periodicals, scientific, literary, etc., of other countries. This library is also, and should continue to be, the zealous collector and preserver of the documents of foreign governments, of which it already has an invaluable collection from every government of Europe, as well as from British America, Mexico, and the South American and Central American republics. Its assemblage of the transactions of the learned societies of the world, acquired through the exchanges of the Smithsonian Institution, is very large and is constantly increasing. Add to this its function as the copyright bureau of the United States, and the recipient and preserver of the vast number of publications other than books which teem from the press,—including periodicals, musical compositions, maps, charts, engravings, photographs, drawings, and other works of graphic art, many of which require more room for storage than books,—and it will be seen that the continued accommodation of so vast a collection within the walls of the Capitol is impossible.

The suggestion has been made, and has been received with favor by some writers for the press, that the provisions of the copyright law must accumulate in the library a disproportionate amount of rubbish, and that this accumulation is foreign to the proper aims and uses of a national library, which should gather books alone, and should limit its contents to a careful selection of the best literature. This view of the matter overlooks the fact that, in every nation, the guarantee of exclusive rights in literary, musical, or artistic property is, and ought to be, coupled with the receipt and preservation of examples of the

publications so protected. The idea that our national library would be improved by a bonfire, or by the distribution through the country of its accumulated copyright stores, is as reasonable as would be a proposition to despoil the Patent Office, for the sake of room, of the models of inventors deposited to secure and identify their claims; and to scatter them over the country to enlighten benighted regions with illustrations of the progress of American invention. Congress has received every copyright publication as a trust in behalf of the whole people. It is bound by the terms of its own legislation, as well as by due regard for public enlightenment and national honor, to provide for the due care, arrangement, cataloguing, and preservation of all the objects received. Having no right to alienate them, it is bound to provide, in the national archives, space adequate, no matter to what extent, for their custody and preservation. The interest and value of a visit to Washington would be enhanced to multitudes by the exhibition of such a gallery of the graphic arts, and of charts and maps, as could be formed from the heaped piles which only eleven years of the silent and inexpensive operation of the copyright law have accumulated. Those who sneer at the "trash" to be found in the literary, or scientific, or musical, or artistic product of the American mind, should consider that an office of national copyright is no place for a censorship. These collections are not for one generation alone, but they are the invaluable historical memorials which future generations are to receive as the authentic and complete, not the select and partial, representation of the age in which we live.

In the great American library of the future, posterity will expect to find every book which the country has produced. The only way in which this just expectation can be fulfilled is by the steady conservation at the national capital, in a library supported by the whole people, of the entire product of the press, so far as it is protected by copyright. Recent amendments of the copyright law have considerably restricted the field of publications which are lawful subjects of copyright, throwing out labels and designs intended for the Patent Office. This wise limitation of copyright to literature, musical productions, and the fine arts renders it easier so to administer the law that everything can be preserved. Grant that the National Library will thus become, to a certain extent, a conservatory of the fine arts: this is one of the very objects to be desired. Every great library should have its departments, in which not

only its books, periodicals, pamphlets, and manuscripts should be coördinated and classified, but also its maps, its charts, its musical compositions, its engravings, its autographs, etc. The priceless collections of old engravings and of modern art in the "Bibliothèque Nationale" at Paris, and in the British Museum Library at London, draw hosts of artists and amateurs to profit by their free exhibition.

It has now been several years since the necessity of building accommodations for these great collections has been forced upon the attention of Congress. Controversies and debates as to the necessity or expediency of leaving the Capitol, of adding to that symmetrical pile an appendage large enough to contain the library of the future, or of a proper site for a separate building, have consumed the time of successive Congresses, committees, and commissions. The net result of the protracted debate as to the best thing to do is that nothing has been done. But the great Library has not stood still, although Congress has. Four hundred thousand volumes are crowded and piled into a space not adequate to the orderly arrangement of three hundred thousand. The surplus, after the expedients were exhausted of double rows upon the shelves, temporary cases for storage, and colonization in such dark and distant lower rooms of the Capitol as could be procured, are piled in heaps upon the floors, until books wanted can be produced only through the long experience of custodians who know where they are. Heaps of valuable maps and engravings, duly stamped and numbered, are piled away where they must be completely buried from view. Newspapers and periodicals, in default of room wherein to file them for current reference, are stored in alphabetical order in daily growing piles, awaiting the epoch of binding. But it is not alone the books and other publications which suffer the inconveniences of this overcrowded library. There is not in all its halls a solitary space where a member of Congress can spend a quiet hour in writing or reading. The readers are huddled together in narrow quarters, pursuing their investigations amid discomforts and deprivations as to room and quiet which are enough to appall any but the strongest heads. The multifarious business of the copyright department, with its immense mail openings, has to be transacted in the midst of the readers, and almost under the feet of the sight-seeing public who throng the library and the Capitol.

As the matured opinion of the last Congressional commission on accommodations for the library, aided by three architectural experts, it was reported to Congress, in January,

1881, that a separate building was an immediate necessity. The report says:

"No government library known to the committee except our own is now located in the same building devoted to legislative purposes. It has been found indispensable in each European capital to have separate library edifices for the great collections of books gathered at the public cost and through the operations of the copy-tax. Yet in none of these cases is the library charged, as in the United States, with the custody and keeping of all copyright records of the nation. The buildings belonging to the British Museum Library cover eight acres of ground, and it is expected that the collections of art and antiquities there gathered will ultimately have to remove to a separate building to give space to the growing encroachments of the books. The national library of France covers nearly four acres. The present Capitol covers only three and a half acres, and no additions to it of sufficient magnitude to provide for library growth could be made without greatly marring the beauty and effect of that classic edifice.

"On grounds of public economy, also, a separate edifice is demanded for the Library. The estimates of the architects of the Capitol, Messrs. Walter and Clark, for an extension of the eastern center of the Capitol three hundred and fifty feet, place the cost of such an extension at \$4,500,000, while the estimates for a separate building vary from \$1,500,000 to \$4,000,000, according to the magnitude of the edifice and the style of architecture employed. The reason of this difference is found in the fact that any Capitol extension must be carried out in the same costly style of architecture, as to marble columns and capitals, as the existing wings, while no such expensive condition applies to an independent building erected elsewhere. Besides this, it is demonstrated, by the measurements of the architects and the reports of the librarian, that even this large addition to the Capitol would be completely filled with books in about forty years. It would then be necessary at last to erect a separate building, thus burdening the tax-payers with the cost of two library constructions instead of one."

At the same session of Congress, the Senate passed a bill appropriating \$1,500,000 for the erection of a library building on grounds to be purchased adjoining the park fronting the Capitol on the east, the building to be constructed in accordance with a

plan approved by the commission, and under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior, the architect of the Capitol, and the Librarian of Congress. The fact that this measure passed the Senate by the heavy majority of thirty-eight to eighteen (the minority favoring a different site or enlargement of the Capitol) shows the strong conviction of that body as to the necessity of a building not only adequate to the emergency, but amply sufficient to provide against its recurrence. Any extension of the Capitol, of sufficient size to contain the library, was felt to be not only an architectural mistake and incongruity, but a temporary make-shift entailing costlier constructions in the future. The bill, however, failed to pass the House of Representatives—not because there was not a heavy majority in its favor, but because, under the despotism of the rules, the House could not get at the bill to consider it during the closing hours of the short session. It will be one of the first matters of public importance to enlist the attention of Congress at this winter's session. It is in all respects an opportune moment for making a worthy and permanent provision to serve as the great repository of a nation's literature and art. The surplus revenue, larger than it has been for years, has enabled us to pay off the national debt so fast as almost to take away the breath of the financial world. It is not to be doubted that the people will sanction any wise expenditure needful to afford an ample fire-proof and permanent home for the treasures gathered under the immediate custody of its representatives. Let us hope that no dissension over mere styles of architecture or collateral issues of any kind will longer postpone the work of laying the foundations at Washington of a library worthy of the American people.

REGRET.

THERE is so little that a man can do,
Howe'er he quit him, work he well or ill,—
There is so little, ere Death's hand shall still
The fitful stir of life in me and you,
That I, who know the one-half journey through
And thirst to drink from the Lethæan rill,
Half question if I have desire or will
These fruitless labors longer to pursue.
But yet I mind me when one spoken word
Had lightened this long sadness of my day.
The moment passed; the gates of heaven were stirred,
And shut. Then fled reluctant Hope away,
And Love, whose glory ne'er about me streams—
Save in the restless memory of my dreams.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

DURING the next few weeks, Bertha did not appear as well as usual. The change Tredennis had seen in her became more marked. She lost color and roundness, and now and then was forced to show signs of fatigue which were not habitual with her. She made no alteration in her mode of life, however. When Tredennis called in the evening, the parlor was always full, and she was always vivaciously occupied with her guests. Chief among her attractions was counted her pet pretense of being interested in politics. It was not a very serious pretense, but being managed deftly and with a sense of its dramatic value, animated many an hour which might otherwise have been dull, in view of the social material which occasionally fell into her hands.

"What should I do," Tredennis heard her say once, "if I knew nothing of politics? There are times when they are my only salvation. What should I have done last night with the new member from Arkansas if I had not remembered that he was interested in the passage of the Currency Bill? He is an excellent, solid, sensible creature; we are frivolous, aimless beings compared with him. It is such men as he who do everything worth doing and being done; but he is purely a politician, and he has spent his life in a small provincial town, where he has been a most important person, and he cares as much for the doings of society and discussions of new novels and pictures as I do for the linseed-oil market—if there is a linseed-oil market. When I began to ask him modest questions about his bill, his face brightened at once, and he became a self-respecting and well-informed person—at ease with himself and with me, and quite forgot his coat and his large boots, which had been slowly and painfully dawning upon him a few moments before when he contrasted them with Mr. Arbuthnot's silk attire. My very mistakes were a pleasure to him, as they gave him an opportunity to say several things very well worth remembering. He could not have told whether I was well or ill dressed, but he detected my flimsiness

in argument in a moment and gave me more information in half an hour than you scoffers could have given me in a week, and"—with much modesty of demeanor—"he mentioned to Senator Vaughan, in the course of the evening, that I was a most intelligent woman."

Arbuthnot and Richard burst into the laughter which was always her applause upon such occasions.

"You!" commented Arbuthnot. "You are Herodias's daughter, dancing for the head of John the Baptist. You are always dancing in a quiet and effective way for somebody's head. Whose would you like next? How does mine strike you?"

"Thank you," said Bertha. "Would you really give it to me if I danced for you in my ablest manner, and how do you think it would look on a charger?"

There was more than one hard-worked politician who, after a day of exciting debate or wearisome battling with windmills, found relief and entertainment in the pretty parlors. Some of those who came had known Bertha in her girlhood and were friends of her father, and with these it was the fashion to encourage her to political argument, and affect the deepest confidence in her statements, with a view to drawing forth all her resources. These resources were varied and numerous, and marked by a charming feminine daring and superiority to ordinary logic which were the delights of the senatorial mind.

"Why should I endeavor to convince you by being logical?" she said. "You have logic—at least we hope so—all day, and sometimes all night, in the Senate and the House, and even then you are not convinced of things. It is not logic which governs you, but a majority. And that is what one should aspire to, after all—not to be in the right, but to be in the majority. And I am sure one's arguments are much more untrammelled and brilliant for being illogical. And if I convince you without logic, I win a victory worth having. It is like the triumph of an ugly woman who is called a beauty. If I am pretty and you say so, it is simply as if you said 'white is white, blackness is dark'; but if I am not pretty, and am ingenious enough to persuade

you that I am—there is a triumph to be proud of!"

It was nonsense, but it was often sparkling nonsense, whose very lightness was its charm, and the rooms were rarely ever so gay and full of laughter as when there was among the guests a sprinkling of men no longer young, who had come there to forget that they were jaded, or secretly anxious, or bitterly disappointed.

"It pleases me to dance before some of them," Bertha said to Arbuthnot. "I like to think I make them forget things for a little while. If I can do nothing greater and wiser, let me employ my one small accomplishment to the best advantage, and do my harmless best to be both graceful and agile. No one can persuade me that it can be a pleasant thing to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict from three to eight months in the year, and to sit day after day placidly endeavoring to confront men who differ with you on every point, and who count the fact among their virtues, and glory in it, and watch you and listen to you, with the single object of seizing an opportunity to prove in public that you are an imbecile or a falsifier, or a happy combination of both. When I reflect upon my own feelings," she added, with delightful *naïveté*, "when people are stupid and ill-mannered enough to differ with me, I am filled with the deepest sympathy for the entire political body. There is nothing so perfectly exasperating as to know people are differing with you, and I know there is nothing so wearing to the mind."

An exciting debate in the Senate was occupying public attention at this time, and to her other duties and entertainments she added that of following it in its course. She spent an hour or so at the Capitol every day, read the newspapers, and collected evidence and information with an unflagging industry which would have been worthy of admiration if it had been inspired by any serious intention. But she made no pretense of seriousness of intention. She returned home from such visits with derisive little arguments jotted down in her note-book and little sketches of senatorial profile adorning its pages, and entertained a select audience with them in the evening—an audience which not infrequently included the political dignitaries themselves. Her manner would have been a mystery to Tredennis if he had not remembered the professor's words of warning, and even with their memory in his mind, he was often at a loss. There was a restless eagerness to be amused in all she did, and he felt that, after all, she was privately less successful in her efforts than she seemed. He was, at least, relieved to find that he had but little

to do in the rôle assigned him. When Arbuthnot appeared again, he had entirely recovered his equilibrium, and was unemotional, self-possessed, occasionally flippant, plainly cherishing, at no time, any intention of regarding himself seriously. He did not sing his "Serenade" again, and, when he sang at all, committed himself to no out-reaching warmth of feeling. He rarely spoke to Bertha alone, and the old tendency to airy derision of each other's weaknesses re-asserted itself. Only once Tredennis heard him address her with any degree of seriousness, and this was in reference to her visits to the Senate. There had been an all-night session, and it had been her whim to take part in it to the extent of sitting up until after midnight, and she had returned home more tired than she was willing to confess. Arbuthnot—who, with Richard, Tredennis, and a newspaper friend had been her companions in the dissipation—remonstrated with her after the little supper they had on their arrival at the house.

Bertha had left the table and was half reclining against a pile of cushions on the sofa, and Arbuthnot followed her, and spoke in a somewhat lowered voice.

"You are making a mistake in doing such things," he said. "Why will you keep it up? It's all nonsense. You don't care for it really. It is only one of your caprices. You have not a particle of serious interest in it."

"I have as much serious interest in it as I have in anything else," she answered. "More, indeed. Do you suppose I was not interested when Senator Ayres got up to-night to be immeasurably superior by the hour? It elevated my mental plane, and gave me food for reflection. It filled me with a burning desire to be immeasurably superior, too. Is he always immeasurably superior? Could he keep it up, do you suppose, in the bosom of his family—when he is putting salt on his eggs at breakfast, for instance, and thinks no one is looking? When he tries on a new hat, does he do it with a lofty air of scorn, and does he fall asleep and have the nightmare with coldly contemptuous condescension? I don't mind mentioning to you that it is one of my favorite moods to be immeasurably superior. It is such a good way when you cannot get what you want; it disposes of your antagonists so simply and makes you feel so deserving; but I never could keep it up—but that may be owing to weakness of character, and the fact that I am only an unworthy imitator and lack the vigor to convince myself of my own genuineness. Oh! I assure you, I was very much interested, indeed."

"Well," said Arbuthnot, "I might have expected you would say something of this kind.

It is your little way of evading matters. You have a knack at it."

Bertha looked down at the footstool on which her small shoe rested, and then up at him with a quiet face.

"Yes, it is my little way," she answered. "I suppose I might count it among my few small accomplishments. But don't you think it is as good a way as any—particularly if it is the only way you have?"

"It is as good a way as any," replied Arbuthnot, with the calmness of a sensible person addressing an attractive but obstinate child. "But you know it will not prevent my saying again what I said at first. You are very foolish to tire yourself out for nothing, and you will regret it when it is too late."

"Yes," answered Bertha, "if I regret it I shall naturally regret it when it is too late. Did you ever hear of any one's regretting a thing too early, or just in time? That is what regret means—that one is too late."

Arbuthnot sat down near her.

"If you want to talk in that style," he remarked, in the most impartial manner, "I am entirely in the mood to listen, now I have expressed my opinion. It isn't worth much as my opinion, but it is worth something as the truth, and I am not afraid you will forget it, but, in the meantime, until Mrs. Dacre is in the mood to be escorted home, you can pander to my lower nature by showing me the sketches you made of Senator Ayres and the Speaker, and the gentleman from Iowa who was afraid to fall asleep."

The next morning, calling with a newspaper she had wanted, Tredennis, being handed into the room in which Bertha usually spent her mornings at home, found her lying upon a sofa, and as she did not hear him enter, he had the opportunity to stand for a few seconds and look at her.

While he did so she opened her eyes languidly and saw him, and the thought which held his mind for the moment sprang to his lips and uttered itself.

"I do not think you know," he said, "how pale you are."

"I do not want to know," she answered, with a rather tired little smile, "if it is unbecoming, and I am sure it is. But I will ask you to excuse my getting up."

He entirely passed over the first part of her reply, as she had noticed he had a habit of passing in silence many of her speeches, though she had not been able to decide why he did so.

"You said," he went on, "that when the season was over you intended to rest. Have you been doing it lately?"

"Yes," she answered, with entirely unem-

barrassed readiness. "I have been very quiet indeed."

At this he was silent for a moment again, and during the pause she lay and looked at him with an expression of curious interest—trying to make up her mind whether he did not reply because he felt himself not sufficiently ready of speech to meet her upon her own ground, or whether his silence was a negative sign of disapprobation.

"I am never tired when anything is going on," she said, at last.

"That is the worst of it," he replied.

"Oh, no—the best of it," she said, and then she looked away from him across the room, and added, in a tone altogether different, "One does not want too much time on one's hands."

Once or twice before he had seen this slight, unconscious change fall upon her, and without comprehending had been sharply moved by it, but she always recovered herself quickly, and she did so now.

"I tried it once," she said, "and it did not agree with me, and since then I have occupied myself. As Richard says, 'one must have an object,' and mine is to occupy myself."

"You accomplish your end, at least," he remarked.

"Yes," she answered. "I congratulate myself upon that. Upon the whole, I do not know any one who is more fortunate than I am. No other life would suit me half so well as the one I lead. I am fond of gayety and change and freedom, and I have all three. Richard is amiable, the children are like him, and there is nothing to interfere with my having my own way, and amusing myself as I please. I should be thoroughly unhappy if I could not have my own way; to have it invariably is one of my laudable ambitions, and as I always get it, you see I have reason for being charmed with my lot."

"You are very fortunate," he said.

"I am more than fortunate," she answered. Then she broke into a little laugh. "It is rather odd," she said, "that just before you came in, I was lying thinking of the time you were in Washington before, and there came back to me something I said to you the night you gave me the heliotrope."

"Was it," said Tredennis, "what you said to me about being happy?"

"What!" she said. "You remember it? I scarcely thought that you would remember it."

"Yes," said Tredennis, "I remember it."

"I could not bear the thought of not being happy," she went on. "It had never occurred to me that such a thing was a pos-

sibility until you said something which suggested it to me. I recollect how it startled me. It was such a new idea."

She stopped, and lay for a moment silent.

"And this morning?" suggested Tredennis.

"This morning," she answered, rather slowly, though smiling as she spoke, "this morning, as I said, I decided that I had been very fortunate."

"Then," he said, "you *have* been happy."

"If I had not been," she answered, "it would have been very curious. I have never been interfered with in the least."

"That is happiness indeed," said Tredennis.

Just now he was reflecting upon the fact that all their conversations took the same turn and ended in the same way. It mattered little how they began; in all cases she showed the same aptitude for making her subject an entirely inconsequent source of amusement. Experience was teaching him that he need expect nothing else. And even as he was thinking this, he heard her laugh faintly again.

"Shall I tell you what I see in your face," she said—"what I see oftener than anything else?"

"I should be glad to know," he replied.

"I see that you are thinking that I am very much changed, and that it is not for the better."

He paused a moment before he answered her, and when he did so he spoke with his eyes fixed on the floor, and slowly:

"You are not the Bertha I used to know," he said. "But that I should have allowed myself to expect it shows simply that I am a dull, unprogressive fellow."

"It shows that you are very amiable and sanguine," she said. "I should have been even more fortunate than it has been my fate to be if I had not changed in ten years. Think of the good fortune of having stood still so long—of having grown no older, no wiser. No," in a lower voice, "I am not the Bertha you used to know."

But the next instant, almost as soon as she had uttered the words, she lifted her eyes with the daring little smile in them.

"But I am very well preserved," she said.

"I am really very well preserved. I am scarcely wrinkled at all, and I manage to conceal the ravages of time. And, considering my years, I am quite active. I danced every dance at the Ashworth's ball, with the kindly assistance of Mr. Arbuthnot and his friends. There were *débutantes* in the room who did not dance half as often. The young are not what they were in my generation—though probably the expiring energies of advanced age are flaming in the socket and —"

She stopped suddenly, letting her hands drop at her sides. "No," she said again, "I—I am not the Bertha you used to know—and this morning I am—tired enough to be obliged to admit it."

Tredennis took a quick step toward her; the hot blood showed itself under his dark skin. What he had repressed in the last months got the better of him so far that he had no time to reflect that his stern, almost denunciatory, air could scarcely be ranked among ordinary conventionalities, and that an ordinarily conventional expression of interest might have been more reasonably expected from him than a display of emotion, denunciatory or otherwise.

"Can you expect anything else?" he said. "Is your life a natural one? Is it a natural and healthy thing that every hour of it should contain its own excitement, and that you should not know what simple, normal rest means? Who could be blind to the change which has taken place in you during the last few weeks? Last night you were so tired and unstrung that your hand trembled when you lifted your glass to your lips. Arbuthnot told you then it was a mistake—I tell you now that it is worse—it is madness and crime."

He had not thought of what effect he would produce—his words were his indignant masculine protest against her pallor and weakness, and the pain he had borne in silence for so long. It seemed, however, that he had startled her singularly. She rose from her reclining posture slowly and sat upright—and her hands trembled more than they had done the night before.

"Why," she faltered, "why are you so angry?"

"That," he returned bitterly, "means that I have no right to be angry, of course! Well, I am willing to admit it—I have no right. I am taking a liberty. I don't even suggest that you are making a mistake—as Mr. Arbuthnot did; I am rough with you, and say something worse."

"Yes," she admitted, "you are very rough with me." And she sat a few moments, looking down at the floor, her little hands trembling on her lap. But presently she moved again. She pushed one of the cushions up in the sofa-arm and laid her cheek against it, with a half-sigh of weariness relieved and a half-smile.

"Go on!" she said. "After all—since I have reflected—I think I don't dislike it. New things always please me—for a little while—and this is new. No one ever spoke to me so before. I wonder whether it was because I did not really deserve it or because people were afraid?"

Tredennis stopped in the walk he had begun and wheeled sharply about, fronting her with his disproportionately stern gaze.

"Do you want to know why I do it?" he demanded. "I think—since I have reflected—that it is for the sake of—of the other Bertha."

There was a slight pause.

"Of the other Bertha," she said after it, in a low, unsteady tone. "Of the Bertha who thought it an impossibility that she should be anything but happy."

He had not been prepared for her replies before, but he was startled by what she did now. She left her seat with a sudden, almost impassioned, action; the cushion fell upon the floor. She put her hand upon the mantel, as if to support herself.

"Why did you say that?" she exclaimed. "I do not like it! I do not like to be reminded that it is so long since—since I was worth liking. I suppose that is what it means. Why should you seem to accuse me when you say you speak for the sake of the other Bertha? Am I so bad? You have lived a quiet life because you liked it best—I did not chance to like it best, and so I have been gay. I go out a great deal and am fond of the world, but do I neglect my children and treat my husband badly? Richard is very happy, and Jack and Janey and Meg enjoy themselves and are very fond of me. If I was careless of them, and ill-tempered to Richard, and made my home unhappy, you might accuse me. It is the most mysterious thing to me, but I always feel as if I was defending myself against you, even when you only look at me and do not speak at all. It—it is a curious position! I do not understand it, and I do not like it!"

Her sudden change of mood was a revelation to Tredennis. He began to realize what he had dimly felt from the first—that her mental attitude toward him was one of half-conscious defiance of his very thought of her. He had not known why he had felt at times that his mere presence prompted her to present her worldly, mocking little philosophies in their most inconvertible and daring form—and that it was her whim to make the worst of herself and her theories for his benefit. He accused himself angrily in secret of overestimating his importance in her eyes, and had reiterated impatiently that there was no reason why she should be at all specially aware of his existence when he was near her, and it had been one of his grievances against himself that, in spite of this, every time they met he had felt the same thing, and had resented and been puzzled by it.

But he had never before seen her look as

she looked now. One of his private sources of wonder had been the perfect self-control which restrained her from exhibiting anything approaching a shadow of real feeling upon any subject. He had seen her under circumstances which would have betrayed nine women out of ten into some slight display of irritation, and she had always maintained the airy serenity of demeanor which deprived all persons and incidents of any weight whatever when they assumed the form of obstacles, and her practicable little smile and calm impartiality of manner had never failed her. He had heard her confess that it was her chief weakness to pride herself upon her quiet adroitness in avoiding all things unpleasant or emotional, and upon her faithfulness to her resolve not to permit herself to be disturbed.

"I have seen people who enjoyed their emotions," she had said, "but I never enjoyed mine, even when I was very young. I definitely disliked them. I am too self-conscious to give myself up to them simply. If I had one, I should think about it and analyze it and its effects upon me. I should be saying all the time, 'Now I am hot—now I am cold'; and when it was over I should be tired, not only of the feeling itself, but of taking my own temperature."

And now she stood before him for the instant a new creature—weaker and stronger than he had dreamed it possible she could be—her eyes bright with some strange feeling, a spot of color burning on each pale cheek. He was so bewildered and impressed that he was slow to speak, and, when he began, felt himself at so severe a disadvantage that his consciousness of it gave his voice a rigid sound.

"I do not think," he began, "that I know what to say —"

Bertha stopped him.

"There is no need that you should say anything," she interrupted. "You cannot say anything which will disapprove of me more than your expression does. And it is not you who should defend yourself, but I. But you were always severe. I remember I felt that when I was only a child, and knew that you saw all that was frivolous in me. I was frivolous then as I am now. I suppose I have a light nature—but I do not like to be reminded of it. After all, no one is harmed but myself, and it would be charity in you to let me go my flippant way and not despise me too much."

"Bertha," he answered, "it is not for me to say that I do not despise you."

He stood with his arms folded and looked down at her steadily. It was very easy for her to place him at a disadvantage. He knew

nothing of feminine ways and means, and his very masculine strength and largeness were against him. If she gave him a wound he could not strike back or would not—and in her last speech she had given him more wounds than one, and they were rankling in his great breast fiercely. And yet despite this it was not she who came off entirely victor. After meeting his gaze with undeniable steadiness for a few seconds, she turned away.

"I told you," she remarked, with a persistence which was its own betrayer, "that—it was not necessary for you to say anything." The next moment an impatient laugh broke from her. She held up her unsteady hand that he might see it.

"Look!" she said. "Why should I quarrel with you when you are right, after all? It is certainly time that I should rest when I am so absurdly unstrung as this. And my very mood itself is a proof that something should be done with me. For a minute or so I have actually been out of temper—or something humiliatingly like it. And I pride myself upon my temper, you know, and upon the fact that I never lose it—or have not any to lose. I must be worn out when a few perfectly truthful speeches will make me bad-tempered. Not that I object to it on moral grounds, but it wounds my vanity to lose control of myself. And now I have reached my vanity I am quite safe. I will leave for Fortress Monroe to-morrow."

"It would be better if you went to a quieter place," he said.

"Thank you," she answered. "I think it will be quiet enough—if I take the children and avoid the ball-room, and am very decorous."

There seemed but little more for him to say. She changed the subject by taking from the table the paper he had brought her, and beginning to discuss its contents.

"Richard asked me to read the editorial and the letter from the Washington correspondent," she said. "He is more interested in the matter than I ever knew him to be in anything of the kind before. He is actually making it one of his objects, and flatters me by wanting to know my opinions and wishing me to share his enthusiasm." She sat down to the table, with the paper open before her and her hands lying clasped upon it.

"Have you read it?" she asked. "Is it very clever? Can I understand it? Richard is so amiably sure I can."

"It is well done," replied Tredennis, "and you will certainly understand it."

"I am glad of that," she said, and sat still a moment, with eyes lowered. Then she spoke, rather suddenly. "Richard is very

good to me," she said. "I ought to be very grateful to him. It is just like him to feel that what I think of such things is worth hearing. That is his affectionate, generous way. Of what value could my shallow little fancies be?—and yet I think he really believes they should carry weight. It is the most delightful flattery in the world."

"It is your good fortune," said Tredennis, "to be able to say things well and with effect."

"What!" she said, with a half-smile, "are you going to flatter me, too?"

"No," he answered, grimly, "I am not going to flatter you."

"You would find it a very good way," she answered. "We should get along much better, I assure you. Perhaps that is really what I have been resenting so long—that you show no facility for making amiable speeches."

"I am afraid my facility lies in the opposite direction," he returned.

"I have recovered my equilibrium sufficiently not to admit that," she said.

When he went away, as he did shortly after, she followed him to the door of the room.

"Was I very bad-tempered?" she said, softly. "If I was, suppose you forgive me before you go away—for the sake of the other Bertha."

He took the hand she offered him, and looked down at it as it lay upon his big brown palm. It was feverish and still a little unsteady, though her manner was calm enough.

"There is nothing to forgive," he answered. "If there was—this Bertha—He checked himself, and ended abruptly. "I don't share your gift," he said. "I said my say as bluntly and offensively as possible, I suppose, and you had a right to be angry. It was all the worse done because I was in earnest."

"So was I—for a moment," she said; "that was the trouble."

And that was the end of it, though even when he dropped her hand and turned away, he was aware of her slender figure standing in the door-way, and of a faint, inexplicable shadow in the eyes that followed him.

He went back to his quarters bitterly out of humor with himself.

"A nice fellow I am to talk to women!" he said. "I have not lived the life to fit me for it. Military command makes a man authoritative. What right had I to seem to assume control over her? She's not used to that kind of thing, even from those who might be supposed to have the right to do it. Some one ought to have the right—though that

has gone out of fashion, too, I suppose." Something like a groan burst from him as he laid his forehead upon his hands, resting his elbows on the table before him. "If a man loved her well enough," he said, "he might do it and never hurt her; but if she loved him, perhaps there would be no need of it."

He had passed through many such brief spasms of resentful misery of late, and he was beginning to acknowledge to himself that each one was stronger than the last. He had contended his ground with steady persistence and with stubborn condemnation of his own weakness, but he had lost it, inch by inch, until there were times when he felt his foothold more insecure than he could have believed possible a year ago.

"Why should I think of myself as a man who has lost something?" he was wont to say to himself, bitterly and impatiently. "I had won nothing, and might never have won it. I had what would have been opportunity enough for a quicker temperament. It is nothing but sentiment."

And, even as he said it, there would come back to him some tone of Bertha's voice, some pretty natural turn of her head or figure as she sat or stood in the parlor with her small court around her, and, slight as the memory might be, the sudden leap of his pulses had more power than his argument.

It was these trifles and their habit of haunting him which were harder to combat than all the rest. His life had been so little affected by femininity that hers had a peculiarly persistent influence upon him. He noted in her things he might have seen in scores of other women, but half-fancied belonged specially to herself. The sweep and fall of her dress, the perfume she used, the soft ruffles of lace she was given to wearing—each of her little whims of adornment had its distinct effect, and seemed, in some mysterious way, to have been made her own, and to be shared with no other being. Other women wore flowers; but what flowers had ever haunted him as he had been haunted by the knot of heliotrope and violets he had seen her tuck carelessly into the belt of her dress one day? He had remembered them with a start again and again, and each time they had bloomed and breathed their soft scent afresh.

"It is all sentiment," he persisted. "There would be nothing new in it to—that fellow Arbuthnot, for instance: but it is new to me, and I can't get rid of it, somehow."

He had heard in his past stories of men who cherished as treasures for a life-time a ribbon or a flower, and had passed them by

in undisturbed composure as incidents belonging only to the realms of wild romance; but he had never in the course of his existence felt anything so keen as the inconsequent thrill which was the result of his drawing suddenly from his pocket one night, on his return to his quarters after a romp with the children, a small, soft, long-wristed glove which it had been Master Jack's pleasure to hide there.

He had carried it sternly back the next morning and returned it to Bertha, but the act cost him an effort; it had been like a living presence in his room the night before, and he had slept less well because of it.

He had used his very susceptibility to these influences as an argument against his feeling.

"There is nothing substantial in it," he had said,—“nothing but what a man should find it easy to live down. It is the folly of a boy, intoxicated by the color of a girl's cheek and the curl of her hair. An old fellow, who any day may find a sprinkling of gray in his scalp-lock, should know better than to ponder over a pretty gown and—a bunch of flowers; and yet how one remembers them!”

And to-day it was the little things, as usual, almost as much as the great ones. The memory of the small, bright room, with its air of belonging to Bertha, and being furnished by Bertha, and strewn with appendages of Bertha; the slight figure, in its white morning dress, lying upon the sofa or standing between the folding-doors; the soft, full knot of her hair as he saw it when she turned her head proudly away from him—what trifles they were! And yet if the room had been another, and the pretty dress not white, and the soft hair coiled differently, everything might have had another effect, and he might have been in another mood—or so he fancied.

But he gave himself little leisure for the indulgence of his fancies, and he made his usual effort to crush them down and undervalue them. His groan was followed by a bitter laugh.

"It is the old story," he said. "I please myself by fancying that what would please me would make her happier. Arbuthnot would know better. Control would not suit her—even the gentlest. She has had her own way too long. She is a small, slight creature, but it has been her lot to rule all her life, in a small, slight creature's way. It is the natural sentimentality of an obstinate, big-boned fellow to fancy she would thrive under it. She would know better herself. She would laugh the thought to scorn, and be wise in doing it."

(To be continued.)

GEORGE W. CABLE.

THE charge that we have no characteristic American literature has hardly been a just one, both because there always has been much that was characteristic in our best writings, and because our writers, with a few notable exceptions, have necessarily been, first of all, English—in language, in tradition, and in habit of thought—and, as writers, American only because of certain accidental surroundings. These surroundings themselves, in spite of an American origin and character, were still marked with a strong English quality. "America," as we know it at the North and East, is mainly a newer England, where the social and mental qualities of the older have been modified and adapted to new conditions without losing their original impulse and stamp.

Far away in the South-west, born of purely French enterprise, strongly modified by Spanish association and control, heated with the glow of a subtropical sky, lulled and intoxicated with the delusive curse of slavery, secluded behind the defenses of restricted speech which slavery built for itself everywhere, and allied to the American family of States by ties which long failed to touch its real heart, there has grown up at our side a community in which English influence has found no place, and which has hitherto been subjected to only a distant and purely external study. A keen and sympathetic eye has studied it at last, and the wealth of its material is being laid before us, warm with the touch of the Southern sun, and throbbing with a life that is new to our colder zone. If we had had no characteristic literature before, we surely have one now; and if it were ever safe to predict permanent favor for a writer, we should claim it for the author who has so allied himself to all the varied humanity he has depicted that his name must live as long as interest in the picturesque and plaintive creole survives.

Were we to ask the source of such skill and success, it would be an easy begging of the question to say that Mr. Cable is a genius, and that genius is its own creator. A somewhat intimate study of the man himself, and of the methods of his work as well as its results, shows that while he unquestionably is a genius, his genius has been trained to walk in a very strait path, and to submit to very rigid discipline. The God-given quality is there, and its mettle and freak and force are always felt, yet we feel almost equally the wholesome subjection in which

it is held. It is like a weanling race-horse trained to serious work and made to lead a useful life,—the native spirit and vim always evident, but always controlled by wisely accepted restraints. Given the divine spark, without which no friction can produce light, we find the remaining factors of Mr. Cable's success in his surroundings and necessities, and in the spirit in which he has met them. Not a little of his peculiar quality, and very much of his peculiar development, may be traced to the Puritan element in his composition—a Puritanism inherited, cultivated, and stalwart, but a Puritanism mellowed by the sunny sky under which he has grown, humanized by the open and cordial habit of Southern life, and made wise and forbearing and discreet—almost made not to be Puritanism at all—by an all-embracing and ever-vigilant sense of humor, which is as quick to check his own act as to catch his neighbor's lapse; a sense of humor which ripples at every shoaling of the serious stream of his life and work.

Resolute, earnest, laborious to the last degree, and so trained to toil that no detail of research or execution deters him; with a mind schooled to the minuter systems of the counting-room; with an ear ever alert for characteristic expression or dialect; with a quick eye for shades of manner, and with an unflinching memory for what he sees and hears, he has passed his life among the people of New Orleans, gleaning, as he went his busy way, for the sheaves he now presents us. While thus equipped for his calling, he evidently recognizes his own limitations, and works well within his powers. He has made a special study of the creole population in and about his native city, and of the conditions under which that city has grown,—finding in its later colonial and earlier territorial life his most congenial field of work—a field he has made so much his own that another writer poaching upon it would probably be warned off by the public as an imitator.

Personally, Mr. Cable is a small, slight, fragile-looking man, thirty-seven years old. He is erect, bright and frank, with a strong head, and a refined, gentle face. His hair and beard are dark, and his large hazel eyes are expressive,—happily more often of merriment than of sadness, though they are capable of becoming sad eyes, too.

A young author should be accorded the privilege of having his more intimate biog-

raphy withheld until his career is finished, but it can be no unwelcome invasion of Mr. Cable's privacy to say that he is happily married, that he has four charming little girls, and that he lives in a high-porched, broad-verandahed house, somewhat after the manner of the Grandissimes' mansions we know so well, and situated far up in the "Garden District" of New Orleans.

What is of more legitimate interest to the public, and more important as a study of character, is the combination of inheritances and of circumstances which have helped to make him what he is. He is descended on the father's side from a colonial Virginia family, and on the mother's from the old New England stock. The two branches came together in Indiana, where his father and mother were married in 1834, and whence they moved to New Orleans after the financial crisis of 1837. In New Orleans, Mr. Cable prospered in commercial pursuits until some time after the birth of the subject of this sketch. In 1859, after a second disastrous failure, the father died, leaving the family so reduced in their circumstances that young Cable was obliged to leave school at the age of fourteen to aid in their support. From this time until 1863 he was usually employed as a clerk. Although then in his nineteenth year, he was such a tiny and youthful-looking lad that his sisters, when sent beyond the lines for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, had no difficulty in obtaining permission to take their "little brother" with them. Once within the Confederacy, the valiant youth soon volunteered, and was mustered into Colonel Wilburn's Fourth Mississippi Cavalry, of General Wirt Adams's brigade. The experiences of the field and the rude life of the camp produced a marked change in the hitherto gay disposition of the young recruit. He is described as having been a good soldier, scrupulously observant of discipline, always at his post, and always courageous and daring. During days of inactivity, he employed his leisure hours in making a critical study of the Bible, in working out problems in the higher branches of mathematics, and in keeping up his knowledge of Latin grammar. In one of his engagements he received a serious wound in the left arm-pit, making a narrow escape with his life.

At the end of the war, like most of his comrades, he returned penniless to New Orleans, a city then overflowing with young men, clamorous for employment. He began his career as errand-boy in a mercantile house. Subsequently, for a time, he found employment at Kosciusko, Mississippi. Returning to New Orleans several months later, he took up the study of civil engineering, and joined a State

surveying expedition for the reestablishment of the lines and levels of levees along the banks of the Atchafalaya River. The most important outcome of this enterprise, so far as Mr. Cable was concerned, was a very serious attack of malarial fever, from which he did not fully recover for two years. During his convalescence, he became an enthusiastic student of natural history, and laid the foundation for those close descriptions of bayou and prairie and swamp life, and still-life, which are such a marked feature of his writings.

Mr. Cable's first attempt at literary work was in the capacity of a contributor, over the signature of "Drop-Shot," to a special column of the New Orleans "Picayune," devoted to critical and humorous papers, with an occasional poem. These contributions, which at first appeared but once a week, became, later on, a daily feature of the paper, and Mr. Cable was regularly attached to its editorial staff. In this field he developed originality, and vigor and delicacy of expression. His newspaper career was, however, destined to be brief. In accepting the position, he had stipulated that he should not be called upon to write theatrical notices, as attendance at places of dramatic entertainment involved a moral question which he had not investigated, and which was condemned by the stricter rules of the Presbyterian church, of which he was and is an active member. On an urgent occasion, it was considered necessary to instruct him to take charge of the theatrical column of the paper. This he positively refused to do, and, as soon as his services could be spared, he was informed that they were no longer required.

Soon after this, he accepted the position of accountant and corresponding clerk of the firm of William C. Black & Co., cotton factors, a successful and conservative house, which he continued to serve for several years, and of which he became the trusted representative. He retained this position until the sudden death of the head of the firm, in 1879. In addition to his office duties, he acted as secretary to Mr. Black in various offices of trust, especially in the trusteeship of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, and as secretary of its finance committee.

The success achieved by the sketches which first appeared in this magazine, and which are now collected in "Old Creole Days," made Mr. Cable decide to depend thenceforth mainly on his pen for his future career. Thus far, literature had been to him only a stolen industry. The earlier sketches, and much of "The Grandissimes," were written as with the left hand, while the right was busy with the invoices and the correspond-

ence of the cotton firm. In the odd moments of his busy life he jotted down, on odd scraps of paper, the conceits that grew out of his passing intercourse with creole men of business of all grades, and with the stray bits of creole life with which he was thrown in contact. With a good gift for language, and a very rare one for dialect, he has made a systematic study of creole French, of which he may be regarded as the first thorough exponent. He has been no less successful in acquiring the patois of the New Orleans negro, and the music of the curious old slave-songs. In singing these, as in rendering the speech of the creole and the negro, he evinces a talent which is at somewhat strange variance with his former prejudice against the dramatic art.

His work in this direction, as in others, has been carried on with a direct purpose, and with a success which is now yielding him good fruit. He is, and he will, probably, remain, the first authority in all matters, light or grave, relating to the people and the history of Louisiana. He would be a bold man and a resolute one who, with Cable's precedence assured, would now attempt that mastery of a slightly known dialect, without which no true portrayal of the character of this people could be possible. Probably, also, the true spirit of the creole could never be gained by one not born among them, and whose life had not been passed in close observation of their characteristics. His work has by no means been confined to speech and personal traits. It has penetrated every remote corner of the whole history of the colony, and he has gained a hard-earned familiarity with his subject, such as few writers ever consider it worth their while to achieve. For more than a year past he has devoted himself almost exclusively to the preparation of a history of New Orleans, which is now being published by the Census Office in connection with the social statistics of that city, and, except so far as relates to the mere enumeration, he has collated the statistical information himself. He might well rest his reputation for thorough and judicious historical and descriptive work on this production alone. He has gathered also the material for a census report on that curious and romantic people of the *Tèche* and *Attakapas* country, who, exiled from Acadia, found a home only in far Louisiana, where, as *Cadjens*, they still retain their original peculiarities. Charmed as he is with the brilliant color and picturesque effects that this study has developed, there is ground for the hope that a novel which he is to write before long may be laid in the land of *Evangeline*.

Mr. Cable has said, in "*The Grandissimes*," "a creole never forgives a public mention,"

and his work has hitherto been received by the race it has delineated in no such cordial spirit as has marked its welcome elsewhere. Much resentment has been expressed; the correctness of the portrayal has been denied, and the suspicion was aroused that a strange and unkind critic had been making free with the sacred traditions of a proud and over-sensitive people. Happily this condition is now changing, and the creoles themselves are beginning to recognize the kindly and appreciative spirit which has actuated all his dealings with them. Indeed, the better men among them, who at first resented "*The Grandissimes*" as an intrusion and an impertinence, realizing, at last, that it was written by a native of New Orleans and by an ex-Confederate soldier, have been penetrated by its true meaning, have seen that it was written in a spirit of reform rather than of criticism, and have expressed their hopeful satisfaction that it was written.

As was natural in the case of one exploring such an unfamiliar field, Mr. Cable has been charged by more than one of his critics with inaccuracy and exaggeration. His methods of work and his methods of thought, if not indeed his inherent character, are a perfect answer to this charge. He has carried into his study the habits and processes of the counting-room, making sure that his day-book and cash-book are quite correct before they are posted into his literary ledger, which is a complete index to his material. He works slowly and carefully, with his authorities at his elbow; mastering the details of every subject and making himself familiar with all its bearings before accepting it for his work. Nor does he stop here. Any one who has seen the earlier drafts of his writing must recognize, in his frequent erasures and interlineations, not only a search for the best methods of expression, but a desire for exact statement.

Mr. Cable's reading has been thorough rather than general. For a long time he cherished scruples against novel-reading, but this prejudice is now laid, his convictions having been completely changed by reading George MacDonald's "*Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*." He is still innocent of the modern French novel. Victor Hugo, Thackeray, Tourguéneff, and Hawthorne he holds in the highest estimation. He is fond of music, and has a more than ordinary knowledge of it, and is especially given to working out the score of the songs of his favorite birds, having succeeded, after many efforts, in recording the roudade of an oriole that sings in his orange-tree.

His frank and manly treatment of the peculiar social problems of his native city has not failed to arouse a certain feeling of

antagonism. This, however, is yielding to a recognition of the real drift of his purpose. Although a Southerner, bred to the prejudices of his community, and although he has rarely been subjected to other influences, he has been able, by the sheer force of his own genius, to lift himself above his immediate surroundings and to view them with the eye of a man of the world. A friend has written of him: "What he hopes to accomplish is the amelioration of the colored race in every possible way. To this end, he would incite them to greater ambition, extend to them, through the State, every educational advantage, afford them opportunities for a fuller religious instruction, give them a more exalted idea of the sanctity of the marriage relation, and so widen their sphere of action that they may become useful, intelligent, and contented members of the community." He has shown, as in "Madame Delphine," a special tenderness for the quadroons and octo-rooms, who have hardly a place in the social economy. The careful reader of his works, looking beyond their humor and their dramatic and pathetic elements, must recognize a deep-lying purpose, not only to elevate these lower orders of the community, but even more to humanize and civilize the dominant race which has suffered so deeply from its false relation to its dependents.

It is not possible, in a brief sketch like this, to give an adequate idea of the force and delicacy of Mr. Cable's writing; of his close study of creole character, of his appreciation, remarkable in a Southerner, of the underlying principles involved in the question of slavery, or of his great cleverness in handling the creole dialect. Indeed, the difficulty with which any rendering of this dialect is caught by those not familiar with French, or rather with Louisiana French, is the only serious limitation to the general popularity of his work. His rendering of creole English is perfect, and once its key is found, it becomes entirely familiar.

In his census history of New Orleans, he says of the creoles:

"Their more pronounced faults were generally those moral provincialisms which travelers recount with undue impatience; they are said to have been coarse, wasteful, vain, and they were also deficient in energy and application, and without well-directed ambition; unskillful in handicraft, doubtless entirely through negligence, and totally wanting in that community feeling which begets the study of reciprocal rights and obligations. . . . Hence, they were fonder of pleasant fictions regarding the salubrity, beauty, and advantages of their town, than of measures to justify their assumptions. Easily inflamed, they were as easily discouraged, thrown into confusion, and subdued, and they expended the best of their energies in trivial pleasures, especially the masque and

the dance; yet they were kind parents, affectionate wives, tractable children, and enthusiastic patriots."

Nothing that he has written is more characteristic than these two bits from "The Grandissimes":

"Where is the gold that came into your purse? All gone?"

"For rice and potatoes," said Aurore, and for the first time she uttered a genuine laugh, under that condition of mind which Latins usually substitute for fortitude.

"And one after another, under the mild coolness of Honoré's amiable disregard, their indignation trickled back from steam to water, and they went on drawing their stipends."

Following is his explanation of the character of the *calas vender*:

"As for us, our feelings, our sentiments, affections, etc., are fine, keen, and delicate; and many what we call refined. Why? Because we get them as we get our old swords and gems and laces—from our grand-sires, mothers, and all. Refined they are—after centuries of refining. But the feelings handed down to Clemence had come through ages of African savagery; through fires that do not refine, but that blunt and blast and blacken and char; starvation, gluttony, drunkenness, thirst, drowning, nakedness, dirt, fetishism, debauchery, slaughter, pestilence, and the rest—she was their heirress; they left her the cinders of human feelings. She remembered her mother. They had been separated in her childhood, in Virginia, when it was a province. She remembered with pride the price her mother had brought at auction, and remarked, as an additional interesting item, that she had never seen or heard of her since. She had had children of assorted colors—had one with her now, the black boy that brought the basil to Joseph; the others were here and there, some in the Grandissime households or field-gangs, some elsewhere within occasional sight, some dead, some not accounted for. Husbands—like the Samaritan woman's. We know she was a constant singer and laughter."

The following relates to the sad and silent "f. m. c." ("free man of color"):

"And the other, with that grave and gentle economy of words which made his speech so unique, recounted what we amplify."

This bit grows out of Mr. Raoul Innerarity's curiosity as to how much Doctor Keene thought he had got for his picture of "Louisiana 'Rif-fusing to h-anter' the Union":

"Well, how much?"

"Two 'ondred fifty." He laid himself out at length, his elbow on the deck, his head in his hand. "I believe I'm sorry I sole 'er."

"I don't wonder. How's Honoré? Tell me what has happened. Remember, I've been away five months."

"No; I am verrie glad dat I sole 'er. What? Ha! I should think so! If it have not had been fo' dat, I would not be married to-day. You think I would get married on dat sal'rie w'at Proffis-or Frowen-fel' was payin' me? Twenty-five dolla' de mont? Docta Keene, no gen'tleman h-ought to git married if 'e 'ave not anny'ow fifty dolla' de mont! If I wasn' a h-artiz I wouldn't git married, I gie you my word."

EUPHEMIA AMONG THE PELICANS.

THE sun shone warm and soft, as it shines in winter time in the hemi-tropics. The wind blew strong, as it blows whenever and wherever it listeth. Seven pelicans labored slowly through the air. A flock of ducks rose from the surface of the river. A school of mullet, disturbed by a shark, or some other unscrupulous pursuer, sprang suddenly out of the water just before us, and fell into it again like the splashing of a sudden shower.

I lay upon the roof of the cabin of a little yacht. Euphemia stood below, her feet upon the mess-chest, and her elbows resting on the edge of the cabin roof. A sudden squall would have unshipped her; still, if one would be happy there are risks that must be assumed. At the open entrance of the cabin, busily writing on a hanging-shelf that served as a table, sat a Paying Teller. On the high box which during most of the day covered our stove was a little lady, writing in a note-book. On the forward deck, at the foot of the mast, sat a young man in a state of placidness. His feet stuck out on the bowsprit, while his mildly contemplative eyes went out unto the roundabout. At the tiller stood our guide and boatman, his somber eye steady on the south-by-east. Around the horizon of his countenance there spread a dark and six-days' beard, like a slowly rising thunder-cloud; ever and anon there was a gleam of white teeth, like a bright break in the sky, but it meant nothing. During all our trip, the sun never shone in that face. It never stormed, but it was always cloudy. But he was the best boatman on those waters, and when he stood at the helm we knew we sailed secure. We wanted a man familiar with storms and squalls, and if this familiarity had developed into facial sympathy, it mattered not. We could attend to our own sunshine. At his feet sat humbly his boy of twelve, whom we called "the crew." He was making fancy knots in a bit of rope. This and the occupation of growing up were the only labors in which he willingly engaged.

Euphemia and I had left Rudder Grange, to spend a month or two in Florida, and we were now on a little sloop-yacht on the bright waters of the Indian River. It must not be supposed that, because we had a Paying Teller with us, we had set up a floating bank. With this Paying Teller, from a distant State, we had made acquaintance on our first entrance into Florida. He was traveling in

what Euphemia called "a group," which consisted of his wife,—the little lady with the note-book,—the contemplative young man on the forward deck, and himself.

This Paying Teller had worked so hard and so rapidly at his business for several years, and had paid out so much of his health and strength, that it was necessary for him to receive large deposits of these essentials before he could go to work again. But the peculiar habits of his profession never left him. He was continually paying out something. If you presented a conversational check to him in the way of a remark, he would, figuratively speaking, immediately jump to his little window and proceed to cash it, sometimes astonishing you by the amount of small change he would spread out before you.

When he heard of our intention to cruise on Indian River he wished to join his "group" to our party, and as he was a good fellow we were glad to have him do so. His wife had been, or was still, a school-teacher. Her bright and cheerful face glistened with information.

The contemplative young man was a distant connection of the Teller, and his first name being Quincy, was commonly called Quee. If he had wanted to know any of the many things the little teacher wished to tell he would have been a happy youth; but his contemplation seldom crystalized into a knowledge of what he did want to know.

"And how can I," she once said to Euphemia and myself, "be expected ever to offer him any light when he can never bring himself to actually roll up a question?"

This was said while I was rolling a cigarette.

The "group" was greatly given to writing in journals, and making estimates. Euphemia and I did little of this, as it was our holiday, but it was often pleasant to see the work going on. The business in which the Paying Teller was now engaged was the writing of his journal, and his wife held a pencil in her kidded fingers and a little blank-book on her knees.

This was our first day upon the river.

"Where are we?" asked Euphemia. "I know we are on the Indian River, but where is the Indian River?"

"It is here," I said.

"But where is here?" reiterated Euphemia.

"There are only three places in the world," said the teacher, looking up from her book,

—“here, there, and we don't know where. Every spot on earth is in one or the other of those three places.”

“As far as I am concerned,” said Euphemia, “the Indian River is in the last place.”

“Then we must hasten to take it out,” said the teacher, and she dived into the cabin, soon re-appearing with a folding map of Florida. “Here,” she said, “do you see this wide river running along part of the Atlantic coast of the State, and extending down as far as Jupiter Inlet? That is Indian River, and we are on it. Its chief characteristics are that it is not a river, but an arm of the sea, and that it is full of fish.”

“It seems to me to be so full,” said I, “that there is not room for them all—that is, if we are to judge by the way the mullet jump out.”

“I think,” said the teacher, making a spot with her pencil on the map, “that just now we are about here.”

“It is the first time,” said Euphemia, “that I ever looked upon an unknown region on the map, and felt I was there.”

Our plans for travel and living were very simple. We had provided ourselves on starting with provisions for several weeks, and while on the river we cooked and ate on board our little vessel. When we reached Jupiter Inlet we intended to go into camp. Every night we anchored near the shore. Euphemia and I occupied the cabin of the boat; a tent was pitched on shore for the Teller and his wife; and there was another tent for the captain and his boy, and this was shared by the contemplative young man.

Our second night on the river was tinged with incident. We had come to anchor near a small settlement, and our craft had been moored to a rude wharf. About the middle of the night a wind-storm arose, and Euphemia and I were awakened by the bumping of the boat against the wharf-posts. Through the open end of the cabin I could see that the night was very dark, and I began to consider the question whether or not it would be necessary for me to get up, much preferring, however, that the wind should go down. Before I had made up my mind we heard a step on the cabin above us, and then a quick and hurried tramping. I put my head out of the little window by me, and cried:

“Who's there?”

The voice of the boatman replied out of the darkness:

“She'll bump herself to pieces against this pier! I'm going to tow you out into the stream.” And so he cast us loose, and getting into the little boat which was fastened to our stern, and always followed us as a colt

its mother, he towed us far out into the stream. There he anchored us, and rowed away. The bumps now ceased, but the wind still blew violently, the waves ran high, and the yacht continually wobbled up and down, tugging and jerking at her anchor. Neither of us was frightened, but we could not sleep.

“I know nothing can happen,” said Euphemia, “for he would not have left us here if everything had not been all right, but one might as well try to sleep in a corn-popper as in this bed.”

After a while the violent motion ceased, and there was nothing but a gentle surging up and down.

“I am so glad the wind has lulled,” said Euphemia, from the other side of the center-board partition which partially divided the cabin.

Although I could still hear the wind blowing strongly outside, I too was glad that its force had diminished so far that we felt no more the violent jerking that had disturbed us, and I soon fell asleep.

In the morning, when I awoke, I saw that the sun was shining brightly, and that a large sea-grape bush was hanging over our stern. I sprang out of bed, and found that we had run, stern foremost, upon a sandy beach. About forty feet away, upon the shore, stood two 'possums, gazing with white, triangular faces upon our stranded craft. Except these, and some ducks swimming near us, with seven pelicans flying along on the other side of the river, there was no sign of life within the range of my sight. I was not long in understanding the situation. It had not been the lulling of the storm, but the parting of our cable which had caused the uneasy jerking of our little yacht to cease. We had been blown I knew not how far down the river, for the storm had come from the north, and had stranded I knew not where. Taking out my pocket-compass I found that we were on the eastern shore of the river, and that the wind had changed completely, and was now blowing, not very strong, from the south-east. I made up my mind what must be done. We were probably far from the settlement and the rest of the party, and we must go back. The wind was in our favor, and I knew I could sail the boat. I had never sailed a boat in my life, and was only too glad to have the chance, untrammelled by any interference.

I awoke Euphemia and told her what had happened. The two 'possums stood upon the shore, and listened to our conversation. Euphemia was much impressed by the whole affair, and for a time said nothing.

“We must sail her back, I suppose,” she remarked at length, “but do you know how to start her?”

"The hardest thing to do is to get her off the beach," I answered, "but I think I can do that."

I rolled up my trowsers, and with bare feet jumped out upon the sand. The two 'possums retired a little, but still watched my proceedings. After a great deal of pushing and twisting and lifting, I got the yacht afloat, and then went on board to set the sail. After much pulling and tugging, and making myself very warm, I hoisted the main-sail. I did not trouble myself about the jib, one sail being enough for me to begin with. As the wind was blowing in the direction in which we wished to go, I let the sail out until it stood nearly at right angles with the vessel, and was delighted to see that we immediately began to move through the water. I took the tiller, and steered gradually toward the middle of the river. The wind blew steadily and the yacht moved bravely on. I was as proud as a man drawn by a conquered lion, and as happy as one who did not know that conquered lions may turn and rend. Sometimes the vessel rolled so much that the end of the boom skimmed the surface of the water, and sometimes the sail gave a little jerk and flap, but I saw no necessity for changing our course, and kept our bow pointed steadily up the river. I was delighted that the direction of the wind enabled me to sail with what might be called a horizontal deck. Of course, as the boatman afterward informed me, this was the most dangerous way I could steer, for if the sail should suddenly "jibe" there would be no knowing what would happen. Euphemia sat near me, perfectly placid and cheerful, and her absolute trust in me gave me renewed confidence and pleasure. "There is one great comfort," she remarked, as she sat gazing into the water,—"if anything should happen to the boat we can get out and walk."

There was force in this remark, for the Indian River in some of its widest parts is very shallow, and we could now plainly see the bottom, a few feet below us.

"Is that the reason you have seemed so trustful and content?" I asked.

"That is the reason," said Euphemia.

On we went and on, the yacht seeming sometimes a little restive and impatient, and sometimes rolling more than I could see any necessity for, but still it proceeded. Euphemia sat in the shadow of the cabin, serene and thoughtful, and I, holding the tiller steadily amidship, leaned back and gazed up into the clear blue sky.

In the midst of my gazing there came a shock that knocked the tiller out of my hand. Euphemia sprang to her feet and screamed; there were screams and shouts on the other

side of the sail, which seemed to be wrapping itself about some object I could not see. In an instant another mast beside our own appeared above the main-sail, and then a man with a red face jumped on the forward deck. With a quick, determined air, and without saying a word, or seeming to care for my permission, he proceeded to lower our sail; then he stepped up on top of the cabin, and looking down at me inquired what in thunder I was trying to do.

I made no answer, but looked steadily before me. Now that the sail was down, I could see what had happened. I had collided with a yacht which we had seen before. It was larger than ours, and contained a grandfather and a grandmother, a father and a mother, several aunts, and a great many children. They had started on the river the same day as ourselves, but did not intend to take so extended a trip as ours was to be. The whole party was now in the greatest confusion. I did not understand what they said, nor did I attend to it. I was endeavoring, for myself, to grasp the situation. Euphemia was calling to me from the cabin, into which she had retreated; the man was still talking to me from the cabin roof, and the people in the other boat were vociferating, and screaming; but I paid no attention to any one until I had satisfied myself that nothing serious had happened. I had not run into them head on, but had come up diagonally, and the side of our bow had struck the side of their stern. The collision, as I afterward learned, had happened in this wise: I had not seen the other boat because, lying back as I had been, the sail concealed her from me, and they had not seen us because their boatman was in the forward part of their cabin, collecting materials for breakfast, and the tiller was left in charge of one of the boys, who, like all the rest of his party who sat outside, had discreetly turned his back to the sun.

The grandfather stood up in the stern. He wore a black silk hat, and carried a heavy grape-vine cane. Unsteadily balancing himself on his legs, and shaking his cane at me, he cried:

"What is the meaning of this, sir? Are you trying to drown a whole family, sir?"

"If he'd run his bowsprit in among you," said the boatman from the cabin roof, "he'd 'a' killed a lot of you before you'd been drowned."

Euphemia screamed to me to come to her; the father was standing on his cabin roof, shouting something to me; the women in the other boat were violently talking among themselves; some of the little children were crying; the girls were hanging to the ladies, and all the boys were clambering on board our boat. It was a time of great excitement,

and something must be instantly said by me. My decision was quick.

"Have you any tea?" I said, addressing the old gentleman.

"Tea!" he roared. "What do you mean by that?"

"We have plenty of coffee on board," I answered, "but some of our party can't drink it. If you have any tea, I should like to borrow some. I can send it to you when we reach a store."

From every person of the other party came, as in a chorus, the one word, "Tea?" And Euphemia put her pale face out of the cabin, and said, in a tone of wondering inquiry, "Tea?"

"Did you bang into us in this way to borrow tea?" roared the old gentleman.

"I did not intend, of course, to strike you so hard," I said, "and I am sorry I did so, but I should like to borrow some tea."

Euphemia whispered to me:

"We have tea."

I looked at her, and she locked her lips.

"Of course we can give you some tea, if you want some," said the red-faced boatman, "but I never heered of a thing like this since I was first born, nor ever shall again, I hope."

"I don't want you to give me any tea," I said. "I shall certainly return it, and a very little will do—just a handful."

The two boats had not drifted apart, for the father, standing on the cabin roof, had held tightly to our rigging, and the boatman, still muttering, went on board his vessel to get the tea. He brought it, wrapped in a piece of a newspaper.

"Here comes your man," he said, pointing to a little boat which was approaching us. "We told him we'd look out for you, but we didn't think you'd come smashing into us like this."

In a few moments our boatman had pulled alongside, his face full of a dark inquiry. He looked at me for authoritative information.

"I came here," I said to him, "after tea."

"Before breakfast, I should say!" cried the old gentleman. And every one of his party burst out laughing.

Much was now said, chiefly by the party of the other part, but our boatman paid little attention to any of it. The boys scrambled on board their own vessel. We pushed apart, hoisted sail, and were soon speeding away.

"Good-bye!" shouted the father, a genial man. "Let us know if you want any more groceries, and we'll send them to you."

For six days from our time of starting we sailed down the Indian River. Sometimes the banks were miles apart, and sometimes they were very near each other; sometimes we

would come upon a solitary house, or little cluster of dwellings; and then there would be many, many miles of wooded shore before another human habitation was to be seen. Inland, to the west, stretched a vast expanse of lonely forest where panthers, bears, and wild-cats prowled. To the east lay a long strip of land, through whose tall palmettos came the roar of the great ocean. The blue sky sparkled over us every day; now and then we met a little solitary craft; countless water-fowl were scattered about on the surface of the stream; a school of mullet was usually jumping into the air; an alligator might sometimes be seen steadily swimming across the river, with only his nose and back exposed; and nearly always, either to the right or to the left, going north or going south, were seven pelicans, slowly flopping through the air.

A portion of the river, far southward, called "The Narrows," presented a very peculiar scene. The banks were scarcely fifty feet apart, and yet there were no banks. The river was shut in to the right by the inland shore, and to the left by a far-reaching island, and yet there was no inland shore, nor any island to the left. On either side were great forests of mangrove trees, standing tiptoe on their myriad down-dropping roots, each root midleg in the water. As far as we could see among the trees, there was no sign of ground of any kind—nothing but a grotesque network of roots, on which the forest stood. In this green-bordered avenue of water, which extended nine or ten miles, the thick foliage shut out the breeze, and our boatman was obliged to go ahead in his dinky, as he called the little boat, and tow us along.

"There are Indians out West," said Euphemia, as she sat gazing into the mangroves, "who live on roots, but I don't believe they could live on these. The papposes would certainly fall through."

At Jupiter Inlet, about a hundred and fifty miles from our point of starting, we went into camp, in which delightful condition we proposed to remain for a week or more. There was no trouble whatever in finding a suitable place for a camp. The spot selected was a point of land swept by cool breezes, with a palmetto forest in the rear of it. On two sides of the point stretched the clear waters of the river, while half a mile to the east was Jupiter Inlet, on each side of which rolled and tumbled the surf of the Atlantic. About a mile away was Jupiter Light-house, the only human habitation within twenty miles. We built a palmetto hut for a kitchen; we set up the tents in a permanent way; we constructed a little pier for the yacht; we built a wash-

stand, a table, and a bench. And then, considering that we had actually gone into camp, we got out our fishing-lines.

Fishing was to be the great work here. Near the Inlet, through which the waters of the ocean poured into and out of our river, on a long, sandy beach, we stood in line, two or three hours every day except Sunday, and fished. Such fishing we had never imagined!—there were so many fishes, and they were so big. The Paying Teller had never fished in his life before he came to Florida. He had tried at St. Augustine, with but little success. "If the sport had been to chuck fish into the river," he had said, "that would be more in my line of business; but getting them out of it did not seem to suit me." But here it was quite a different thing. It was a positive delight to him, he said, to be obliged so often to pay out his line.

One day, when tired of struggling with gamy blue-fish and powerful cavalhos (if that is the way to spell it), I wound up my line, and looked about to see what the others were doing. The Paying Teller stood near, on tiptoe, as usual, with his legs wide apart, his hat thrown back, his eyes flashing over the water, and his right arm stretched far out, ready for a jerk. Quee was farther along the beach. He had just landed a fish, and was standing gazing meditatively upon it as it lay upon the sand. The hook was still in its mouth, and every now and then he would give the line a little pull, as if to see if there really was a connection between it and the fish. Then he would stand a little longer, and meditate a little more, still looking alternately at the line and the fish. Having made up his mind, at last, that the two things must be separated, he knelt down upon his flopping prize and proceeded meditatively to extract the hook. The teacher was struggling at her line. Hand over hand she pulled it in. As it came nearer and nearer, her fish swam wildly from side to side, making the tightened line fairly hiss as it swept through the water. But still she pulled and pulled, until, red and breathless, she landed her prize upon the sand.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Paying Teller. "That's the biggest blue-fish yet!" But he did not come to take the fish from the hook. He was momentarily expecting a bite.

Euphemia was not to be seen. This did not surprise me, as she frequently gave up fishing long before the others, and went to stroll upon the sea-beach, a few hundred yards away. She was fond of fishing, but it soon tired her. "If you want to know what it is like," she wrote to a friend in the North, "just tie a long string around your boy Charlie, and try to haul him in out of the back yard."

But Euphemia was not upon the sea-beach to-day. I walked a mile or so along the sand, but did not find her. She had gone around the little bluff to her shark-line. This was a long rope, like a clothes-line, with a short chain at the end and a great hook, which was baited with a large piece of fish. It was thrown out every day, the land end tied to a stout stake driven into the sand, and the whole business given into the charge of "the crew," who was to report if a shark should bite. But to-day the crew had wandered away, and Euphemia was managing the line.

"I thought I would try to catch a shark all by myself," she said. "I wonder if there's one on the hook now. Would you mind feeling the line?"

I laughed as I took the rope from her hand.

"If you had a shark on the hook, my dear," said I, "you would have no doubt upon the subject."

"It would be a splendid thing to catch the first one," she said, "and there must be lots of them in here, for we have seen their back fins so often."

I was about to answer this remark when I began to walk out into the water. I did not at the time know exactly why I did this, but it seemed as if some one had taken me by the hand and was leading me into the depths. But the water splashing above my ankles and a scream from Euphemia made me drop the line, which immediately spun out to its full length, making the stake creak and move in the sand.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Euphemia, her face pale as the beach. "Isn't it horrible? We've got one!"

"Horrible!" I cried. "Why, didn't you want to get one?" and seizing the ax, which lay near by, I drove the stake down deep into the sand. "Now it will hold him!" I cried. "He can't pull that out!"

"But how are we to pull him in?" exclaimed Euphemia. "This line is as tight as a guitar-string."

This was true. I took hold of the rope, but could make no impression on it. Suddenly it slackened in my hand.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "We may have him yet! But we must play him."

"Play him!" exclaimed Euphemia. "You can never play a huge creature like that. Let me go and call some of the others to help."

"No, no!" I said. "Perhaps we can do it all by ourselves. Wind the line quickly around the top of the stake as I pull it in."

Euphemia knelt down and rapidly wound several yards of the slack cord around the

stake. In a few moments it tightened again, jerking itself out of my hand.

"There, now!" said Euphemia. "He is off again! You can never haul him in, now."

"Just wait," I said. "When he finds that he cannot break away he rushes toward shore, trying to bite the line above the chain. Then I must haul it in and you must wind it up. If you and I and the shark continue to act in this way, perhaps, after a time, we may get him into shallow water. But don't scream or shout. I don't want the others to know anything about it."

Sure enough, in a minute or two the line slackened again, when it was rapidly drawn in and wound around the stake.

"There he is!" exclaimed Euphemia. "I can see him just under the water, out there."

The dark form of the shark, appearing at first like the shadow of a little cloud, could be seen near the surface, about twenty-five yards away. Then his back fin rose, his tail splashed violently for an instant, and he disappeared. Again the line was loosened, and again the slack was hauled in and wound up. This was repeated, I don't know how many times, when suddenly the shark in his desperation rushed into shallow water and grounded himself. He would have floundered off in a few moments, however, had we not quickly tightened the line. Now we could see him plainly. He was eight or nine feet long and struggled violently, exciting Euphemia so much that it was only by clapping her hand over her mouth that she prevented herself from screaming. I would have pulled the shark farther in shore, but this was impossible, and it was needless to expect him to move himself into shallower water. So, quickly rolling up my trowsers, I seized the ax and waded in toward the floundering creature.

"You needn't be afraid to go right up to him," said Euphemia. "So long as he don't turn over on his back he can't bite you."

I had heard this bit of natural history before, but, nevertheless, I went no nearer to the shark than was necessary in order to whack him over the head with the ax. This I did several times, with such effect that he soon became a dead shark.

When I came out triumphant, Euphemia seized me in her arms and kissed me.

"This is perfectly splendid!" she said. "Who can show as big a fish as this one? None of the others can ever crow over you again."

"Until one of them catches a bigger shark," I said.

"Which none of them ever will," said Euphemia, decidedly. "It isn't in them."

The boatman was now seen approaching in his dinky to take the party back to camp,

and the crew, having returned to his duty, was sent off in a state of absolute amazement to tell the others to come and look at our prize. Our achievement certainly created a sensation. Even the boatman could find no words to express his astonishment. He waded in and fastened a rope to the shark's tail, and then we all took hold and hauled the great fish ashore.

"What is the good of it now you have got it?" asked Quee.

"Glory is some good!" exclaimed Euphemia.

"And I'm going to have you a belt made from a strip of its skin," I said.

This seemed to Euphemia a capital idea. She would be delighted to have such a trophy of our deed, and the boatman was set to work to cut a suitable strip from the fish. And this belt, having been properly tanned, lined, and fitted with buckles, is now one of her favorite adornments, and cost, I am bound to add, about three times as much as any handsome leathern belt to be bought in the stores.

Every day the Paying Teller, his wife, and Quee carefully set down in their note-books the weight of fish each individual had caught, with all necessary details and specifications relating thereunto; every day we wandered on the beach, or explored the tropical recesses of the palmetto woods; every evening the boatman rowed over to the light-house to have a bit of gossip, and to take thither the fish we did not need; every day the sun was soft and warm, and the sky was blue; and every morning, going oceanward, and every evening, going landward, seven pelicans flew slowly by our camp.

My greatest desire at this time was to shoot a pelican, to have him properly prepared, and to take him to Rudder Grange, where, suitably set up, with his wings spread out, full seven feet from tip to tip, he would be a grand trophy and reminder of these Indian River days. This was the reason why, nearly every morning and every evening, I took a shot at these seven pelicans. But I never hit one of them. We had only a shot-gun, and the pelicans flew at a precautionary distance; but, being such big birds, they always looked to me much nearer than they were. Euphemia earnestly desired that I should have a pelican, and although she always wished I should hit one of these, she was always glad when I did not.

"Think how mournful it would be," she said, "if they should take their accustomed flights morning and evening with one of their number missing."

"Repeating Wordsworth's verses, I suppose," remarked the little teacher.

I had been disappointed in the number of

pelicans we had seen. I knew that Florida was one of the homes of the pelican, and I had not expected to see these birds merely in small detachments. But our boatman assured me that on our return trip he would give me a chance of seeing and shooting as many pelicans as I could desire. We would touch at Pelican Island, which was inhabited entirely by these birds, and whence the parties of seven were evidently sent out.

One day, the boatman told us that a man at the light-house was an amateur photographer, and that, if we liked, he would come down and take a picture of us in camp. This idea was received with great favor. I have noticed that everybody who goes into camp, or engages in outdoor sports of any kind, likes to be photographed in some phase of his untrammelled life. Thus it is that no living creature prowls more frequently through our woods and wilds than the photographer.

Euphemia had very strong ideas on this subject. "I would associate the photographer," she said, "more closely with our social and domestic being. Instead of going to him to have our heads taken, as if we were a lot of Bluebeard's wives, he should come to us and photograph us in our homes. How many an absent husband would be overjoyed to see his wife sitting at her sewing, with all the familiar objects cluttered about her in the way he knew so well! How many a loved one, far, far from home, would be gratified to receive a picture of the family at supper, where he could recognize even the cracks in the familiar cups and plates! And how charmed an absent wife would be to get a photograph of her husband at work in his office, or, if belonging to a lower class, digging with his spade, or carrying his hod! Such a picture would be infinitely more comforting than his unfamiliar appearance with merely head and shoulders."

This eloquent pleading was scarcely necessary. We all wanted the photographer anyway, and we sent for him. When he came, a great deal of time was taken up in the composition and grouping of the intended picture. We tried to manage matters so that everything would show—the palmetto hut, with as many kitchen utensils as possible disposed near the door, the boat moored by the shore, the tent, the wash-stand, the table, the bench, some choice fish hung up in prominent positions, and, lastly, ourselves, grouped with natural ease. The photographer interfered a good deal with our arrangement of ourselves, as he desired each face should show as plainly as possible, and that no one of us should be more prominent than the others. The consequence of this was that, after many changes,

we gradually became arranged in a straight line. The boatman and his boy were allowed to place themselves as they chose, and they, therefore, took admirable positions on one side.

When the pictures were finished, we looked at them rather blankly. Everything was there, to be sure, but the palmetto hut looked very much like the tree it was under; and only a few of the pots and pans, on which we had relied to give a gypsy or backwoods look to our encampment, peered through the gloom of that corner of the picture; the hull of our yacht was almost entirely out of sight behind the bank on which we stood; the top of the palmetto tree, under which our tents were pitched, had been greatly influenced by the wind at the critical moment, and appeared to be spread along the sky in irregular patches; while, as for ourselves, it was impossible to recognize any one of us. I, by Euphemia's command, had stood up as straight as I could; the Paying Teller, who had a habit of sinking into his sockets, shut himself up as much as possible; while Quee had stood on a little elevation between us. Thus, we all appeared of about the same height, and, indeed, like little triplicates of the same man.

"Our friends can tell which is you," said Euphemia, "by your standing next to me."

But as it was impossible to distinguish Euphemia from the teacher, this method of identification did not appear to me to possess much value.

One figure, however, took admirably. A large fish which hung on a pole was placed so far in the foreground that it looked a little larger than any of us. As the portrait of a big fish, with the camp and figures in the distance, our photograph was a success.

It was a great thing, however, to have pictures of ourselves showing exactly how we looked when in camp, and as soon as we reached a post-office, we mailed copies to our distant friends. If the big fish had had any friends, they would have been, perhaps, the most appropriate individuals to receive the pictures.

A few days after this, we broke up our camp, and started northward. We had all been very happy and contented during our ten days' sojourn in this delightful place; but when at last our departure was determined upon, the Paying Teller became possessed with a wild desire to go, go, go. There was some reason, never explained nor fully expressed, why no day, hour, minute, or second should be lost in speeding to the far Northwest. The boatman, too, impelled by what impulse I know not, seemed equally anxious to get home. As for the Paying Teller's

"group," it always did exactly as he wished. Therefore, although Euphemia and I would have been glad to linger here and there upon our homeward way, we could not gainsay the desire of the majority of the party, and consequently we sailed northward as fast as wind and sometimes oars would take us.

Only one cause for delay seemed tolerable to the Paying Teller. This was to stop at every post-office. We had received but one mail while in camp, which had been brought in a sail-boat from an office twenty miles away. But the Paying Teller had given and written the most intricate and complex directions for the retention or forwarding of his mail to every postmaster in the country we had passed through, and these directions, as we afterward found, had so puzzled and unsettled the minds of these postmasters that for several weeks his letters had been moving like shuttle-cocks up and down the St. John's and Indian rivers—never stopping anywhere, never being delivered, but crossing and recrossing each other as if they were imbued with their owner's desire to go, go, go. Some of the post-offices where we stopped were lonely little buildings with no other habitation near. These we usually found shut up, being opened only on mail-days, and in such cases nothing could be done but to slip a protesting postal into the little slit in the wall apparently intended for letters. Whether these postals were eaten by rats or read by the P. M.'s, we never discovered. Wherever an office was found open, we left behind us an irate postmaster breathing all sorts of contemplated vengeance upon the disturbers of his peace. We heard of letters that had been sent north and sent south, but there never was any at the particular place where we happened to be, and I suppose that the accumulated mail of the Paying Teller may for several years drop gradually upon him through the meshes of the Dead-Letter Office.

There were a great many points of interest which we had passed on our downward trip, the boatman assuring us that, with the wind we had, and which might cease at any moment, the great object was to reach Jupiter as soon as possible, and that we would stop at the interesting places on the way up. But now the wind, according to his reasoning, made it necessary that we should again push forward as fast as we could; and, as I said before, the irresistible attraction of the Northwest so worked upon the Paying Teller that he was willing to pause nowhere, during the day-time, but at a post-office. At one place, however, I was determined to land. This was Pelican Island. The boatman, paying no at-

tention to his promise to stop here and give me an opportunity to shoot one of these birds, declared, when near the place, that it would never do, with such a wind, to drop anchor for a trifle like a pelican. The Paying Teller and Quee also strongly objected to a stop; and, while the teacher had a great desire to investigate the subject of ornithology, especially when exemplified by such a subject as a pelican, she felt herself obliged to be loyal to her "group," and so quietly gave her voice to go on. But I, supported by Euphemia, remained so firm that we anchored a short distance from Pelican Island.

None of the others had any desire to go ashore, and so I, with the gun and Euphemia, took the dinky and rowed to the island. While we were here the others determined to sail to the opposite side of the river to look for a little post-office, the existence of which the boatman had not mentioned until it had been determined to make this stoppage here.

As we approached the island we saw hundreds of pelicans, some flying about, some sitting on trunks and branches of dead trees, and some waddling about on the shore.

"You might as well shoot two of them," said Euphemia, "and then we will select the better to take to Rudder Grange."

The island was very boggy and muddy, and, before I had found a good place to land, and had taken up the gun from the bow of the boat, every pelican in sight took wing and flew away. I stood up and fired both barrels at the retreating flock. They swerved and flew oceanward, but not one of them fell. I helped Euphemia on shore, and then, gun in hand, I made my way as well as I could to the other end of the island. There might be some deaf old fellows left who had not made up their minds to fly. The ground was very muddy, and drift-wood and underbrush obstructed my way. Still, I pressed on, and went nearly half around the island, finding, however, not a single pelican.

Soon I heard Euphemia's voice, calling loud. She seemed to be about the center of the island, and I ran toward her.

"I've got one!" I heard her cry, before I came in sight of her. She was sitting at the root of a crooked, dead tree. In front of her she held, one hand grasping each leg, what seemed to me to be an ungainly and wingless goose. All about her the ground was soft and boggy. Her clothes were muddy, her face was red, and the creature she held was struggling violently.

"What on earth have you got?" I exclaimed, approaching as near as I could, "and how did you get out there?"

"Don't you come any closer!" she cried. "You'll sink up to your waist! I got here by

treading on the little hummocks and holding on to that dead branch; but don't you take hold of it, for you'll break it off, and then I can't get back."

"But what is that thing?" I repeated.

"It's a young pelican," she replied. "I found a lot of nests on the ground over there, and this was in one of them. I chased it all about, until it flopped out here and hid itself on the other side of this tree. Then I came out quietly and caught it. But how am I going to get it to you?"

This seemed, indeed, a problem. Euphemia declared that she needed both hands to work her way back by the means of the long, horizontal limb which had assisted her passage to the place where she sat, and she also needed both hands to hold her prize. It was likewise plain that I could not get to her. Indeed, I could not see how her light steps had taken her over the soft and marshy ground that lay between us. I suggested that she should throw the pelican to me. This she declined to do.

"I could never throw it so far," she said, "and it would surely get away. I don't want to lose this pelican, for I believe it is the last one on the island. If there are other young ones they have scuttled off by this time, and I should dreadfully hate to go back to the yacht without any pelican at all."

"I don't call that much of one," I said.

"It's a real pelican for all that," she replied, "and about as curious a bird as I ever saw. Its wings won't stretch out seven feet, to be sure."

"About seven inches," I suggested.

"But it is a great deal easier to carry a young one like this," she persisted, "and I expect a baby pelican is a much more uncommon sight in the North than a grown one."

"No doubt of it," I said. "We must keep him now you've got him. Can't you kill him?"

"I've no way of killing him," returned Euphemia. "I wonder if you could shoot him if I were to hold him out."

This, with a shot-gun, I positively declined to do. Even if I had had a rifle, I suggested that she might swerve. For a few moments we remained nonplussed. I could not get to Euphemia at all, and she could not get to me unless she released her bird, and this she was determined not to do.

"Euphemia," I said, presently, "the ground seems hard a little way in front of you. If you step over there I will go out on this strip, which seems pretty solid. Then I'll be near enough to you for you to swing the bird to me, and I'll catch hold of him."

Euphemia arose and did as I told her, and

we soon found ourselves about six feet apart. She took the bird by one leg and swung it toward me. With outstretched arm I caught it by the other foot, but as I did so I noticed that Euphemia was growing shorter, and also felt myself sinking in the bog. Instantly I entreated Euphemia to stand perfectly still, for, if we struggled or moved, there was no knowing into what more dreadful depths we might get. Euphemia obeyed me, and stood quite still, but I could feel that she clutched the pelican with desperate vigor.

"How much farther down do you think we shall sink?" she asked, her voice trembling a little.

"Not much farther," I said. "I am sure there is firm ground beneath us, but it will not do to move. If we should fall down we might not be able to get up again."

"How glad I am," she said, "that we are not entirely separated, even if it is only a baby pelican that joins us."

"Indeed I am glad!" I said, giving the warm pressure to the pelican's leg that I would have given to Euphemia's hand, if I could have reached her. Euphemia looked up at me so confidently that I could but believe that in some magnetic way that pressure had been transmitted through the bird.

"Do you think they will come back?" she said, directly.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "there's no manner of doubt of that."

"They'll be dreadfully cross," she said.

"I shouldn't wonder," I replied. "But it makes very little difference to me whether they are or not."

"It ought to make a difference to you," said Euphemia. "They might injure us very much."

"If they tried anything of the kind," I replied, "they'd find it worse for them than for us."

"That is boasting," said Euphemia, a little reproachfully, "and it does not sound like you."

I made no answer to this, and then she asked:

"What do you think they will do when they come?"

"I think they will put a plank out here and pull us out."

Euphemia looked at me an instant, and then her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "it's dreadful! You know they couldn't do it. Your mind is giving way!"

She sobbed, and I could feel the tremor run through the pelican.

"What do you mean?" I cried, anxiously. "My mind giving way?"

"Yes—yes," she sobbed. "If you were in

your right senses—you'd never think—that pelicans could bring a plank."

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Pelicans!" I exclaimed. "Did you think I meant the pelicans were coming back?"

"Of course," she said. "That's what I was asking you about."

"I wasn't thinking of pelicans at all," I answered. "I was talking of the people in the yacht."

Euphemia looked at me, and then the little pelican between us began to shake violently as we burst out laughing.

"I know people sometimes do lose their minds when they get into great danger," she said, apologetically.

"Hello!" came a voice from the water. "What are you laughing about?"

"Come and see," I shouted back, "and perhaps you will laugh, too."

The three men came; they had to wade ashore; and when they came they laughed. They brought a plank, and with a good deal of trouble they drew us out, but Euphemia would not let go of her leg of the little pelican until she was sure I had a tight hold of mine.

Day after day we now sailed northward, until we reached the little town at which we had embarked. Here we discarded our blue flannels and three half-grown beards, and slowly made our way through woods and lakes and tortuous streams to the upper waters of the St. John's. In this region the population of the river shores seemed to consist entirely of alligators, in which monsters Euphemia was greatly interested. But she seldom got a near view of one, for the sportsmen on our little steamer blazed away at every alligator as soon as it came into distant sight; and, although the ugly creatures were seldom hit, they made haste to tumble into the water or disappear among the tall reeds. Euphemia was very much annoyed at this.

"I shall never get a good close look at an alligator at all," she said. "I am going to speak to the captain."

The captain, a big, good-natured man, listened to her, and entirely sympathized with her.

"Tom," said he to the pilot, "when you see another big 'gator on shore, don't sing out to nobody, but call me, and slow up."

It was not long before chocolate-colored Tom called to the captain, and rang the bell to lessen speed.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, walking forward to the group of sportsmen, "there's a big 'gator ahead there, but don't none of you fire at him. He's copyrighted."

The men with the guns did not understand him, but none of them fired, and Euphemia and the other ladies soon had the satisfaction of seeing an enormous alligator lying on the bank, within a dozen yards of the boat. The great creature raised its head, and looked at us in apparent amazement at not being shot at. Then, probably considering that we did not know the customs of the river, or were out of ammunition, he slowly slipped away among the reeds with an air as if, like Mr. Turveydrop, he had done his duty in showing himself, and if we did not take advantage of it, it was no affair of his.

"If we only had a fellow like that for a trophy!" ejaculated Euphemia.

"He'd do very well for a trophy," I answered, "but if, in order to get him, I had to hold him by one leg while you held him by another, I would prefer a baby pelican."

Our trip down the St. John's met with no obstacles except those occasioned by the Paying Teller's return tickets. He had provided himself and his group with all sorts of return tickets from the various points he had expected to visit in Florida. These were good only on particular steam-boats, and could be used only to go from one particular point to another. Fortunately he had lost several of them, but there were enough left to give us a good deal of trouble. We did not wish to break up the party, and consequently we embarked and disembarked whenever the Paying Teller's group did so; and thus, in time, we all reached that wide-spread and sandy city which serves for the gate to Florida.

From here, the Paying Teller and his group, with complicated tickets, the determinate scope and purpose of which no one man living could be expected to understand, hurried wildly toward the far North-west; while we, in slower fashion, returned to Rudder Grange.

There, in a place of honor over the dining-room door, stands the baby pelican, its little flippers wide outstretched.

"How often I think," Euphemia sometimes says, "of that moment of peril, when the only actual bond of union between us was that little pelican!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Public Service and Private Business.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, in his first message to Congress, quotes, with evident appreciation, a passage from the letter in which the late candidate for the vice-presidency accepted his nomination, and in which he said: "It seems to me that the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform in the main to those which regulate the conduct of successful private business." We are glad that President Arthur indorses so warmly this sentiment of candidate Arthur. It is an admirable sentiment, and it is admirably expressed. No reform of the civil service is demanded which this proposition does not involve. If President Arthur will throw the whole weight of his administration into the work of making this maxim the rule of the public service, he will revolutionize the methods of appointment and removal, and will make for himself a lasting name.

Nobody will venture to dispute the soundness of the proposition thus laid down by the highest authority. Why should not the public service be managed on the principles which regulate successful private business? These principles are the result of experience; they are calculated to secure, and do secure, honesty and efficiency, vigilance and economy; does not the Government, in the administration of its high trusts and in its vast transactions, need these virtues in its service quite as much as any private business needs them? Who would justify the members of a political administration in adhering to methods of conducting public affairs which, as intelligent business men, they would repudiate as wasteful and ruinous in their own business? President Arthur is right. The public service ought to be managed on business principles. Let us see what this means.

It means, in the first place, that the public service, at least so far as the subordinate places are concerned, ought to be wholly unpartisan. No successful business man asks an applicant for the position of clerk or salesman to which of the political parties he belongs. No business man thinks it important that his clerks should agree with him in their political, or their religious, or their literary opinions. What he wants to know is, whether they are capable of performing the duties of the position for which they apply—whether they are honest, and faithful, and obliging. He will not be guilty of the folly of limiting himself to one-half of the labor-market by an arbitrary and senseless rule which confines his selection of employees to one political party. The men who are responsible for the public service ought to be governed, if President Arthur's maxim is true, by these considerations, and by no others. There are a few important political offices which ought, undoubtedly, to be filled by men who understand, and who will endeavor to carry out, the political policy of the administration. But with the great majority of all the positions in the public service it makes no difference whatever whether the men who hold them are Republicans or Demo-

crats. The Government wants the most capable and trustworthy servants, be they Democrats, or be they Republicans; and it is a distinct repudiation of the plainest business principles when the Government restricts itself, in its search for the best men, to one-half of the population.

Another of these business principles is well formulated by President Arthur. "Original appointments should be based upon ascertained fitness." The principle will be disputed by no intelligent person. The only question is how to apply it. How shall fitness be ascertained? Not one in ten of all the persons appointed to office is personally known to the persons making the appointments. When the Secretary of the Treasury holds in his hand the recommendation of a candidate to a clerkship, signed by various local dignities a thousand miles from Washington, he has not "ascertained" the fitness of the person recommended. Nor is he much more certain after the Congressman from that district has indorsed the application. Doubtless he ought to be, but doubtless he is not. That the person applying is a friend of the Congressman is probable enough; that he is the best man for that place is by no means clear. How shall the fact be ascertained? It is evident that the task of making fit appointments is not an easy one. A business man has only a score or two, or a hundred or two, clerks and salesmen to appoint; in a great department of the Government, especially when the head changes once in four years or oftener, the difficulty is much greater. It is to the solution of this practical difficulty that the civil service reformers have addressed themselves; and they claim to have found out a way in which the fitness of applicants for office can be ascertained with a good degree of accuracy. They say that their method has been tried, and that it works admirably. They point to strong testimonies of its success in documents accompanying President Arthur's message, which he has not overlooked. If it has been ascertained that this method of ascertaining the fitness of candidates for public office is a good method, then the method ought to be adopted. Private business adopts improved methods as soon as their superiority is made manifest. But there need be no disputing about methods. Let President Arthur adhere to his principle, and we are content. "Original appointments should be made upon ascertained fitness." If that rule be thoroughly enforced, the methods are not important.

"The tenure of office should be stable." This is another of the business principles that President Arthur wishes to apply to the public service, and it is the best of them all. "The tenure of office should be stable." How stable? As stable as service would be in any good business house. This is the logic of the President's argument. If the same rules which apply to successful private business are to govern the public service, then capable and experienced officials will not be turned out of office every year nor every four years. What merchant would consent to a regulation by which his clerks and subordinates should be "rotated"

out of his employ as soon as they had fairly learned their duties, and their places be filled with inexperienced men? What bank would tolerate such an itinerancy in its offices? What private firm would not suffer by the neglect to avail itself of the fruits of experience and training gained by those in its employ? If business principles are applied to the public offices, then the tenure will be during good behavior. President Garfield's scheme of fixing the tenure of all the offices was of doubtful wisdom. Doubtless it would be better to have the terms fixed at four or six years, than to have the offices all emptied and refilled every year or two at the demand of members of Congress; but why should the United States deprive itself of training and experience in its service by any such hard and fast rule?

The constitutional tenure is during good behavior, and the first limitation of the term of some of the offices to four years was in the interest of the spoils system; the intent was to make a sweep of these offices in order to fill them with political workers. It was just here that the public service began to depart from business principles; it is just here that the first step toward reform ought to be taken, by abolishing the fixed term of all the subordinate appointive offices, and by allowing the Government to conform its rules of removal, as well as of appointment, "to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business."

Such is President Arthur's doctrine of the civil service, and it is good doctrine. It is to be hoped that he will live up to it.

The Disappearance of the School-master.

CHARLES LAMB once indited a whimsical "Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," but it is in no spirit of irony or mere sentiment that we are disposed to regret the vanishing race of school-masters. Nowadays there are teachers of grades—men and women appointed to fetch a pupil through a certain stage of his education, and then pass him along to the driver of the next. But the excess of systemization under which our common schools groan, being burdened, and the high regard paid to the quantitative analysis of learning in examinations, has pretty much done away with the school-master. The individual genius and personal quality of the teacher have been crowded to the wall by the overloaded course of study and the exactitude of system.

One stage of progress is often the most dangerous obstruction to the next. When a country, for example, has won by years of war, or centuries of struggle, a republican or liberal government, the people at once fall to worshipping that which has been acquired. The orator makes his way to the hearts of patriotic listeners by a wreath of eulogies with which to crown the idol of "republican institutions." After awhile, when some one ventures to point out certain defects in these institutions, and certain respects in which other forms of government work more perfectly, the reformer seems to be a croaker, an iconoclast, an irreverent blasphemer of the national gods, a desecrator of the shrine of patriotic egotism.

A sort of apotheosis has taken place in the matter of the American school system. It was, in its inception, so great an advance on the irregular and spasmodic methods which preceded it, that men came to esteem it well-nigh perfect. In its beginnings

there was an enthusiastic advocacy, in its gradual adoption a justifiable exultation. It came to have the sacredness of a holy cause; and popular education, though by no means originally or exclusively American, became a national boast. Did not foreign travelers wonder to see our working-men reading the daily newspaper? There was an aroma of philanthropy and democratic equality about the common school, and it became a favorite theme for holiday eulogy. To find fault with it seems to some people nothing short of attacking the sacred cause of human enlightenment.

Now the great evil of this state of mind is that it fosters abuses. Eternal vigilance is the price of a good many excellent things besides liberty. But the singing of pæans to things in their present state is not conducive to watchfulness. There is nothing in this rather imperfect world that may not be improved, and there is nothing that does not easily slip into abuse through laxity or a mistake of aim. The harm of general laudation is that it covers a multitude of sins which ought to be brought to light. It arrests progress in right directions, and aggravates all tendencies to extremes.

There can be no doubt that our school system in this country has well-nigh lost its flexibility. It is not subject to the guidance of enlightened thought. The primary grades, for example, have received little benefit from the discoveries and devices of Froebel. This may arise partly from the severe spirit in which some of Froebel's most sincere disciples in this country have sought to enforce the mint, anise, and cummin of his system, and partly from the shallow quackery of some mere money-makers, who have advertised modified and Americanized kindergartens, from which all that was substantial or essential in the Froebelian system had been eliminated. But the principles of child-nature are universal, and the great truths announced by Pestalozzi and Froebel have had little really important influence on our system. That, of all things, a little child should be constantly employed and never kept in a state of enforced quiet, is a fundamental principle with all the great masters of education in this century. But our "system" puts fifty or more children, of five or six years of age, under the care of one inexperienced teacher, who is enjoined to "keep them quiet" at all hazards. It is not surprising that President Garfield thought it wonderful that a child's love of education should survive "the outrages of the school-room." The very first step in the American system directly contravenes the strongest law of a child's nature; we make school hateful at the outset by making it a place of enforced inactivity of both mind and body. For a little child who is required to be quiet, cannot study. The long school hours are to him only a sort of imprisonment with enforced silence, from which he gladly escapes at the end of the tedious day. There are ways in which Froebel's more natural system could be applied in a measure, inexpensively, to all our primary schools.

It is the excessive amount of system in our wholesale methods of teaching that prevents the best results in any department. The pressure of quantity does not give the teacher time to mold character. Dr. Arnold himself could not have been Dr. Arnold if he had been required by a board of education to teach the greatest

possible amount of arithmetic and geography within a given time. It is probable that Dr. Arnold would have been considered wanting in the requirements of an American school-teacher of the present day. It is certain he would have found himself hopelessly trammelled, as many an aspiring teacher finds himself trammelled, by the expectations of his employers. The teacher who would fain be less of a machine—who would like to take time to do some thorough training, and to develop the men and women of the future—gets no opportunity. He must bring the largest possible crop of arithmetic and geography at the end of the year; all his better work in building character will count for nothing with the "Board." Then there are hobby-riders, seeking to drive into the already overcrowded course some special study. The arts of design are often useful in a business way, therefore drawing shall be universally exacted of the pupils. Music is charming at home, therefore the vocal teacher must have place. In one considerable city, a wealthy merchant in the Board of Education, who found telegraphy valuable in his own office, has succeeded in putting every boy and girl in the town to clicking telegraph keys.

But, no matter what is put into the course, it is rare that anything is taken out. The school-master finds no place on which to stand. His individuality is utterly repressed. He is a mere cog-wheel in a great machine. He sinks down at last to the level mediocrity which machines always produce; he becomes a hearer of lessons, a marker of registers, a worker for examination week. It is not chiefly his fault that he does not do higher work. There is hardly space for it, and there is no market for it.

We debate about courses of study and modes of procedure in our schools, but the chief thing, after all, is to get a genuine teacher. The master of the famous "Gunnery" school, whose death recently attracted so much attention to his methods, did not teach anything that was not to be found in other schools of the same class. He was not even specially remarkable for his own scholarship, nor for extraordinary attainment in his pupils. But there was in him a manliness which communicated to his scholars something better even than the knowledge they acquired. There is a school district on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, where the Roman Catholic and Protestant voters have long struggled for control. Sometimes a Catholic teacher would receive the appointment, and, as he would not read the Bible in school, the Protestants would refuse to let their children learn the multiplication table from him. Then the Protestants would put in a teacher. But whichever carried the day, there was much uniformity in the stupidity of the teacher and the inefficiency of the school. It did not occur to any one that the quality of the teacher, as a teacher, was of more importance to the district than the religion to which he might belong in a nominal and hereditary way. But it chanced, in the summer just passed, that the district secured a genuine whole-hearted school-master. He was a Catholic, but Protestants soon forgot it, as he was not a propagandist. The boys and girls, for the first time, were eager for school hours and in love with school days. The district forgot the battle of religions in their feeling that the teacher was giving them something they had never had before.

All the world over, human short-sightedness puts the means for the end. The organization and regular conduct of a school system is of value only as it helps the schools to attain their main end. The minister of public instruction who boasted that he could look at his watch and know just what question was being asked at that moment in every school of a given grade in France, was a good illustration of the system-worshiper. A system of education that defeats its own end by destroying the free and individual action of the teacher is the nightmare of human progress. No doubt, teachers of enthusiastic devotion may do much under existing conditions, but it seems a pity to spend so much time and effort in producing unfavorable conditions.

The Situation in Ireland.

WHY do not things settle down in Ireland? is the question which those naturally ask who have watched the struggle of the last three years, noted the demands of the peasantry, and perceived what a long way the Land Act passed by Mr. Gladstone's government went toward satisfying those demands. Why is the news always of outrage on the one side, arrests on the other? Was the Land Act really an insufficient measure of reform? Or is the land question, after all, not the crucial question in Ireland? Natural as such a question is, it is one which those will hardly ask who understand Irish character, and know how old and deep is the resentment which the bulk of the Irish population feel toward what they still call "the English Government." Of the material grievances Ireland had to complain of, the Protestant establishment and the condition of the tenantry were no doubt the gravest, and the latter far graver than the former. But they were not the only grievances; so that to settle them is not to settle everything.

For many years past there has been in Ireland a party which, whether it called itself Repealer, or National, or Fenian, or Home Rule, has substantially had always the same object—that of shaking off the rule of the Parliament of the United Kingdom and making the island, if possible, absolutely independent; if not, then at least practically so for most purposes. This party has enjoyed the sympathy of the Roman Catholic peasantry, and of a large section of the Roman Catholic middle class, as well as of some few Protestants. But it had from them little more than sympathy. They did not care enough to take up arms or do anything more than vote for Home Rule candidates. Fenianism, though it seems to have made a sort of scare in England, was never really formidable. Perceiving this, Mr. Davitt, who is the ablest man the National party has produced of late years, resolved to rouse the peasantry and win their support by appealing to their material interests. He organized the Land League, and the movement at once acquired as importance it had never had before. There was now something definite to struggle for, something more solid than a green banner and visions of national independence. No equally skillful move had been made since the days of Daniel O'Connell.

Mr. Gladstone's government recognized the change in the situation, and finding that the loyal Protestant population of the north of Ireland supported the demand for a sweeping change in the land laws, they conceded it, and forced the Act of last session through,

many of their own supporters making extremely wry faces over a measure so opposed to ordinary English ideas. They hoped thus to undo the alliance between the tenant farmers and the Nationalists which the Land League had created. They removed the motive, the practical grievance, which that alliance had rested on, and trusted that nationalism would relapse into its previous weakness.

To a great extent they have succeeded. There can be little doubt, in spite of the disturbances cabled from Ireland, that the great mass of the tenant farmers will take advantage of the Act and pay their rents so far as they can. They will recognize, probably they have recognized already, that no further concessions can at present be expected from the British Parliament, so that the wise course is to make the most of the Act. Thus the Land League will lose much of the active support it has had. But there remain, still unappeased, and not likely to be appeased, the Nationalists, many of whom looked on the land agitation as only an engine in the contest for independence. Fearing to lose all of what they had gained, they of course do their best to keep the excitement alive, to deter farmers from applying to the Land Court, to minimize the advantages which that court offers. It is the easier to do this because during the past two years a habit of lawlessness has grown up in which there is something attractive. There is a fascination in the act of conspiracy. It quickens the pulse and begets a sense of power—power all the dearer because it is secret. The Land League courts, and the people who (probably in many cases without the sanction of the Land League courts) carried on the land war by shooting at agents, or maiming cattle, or beating tenants who had paid their rents, cannot be expected to give up their practices at once, especially as the most active men among them are Nationalists, who dread nothing so much as the contentment of Ireland and a good feeling between her and Great Britain, since that would make their cause hopeless.

"But then," some one asks, "why do not those tenant farmers who are going to use the Land Act repudiate the Land League courts and the outrages one reads of?" They have got what they wanted, or nearly all of it; "why do they not show their gratitude by helping to reestablish order?" The truth is, that gratitude counts for little in politics anywhere; and all the less in this particular case because the people think that it was English fear, not English goodwill, that gave them the Land Act. Besides, they have for more than a century been in the habit of regarding the Government (whether Liberal or Tory makes no difference), the law and its ministers, as their natural enemies. They have been carrying on a sort of guerilla warfare against landlords—that is to say, against the exercise of those full legal rights which the law gave the landlord, but which their sentiment disapproved. An act done in the course of this warfare, even if the law calls it a crime, appeared to them in the light rather of an act of war, a sort of irregular foray on the enemy, than of an offense against the peace and good order of society. Hence, even those who took no active part in what are called agrarian outrages did not exert themselves to check them, would not give evidence, would not as jurymen find a verdict of guilty—not to add, that they would possibly

risk their own lives by doing so. This old habit is not to be got rid of at once, and it makes the great difficulty which those who govern Ireland have to reckon with. It is quite sufficient to account for the continuance of disorders in Ireland now, and it may last for years to come. Nothing seems likely to extinguish it but the growth of a feeling among the people that the law is on their side, and that outrages on individuals are threats to themselves.

If the Land Act succeeds, if rents are reduced, and are paid regularly, and if a large number of farmers become land-owners, the Irish peasant may become, probably will become, as firm a supporter of the rights of property as the French peasant is. All this must take time. Confidence is a plant of slow growth; so too is material prosperity in an old country without remarkable physical resources; and it may be long before either the contentment of the peasants, or a sense of the commercial advantages which English connection gives, or even the bestowal of a better and more popular system of local self-government, allays that desire for national independence which is strong enough to keep the people restless, yet apparently never strong enough (unless when backed by some material interest) to unite them in its cause.

George Eliot and Emerson.

On the horizon of almost every mind there rise at times the spectral clouds of Doubt and Disbelief. The timid turn away and try to forget, or shiver in uncertain apprehension: the brave man pushes to close grips with the terror, to find if it be fact or phantom, or if perchance it be even a disguised friend.

It is profoundly interesting to study those lives in which the tendency to religious disbelief has been conscientiously accepted and lived out. The result of such observation is not always what we should expect. For instance, there has lately died in England a man who gave up all belief in God and immortality, yet who was, his friends tell us, of pure life and lovable character, and who carried his disbelief with buoyancy of spirit, and every appearance of happiness. On his tomb is the inscription: "I was not, and I was conceived: I lived and did a little work: I am not, and grieve not." We are not told whether this summing up of his story was from Professor Clifford's own hand; but it might well have been, for it expresses his belief and temper.

In the November number of *THE CENTURY*, there was given a personal sketch of George Eliot, which showed the far different effect upon her mind of convictions like Professor Clifford's. Mr. Myers's delicate and sympathetic presentation of her character, from the standpoint of loyal and reverent friendship, confirmed the impression given by her books, that the renunciation of belief in God and immortality wrought in her a profound and abiding sadness. Her unshaken fidelity to duty, amid the shadows that lay upon her spirit and upon the universe, affects us as most heroic and pathetic. The use to which she put that great pain, in drawing from it a finer sympathy and service to the fellow-beings whom she saw as orphans with her in a fatherless universe, is a supreme example of how the bitterest personal experience may be made to bear sweet fruit. But still, to her just and truth-loving mind, the world appeared a sadder place than it was in

the light of the old faith. She did not profess, like Professor Clifford, and like Harriet Martineau, to find no real loss in giving up the hope of a future life, with its disclosure of a light in which earth's miseries and mysteries shall all be reconciled as parts of a supreme good.

This confession, visible between all the lines of her later work, of a great sadness consequent on the loss of a spiritual faith and hope, seems to us to indicate the sanity and truth of her genius and character. Given those premises—no God and no hereafter—and there can rightly be but one conclusion, a profound gloom investing human destiny. Such words as those of Professor Clifford fall on the mind with a sense of bravado and unreality. He may have been happy in the enthusiasm with which he preached his new creed, yet one hardly envies such happiness. It was impossible to a nature with the deeper insight and wider sympathy which belonged to George Eliot. Rightly said Marcus Aurelius: "It is well to die, if there be gods; and it is sad to live, if there be none." It is the latter alternative to which the philosophy based solely on material science compels those who faithfully follow its teaching. "God we have none," then, most surely, "sad is it to live!" How inevitably the two things are bound together was shown by the life of this greatest Englishwoman of our time. For she had the gifts that best might win joy and comfort—fidelity to conscience, domestic happiness, intellectual power, friends, success,—all were hers. Hers was the great endowment of a noble sympathy with mankind, and a keen susceptibility to beauty and grandeur. Yet, led by the philosophy which she accepted and the intellectual associations amid which her life was cast, to disbelieve in God and immortality, she thereupon found the universe a sad place, lightened by courage and mutual tenderness, yet sad to the very heart. Honor to the brave soul that followed so faithfully its thought of truth, and, finding the conclusion bitter, would not call it sweet!

But, looking upon that conclusion, thus fully wrought out, thus shown in vivid reality, the mind draws back with a profound instinct of denial. It says: The world is good, life is good, the inmost meaning of the universe is something blessed and divine. That, we incline to say, is the deepest thing we feel and the surest thing we know. That is the impression which comes home to the healthiest minds. That is the voice which the ineffable beauty of nature speaks to the soul. That is the suggestion of the majestic order in which creation marches. That is the message of the teachers who outrank all the pedants of the schools,—the message of human life at its deepest and highest, of love and labor, of fatherhood and motherhood, of conquered temptation, of aspiration and prayer, of all that brave hearts endure and loving hearts feel. Life is blessed and divine; its very shadows hint at the sun which they obscure, its meaning is better than our best thought, and shall hereafter be disclosed to us. And any intellectual theory which in its outworking destroys this serene confidence impresses us as untrustworthy. No matter how ingenious its arguments: its roots do not strike down to the inmost truth and reality.

In geometry, that science which Plato made the type of our spiritual knowledge,—its truths being most certain, yet wholly independent of sense-evi-

dence,—there is one way of demonstrating some particular truth which is called *reductio ad absurdum*. It consists in assuming that the point in question is not true; in arguing from that basis, and reaching from it as a necessary conclusion some statement so absurd that the mind revolts from it and thereupon discredits the assumption which led to an incredible result. In a like way, a life like George Eliot's may be taken as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the philosophy she accepted. We listen to its clever arguments, we grant them plausible, perhaps we find no flaw. But put them to the working proof. Make them the lens through which a great soul looks at human life, and lo! the whole world is seen wrapped in the lurid hue of a sadness without hope! We reject the lens, we dismiss the philosophy. We trust the great intuitions of humanity, moving on like a majestic river, in which to-day's doubts and denials will hereafter show as a moment's backward eddy.

Mr. Myers quotes from George Eliot this notable utterance:

"I gather a sort of strength from the certainty that there must be limits or negations in my own moral powers and life experience, which may screen from me many possibilities of blessedness for our suffering human nature."

There is more than humility in this. The world is never without its men of spiritual vision,—a kind of insight into reality essentially different from George Eliot's keen analysis of human nature. It is a genius of higher order than hers; it is telescopic, reaching the heavens, where hers was microscopic, revealing the things of earth. Mr. Myers names George Eliot, Carlyle, and Ruskin as three prophets. But we have in Emerson a greater prophet than any of the three; healthy where Carlyle was dyspeptic; serene and all-viewing where Ruskin is partial and passionate; a seer where George Eliot was an analyst. She knew the thought of her day and generation, and was mastered by it: he knows it, and masters it. No one is freer than he from bondage to tradition. No one sees more clearly the meanings of science. He is so free from all false or exaggerated fervors that to many he seems cold. In him the brilliant rays of color—of insight, passion, tenderness, imagination, worship, love—seem to blend in the clear white light of truth. And his sincere message rings always with a jubilant tone of faith, and hope, and joy. In everything he sees divinity,—the token and the very presence of God. For him, life pours from every urn a wine of exquisite joy, which never intoxicates, but yields a celestial vigor. With the heavens opening above and about him, he yet keeps his feet always on the firm ground of familiar fact. His poems are inspirations of serene joy. The present is to him so full that he will scarcely dwell on the future. Yet, in his "Threnody," born of a great sorrow, we have the foretaste, and almost the present sense, of eternity. How nobly, in "Social Aims," he writes of Immortality. He goes deeper than any conviction about man's futurity, to that absolute trust in all-ruling good which is the heart of spiritual faith. "I think all sound minds rest on a certain preliminary conviction, namely, that if it be best that conscious personal life shall continue, it will continue; if not best, then it will not." And from that citadel of the soul, how lofty a glance he throws upon the future:

—"Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties,—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason." This is like what is said in the "Threnody," in a passage whose tenderness matches its moral energy and inspiration:

"—What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Hearts' love will meet thee again. •
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
Not, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds;

Or like a traveler's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtiveness and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

Emerson's "Threnody," Tennyson's "In Memoriam,"—these are but new versions of mankind's eternal gospel; from the grave itself is born the great assurance of something above and beyond death. It is through the noblest life here that the life hereafter is revealed. "Not," says Emerson, "by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and perfumed with airs of heaven,—with manliest or womanliest enduring love,—can the vision be clear, to a use the most sublime."

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Exhibition of American Wood-Engraving.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY :

SIR: The late exhibition of American wood-engraving at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (the first of real importance held in this country), was a most interesting one, embracing, as it did, three well-filled rooms, containing specimens of the work of the past and present. Here the public had an opportunity of judging for themselves, by actual comparison, of the merits of different engravers and of different methods. Proofs of all varieties of wood-engraving were shown, from the conventional cutting of the old-fashioned wood-drawing—slick, clean, and pretty—to the wildest and most independent efforts of the "new school" of painters and engravers. Almost every engraver of note had, at least, a few specimens, and a great number of the younger men were well represented. I cannot give a complete review of the exhibition, but will mention some of its most salient features.

One lingered longest and with most pleasure over the collections of T. Cole and W. B. Closson, not only for their own exquisite workmanship, but for the splendid originals which they had so carefully rendered. W. J. Linton's block of "The Raft," after George Harvey, was a masterly treatment of a large subject, and worthy of all praise. His head after Titian seemed to be a new departure for Linton. J. G. Smithwick's "Drumming out a Tory," after Reinhart, calls for special comment for skillful and brilliant handling, and his proof after George H. Boughton's "Autumn" any one might covet. J. P. Davis's "Eager for the Fray," after Shirlaw, is a representative example of his best workmanship. Fred. Juengling's exhibit, arranged in chronological order, was full of interest, beginning, as it did, with a rendering of a conventional wood-drawing for the "Fireside Companion," 1870, and ending with a large block after a painting by R. Swain Gifford, 1880. His best effort was the head of "The Professor," for which he received honorable mention in the *Salon* Exhibition of 1881. French's well-chosen specimens after Abbey, Pyle, and others were delicate and refined. Marsh's "Moths" one can never see too often, but one

missed some of his beautiful proofs after Mrs. Foote, Lathrop, and others. Kruell's collection of masterly portraits was headed by "Dean Stanley"; for his engraving of flesh and use of white line he is unequalled. King's specimens of tint-work after James Beard's drawings showed remarkable skill, especially in the way of mechanical execution. J. H. E. Whitney's wood-cut copies of etchings attracted much attention; the dry point and line effect of his head of "Jo," after Whistler, is one of the most remarkable things ever done on the block. Miss Powell's cut of "At the Piano," after Whistler's painting, was a very successful effort. Thomas Johnson's portrait of the mother of President Garfield showed great strength and directness.

These are only a few of the great number who merit special praise, if space permitted, among whom were Andrew, Miss Barber, Dana, Heinemann, Hellawell, Kingsley, Speer, and many others.

The delicate "Winifred Dysart," by Closson, after George Fuller's painting, and "Autumn Afternoon in the Berkshire Hills," after Thayer, and the "First Communion," after Bastien Lepage, both engraved by Cole, should put an end forever to all controversies as to superiority of old methods over new ones. These proofs show a delicacy and subtlety of expression never before attained in wood-cuts, as well as a quality of line never yet excelled.

After a careful survey of the whole exhibition, one gives a sigh of regret that such excellent engraving has, in so many cases, gone to waste on weakly pretty, and often petty drawings. It would seem, indeed, that reform in the future must come through the artist, rather than the engraver, who now seems able to accomplish any task set before him far better than ever before in the history of the art.

The late exhibit also confirms the opinion already expressed in *SCRIBNER*, that the American school have won their laurels as that of the best engravers in the world by their subtle and delicate rendering of small and medium-sized blocks. As far as large blocks go, we still have, with rare exceptions, little to show in comparison with the splendid work done by the English and French schools.

A. W. D.

LITERATURE.

"Ralph Waldo Emerson." *

THERE is, perhaps, a certain indelicacy in publishing the biography of an author who is still alive and in condition to speak for himself. But this is forgiven in the present instance, if, as seems probable, Mr. Cooke has the permission of his subject. It is evident, at all events, that he has had access to unpublished addresses, and other manuscript material and information, which implies that he writes as one having authority. The public may be excused, too, for an eagerness to learn all that can honorably be imparted about the career of that reverend and gracious man, in whose distinction his countrymen feel a personal and, as it were, filial pride. America has been fortunate in the character of her best writers. Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Emerson: what dignified presences these!

Mr. Cooke is far from being an ideal biographer. His book is painstaking and business-like, though deficient in inspiration and insight. He seems to have prepared himself honestly for his task by reading everything that Mr. Emerson has written, and nearly everything that any one has written about him. He gives us copious citations from opinions of others that might easily have been spared. What one man of genius thinks about another is always worth quoting, but what have we to do with the commonplace "opinions" of commonplace minds? Mr. Cooke's attitude is, as he explains, rather that of a disciple than that of a critic; and he modestly obliterates himself in his subject. This may do for a Boswell writing of a Johnson; but when Emerson is in question, whose thought is to be reported, rather than his daily walk and conversation, there is need of a biographer occupying an independent, and even a critical, point of view. When Lowell, *e. g.*, writes of Emerson, it is flint striking on steel, and striking out sparks. And how eagerly we read the few words that Hawthorne has spoken concerning his illustrious neighbor!—Hawthorne, who felt the attraction, but would not be drawn into it, because his shy genius resented the too close approach of any alien mind.

These criticisms apply especially to the earlier and more strictly biographical portion of the work. In the last eight chapters, in which Mr. Cooke expounds Emerson's philosophy, we think that he has made an original and valuable contribution to the literature of his subject. His exposition is not only fuller and plainer than Mr. Frothingham's in his history of Transcendentalism in New England, but seems to us the best that has yet been published. We shall dwell on this point, because we think that in doing this part of his work so thoroughly he has performed no mean service both to Emerson and to the reading public. "If people who write essays about Emerson,"

said a friend to us once, "would only stop saying fine things about him and tell us what he means, they might persuade some of us scoffers to read him." Lowell, to be sure, has had his laugh at those who want an edition of Emerson "in words of one syllable for infant minds"; and plain people who were puzzled about the over-soul were told, for their comfort, that the ideas of the reason could not be translated into the language of the understanding. But if Emerson is not his own interpreter, ought any one else to presume to the office? Yes: and for this reason. The mere literary reader finds his page hard, because his point of view is unfamiliar. On the other hand, the reader who has some acquaintance with systematic philosophies, is puzzled where to place him, because, being a poet, he makes no formulated statement of his beliefs, but writes in figures and seems to have no system. His position is almost consciously defined by himself in what he says of Plato: "He has not a system. The dearest defenders and disciples are at fault. He attempted a theory of the universe, and his theory is not complete or self-evident. One man thinks he means this, and another that; he has said one thing in one place and the reverse of it in another." This is precisely the charge that is made against Emerson; that his language is elusive; that he does not agree with himself, but writes from the mood of the moment, etc. Yet, surely, if he has no system, *i. e.*, if it is impossible to classify him exactly as a Kantian or a Berkeleyan or a Platonist, he yet has some synthesis in his ideas; certain ways of conceiving of God, of the human soul, and of the universe of matter, which are constant in his thought. In disentangling these from the mystic and poetic form of expression which he gives them, and in so stating them that the plain people may understand them, Mr. Cooke performs a useful, though perhaps humble, act of mediation, which we are glad to recognize. His book fulfills the purpose for which the preface claims that it was written: to be "an introduction to the study of the writings of Mr. Emerson."

We shall not anticipate the results of Mr. Cooke's study further than to say that he places Emerson in the line of mystics, which includes Plotinus, Eckhart, Boehme, and Schelling. He is not, of course, to be taken as a disciple of any one of these, or as agreeing with any one of them in all particulars. He has an original intuition of spiritual truths: he has *felt* the divine in nature and in the soul, as a poet, not reasoned about it as a dialectician. He is, on the whole, more nearly in agreement with Schelling than with any other modern philosopher. Schelling's latest system is in result mystical, though the arguments by which he supported it have the appearance, at least, of severe logical deduction. His doctrine is esoteric and to be expressed only in figures. He hit upon the famous metaphor of the magnet; mind and nature are the positive and negative ends; the indifference point is

* Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Life, Writings, and Philosophy. By George Willis Cooke. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Reason, the Absolute, in which nature and mind become one. Only by such an identity yet opposition, by such a polarity, can the Absolute become conscious of itself. It makes of itself as nature an object to itself as mind. "The souls of men are but the innumerable individual eyes with which the infinite world-spirit beholds himself." "Thought is not my thought and Being is not my being. There is no such thing as a reason which we have, but only a Reason which has us. From within or from behind a light shines through us upon things and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all." Such are Schelling's words, and it is needless to quote consenting passages from Emerson. Expressions almost identical will occur to every reader of "Nature" and of "The Over-soul." Schelling, too, was a poet and a man of exalted imagination, whose influence, transmitted to English thought through the channel of Coleridge, could hardly fail of its effect on a mind like Emerson's.

The mooted question whether Emerson is a Theist or a Pantheist has received fresh attention of late through the indiscretions of the Rev. Joseph Cook. On this head it is sufficient to say that if Pantheism means the doctrine that the first principle of things is matter, or force, or anything unconscious and unspiritual, Emerson is most certainly not a Pantheist. His Pantheism extends only to his refusal to separate his idea of God from his manifestation in nature and in the human soul.

Critics sometimes talk as though it were possible to disentangle Emerson's peculiar philosophical views from the body of his writings, leaving the latter to stand upon their own merits as literature merely. This may be the case with "English Traits"—the most popular of his prose books—and with a few of his poems, but it is not true of his works in general. These are but the various presentations of his religious thought. It is not for nothing that Emerson is the descendant of eight generations of ministers. When he left his pulpit he still remained a preacher. The lecture platform became his pulpit, and it is a significant fact that, as his biographer tells us, his published essays have, with unimportant exceptions, been written and delivered first as lectures.

What, then, has been the influence of his philosophical creed upon his literary production? Those who believe that the creed in question is doomed to give way to a more fruitful and progressive philosophy, and one more in accordance with the facts of experience, may regret that Emerson has chosen to nail his flag to the mast of a sinking ship. And those who have no belief on the subject may yet be excused for holding that the most enduring literature is precisely the most *human*, or, in other words, is that which will square best with any philosophy. Systems change, but the great masters of literature are perennially fresh, because human nature changes not. So far as Emerson is an interpreter of permanent elements in human nature, his marvelously fine workmanship is destined to be a joy forever. So far as he is merely the expounder of a system of the universe, we fear that it is fated to decay.

His idealism, for one thing, is repugnant to many readers. The poet dwells in the cheerful world of phenomena. He is most the poet to whom life is most real—who *realizes* most intensely that experience of the soul which we call nature and human life.

Shakspeare does not forget that the world will one day vanish "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and that we ourselves are "such stuff as dreams are made of;"—but this is not his habitual mood.

Again, it is for the poet to distinguish the manifold in unity: for the philosopher to detect the uniform in variety. In Shakspeare and Goethe, how infinite the swarm of persons, the multitude of forms! But with Emerson the type is important, the common element. "Persons are supplementary to the primary teaching of the soul," he says. "How ill agrees the majestic immortality of our religion with the frivolous populations!" And he scorns to examine too microscopically "the universal tablet." "The same—the same! Friend and foe are of one stuff: the plowman, the plow, and the furrow are of one stuff."

"I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

The mystical doctrine of identity, moreover, disposes of evil as a negative, as the shadow of good. To doubt the ultimate success of the good is, says Emerson, the only skepticism. The serenity and elevation which are the characteristics of his thought come from the perception that this outward face of things is but a mask, not worthy to dismay the fixed soul. As the idealist declines to cross-question too closely those facts which he regards as merely phenomenal: as he disparages history at a time when the historical method is invading every province of human inquiry with most astonishing effect; so the optimist turns away his eyes from evil, which he considers but a transitory disguise of good, and no part of the order of things. Hawthorne's interest in the problem of sin finds no place in Emerson's philosophy. Passion comes not nigh him. Faust disturbs him into a shudder, and he complains of the disagreeableness of Goethe's conception. Is it the shock of a stronger philosophy than his own? That is a noble and beautiful world into which this high soul leads us. It is a real world—but is it the whole world?

Mulford's "The Republic of God."*

DR. MULFORD'S "An Institute of Theology" is a good companion of Robertson Smith's lectures upon the Old Testament. The one proposes a new method of Biblical criticism, and the other a new method of theological discussion. There is reason to fear that Dr. Mulford's book will be less widely read than Professor Smith's; for not only is his subject more abstract, his literary skill is less perfect than that of the Scotch heresiarch. Nevertheless, the treatise of the American will be read and digested by many of the more thoughtful among religious teachers, and will be translated by them, through sermons, and reviews, and newspaper articles, into the common speech of men.

Dr. Mulford's style is individual, but it is often obscure and confusing. Some of his mannerisms are troublesome. The preposition "in" is grievously overworked. There is also, if Dr. Mulford will permit the use of the expression, quite too much of "there is" in this rhetoric. A good share of his sentences

*The Republic of God. An Institute of Theology. By Eliza Mulford, LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

are furnished with this expletory handle, and it is by no means always explicative. These rhetorical blemishes are, however, defects of an excellent quality. They arise from a habit of regarding the interior rather than the formal relations of things, and from a method of presentation in which simple statement is almost wholly substituted for ratiocination. This volume contains but little logic—scarcely a trace of the deductive method is to be found. The book is a bundle of aphorisms; nevertheless, there is a natural order and progress of thought. Dr. Mulford is so careful to avoid logical forms that he often connects with a copulative conjunction sentences which would be more naturally connected with a "since" or a "because." This heroic determination to abstain from the seductive syllogism, and to let his propositions stand and shine with the light that is in them, is a new departure in modern theology, albeit the four Gospels furnish an illustrious precedent.

The titles of the ten chapters of the book are as follows: "The Being of God," "The Personality of God," "The Precedent Relations of Religion and Philosophy to the Revelation of God," "The Revelation of God," "The Revelation of God in the Christ," "The Conviction of the World," "The Revelation of Heaven to the World," "The Justification of the World," "The Redemption of the World," "The Life of the Spirit." At the outset, with these bold affirmations, the writer seizes the stronghold of theism:

"The being of God is the precedent and the postulate of the thought of God. It is the ground in man of his conscious life. From the beginning, and with the growth of the human consciousness, there is the consciousness of the being of God and of a relation to God. Man is conscious of the being of the external world, and lives and acts in this consciousness, and the being of the external world so comes to be apprehended by him. And, further, man is conscious of the being of God, and lives and acts in this consciousness, and the reality of the being of God so comes to him."

The ontological argument, so generally discarded, is rehabilitated by Dr. Mulford, and acquires in his statement a good degree of cogency. The other common arguments are also examined; but the main reliance is placed upon the witness of the consciousness of man to the being of God. "There can be no demonstration," he says, "of the being of God by man; there may be the manifestation of God to man." This is really the key-note of the whole discussion. Much light is thrown upon the theistic arguments, especially in the treatment of the relations of freedom and necessity; but the argument, as a whole, is stated with less clearness than in the masterly work of the late Professor Diman.

After a suggestive chapter in which Christianity is defined to be a revelation and not a religion,—a manifestation of God to man, and not a cultus or a dogma,—the author proceeds to set forth the nature of this revelation: "It is *from* God, but primarily it is *of* God." This revelation is its own witness. It is light.

"It is not of an abstract system, nor of certain propositions which convey abstract truths. It is not the presentation of certain abstract notions about God. It is not the revelation of a scheme of divinity that man is to receive in the place of God. It is the revelation

of God himself; it is the revelation of God himself to man."

The conception of revelation here presented is larger, by several diameters, than the ordinary notion of a few dictated documents. It fills all human experience and pervades all history. The Scriptures are the word of God, but they are not his last word, nor his only word. The Bible is simply "the record of a revelation of God in man and to the world." There is an inspiration of men, but not of books.

In the person of Jesus Christ this revelation of God is most perfectly made. "It is in a life that is one with God and one with man." In the Christ was the consciousness of perfect unity with God and of perfect unity with man; therefore in him was the perfect revelation of God. Through this revelation of God in Christ the world is convicted of sin and of righteousness and of judgment. The kingdom of heaven is established on the earth, the world is redeemed, and in the life of the Spirit the divine relations of humanity are realized.

This representation, whose bare outline we have sketched, will undoubtedly be pronounced mystical and unintelligible by the literalists; nevertheless, the truths here quietly stated are likely to lodge in many minds and to prove the germs of a more vital theology. Certainly here is a thinker who has struck out for himself a new path, and who seems to have reached certain points of vision from which the field of Christian thought wears a fresh aspect. It will be necessary for many of those who follow him to pause frequently, that they may get their bearings; but patient reflection upon his deep sayings will be well rewarded.

The teachings of this book will be most sharply challenged at the points where it repudiates the governmental analogies by which the kingdom of God is commonly set forth. Dr. Mulford's statements may sometimes be obscure, but he makes it perfectly clear that he does not hold the traditional theories of atonement and of retribution. Of the former he says that "it is not a compensation to balance injustice that is required, nor an equivalent for sin or for the sequences of sin, but the power to overcome evil and to bring men out of sin." Whether the reader assent or not, he will admit that Dr. Mulford's treatment of eschatological questions is vigorous and eloquent. His doctrine of the resurrection, the judgment, and the punishment of the wicked neglects the costume and paraphernalia of these subjects, in which the thoughts of men are so apt to stick fast, and tries to give as the real spiritual values. Many a master in Israel will not begin to know what he means; yet here his teaching is especially luminous. When, for example, he declares that "the consequence of wickedness is eternal punishment," and then says that there is no such thing as an "irrevocable doom," he will seem to many as one who contradicts himself. But he does not, and it will be well for those who think so if, instead of flouting his doctrine, they endeavor to understand it.

On the last page of his book Dr. Mulford prints the Nicene Creed, without comment. The careful reader knows that the new theology is all contained in the old symbol. The things that are denied in the book, or that are conspicuous by their absence from it, are

things not affirmed by the early church; and not only in his doctrine, but in his method also, Dr. Mulford has more in common with the theologians of the first four centuries than with those in after time whose theories were run in the molds of the Roman jurisprudence.

Campaigns of the Civil War.*

THE military literature of the Civil War (exclusive of official reports) has hitherto consisted of a vast number of regimental histories possessing little or no interest to the general public; of biographies and memoirs, some of which, such as Badeau's *Life of Grant*, Sherman's memoirs, and Johnston's narrative, are of the highest interest and of permanent and enduring value; and of certain special histories, of battles or of armies, of very variable value, of which Swinton's "Army of the Potomac" and "Decisive Battles of the War" may be taken as a type, and, in spite of their glaring faults, as the best of their class. Only one military history of the whole war has been undertaken, viz., that of the Comte de Paris, four volumes of which appeared in 1874 and 1875, bringing the narrative down to the spring of 1863, and the remaining volumes of which have not yet been published. It may, therefore, be said that there is no complete military history of the war. The publishers of these volumes propose to furnish one by means of a series of small volumes, each treating of a single campaign. The grouping of campaigns, as announced in their advertisement, is excellent, and the authors are all men of established military reputation, with two exceptions, and these are well known in literature, besides having special qualifications for their task.

Four volumes are now before us. The series is very appropriately opened by Mr. John G. Nicolay, in a volume called "The Outbreak of Rebellion." His story runs from Governor Gist's circular letter to Southern governors under date of October 5th, 1860, to the battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861.

It is brilliant, well-proportioned, full of interest; written with intense convictions of right, an impatient contempt of opposite opinions, and a disposition not to mince words, but unhesitatingly to call treason treason, and civil war conspiracy. The intimate friend and private secretary of the first murdered President has no room in his mind to see the results of a long and gradual development under the blight of slavery; no time to waste in summarizing arguments about the rights of States, which distracted and divided the best minds in the country for seventy years, until the only possible end of the argument was war; no thought to give to the weakness of human nature, which clings so tenaciously to political power. To him it was all a miserable conspiracy of office-holders, dragging the people after them by political jugglery at conventions. We fear that this is not history, but contemporaneous partisanship. The American rebellion differs from all other unsuccessful rebellions in the fact that no rebel lost his head for treason: may we not hope that it will some day be equally remarkable for a history which both sides may accept?

Nothing, however, could be better than Mr. Nicolay's account of the uprising of the North, upon the first hostile act committed against the sovereignty of the United States. The successive steps in the transition from a condition of heated argument to a state of open and sanguinary war are narrated in logical sequence, in clear and vigorous language, in true perspective, and with discriminating and just criticism,—forming a vivid picture of the soul-stirring days of the spring of 1861. Finally comes the first pitched battle of Bull Run, where both sides tried their mettle, and where, to the surprise of victors no less than of vanquished, one side was suddenly and overwhelmingly defeated. The account of this battle is excellent, and may well take its place as the standard short history of it.

General Force's story of the early operations in the West is in every way a contrast to the book of Mr. Nicolay. Far from being brilliant, its style is simple and even monotonous; and instead of trenchant opinions there is nothing but facts, without any attempt at criticisms or judgments. It has hitherto been the fate of every military writer on the war, whose book was worthy of any special notice, to be attacked with malignant violence by critics who did not share his opinions. The battle of Shiloh has been particularly fruitful of such controversies throughout the well-nigh twenty years since it was fought. Possibly General Force resolved to avoid such controversies by adhering to narrative and expressing no opinions whatever. At all events, his story is quite colorless, and we are at times confused and puzzled to discover from his account what were the objects of the first campaign in Tennessee, what were its results, and what were the main features in its achievement. The details are all there, but the reader must do his own summarizing and draw his own conclusions. In fact, this campaign drove the rebellion once and for all out of Kentucky, it broke the rebel line from Columbus to Bowling Green hopelessly in pieces; it opened the Mississippi from Cairo to Memphis; it contained the first great Union victories; and at Donelson and Ial-and No. 10, it received the first surrenders of rebel armies; it cheered and encouraged the North, going far to compensate the delays and defeats in Virginia, and was correspondingly depressing in its effect upon the South. It ended in the bloodiest battle ever fought up to that time on this continent, from which the substantial fruits were to the advantage of the Union arms.

This much of general information the reader must bring with him and bear constantly in his mind. It is the details only which are given by General Force; they are, however, given with conscientious accuracy and impartiality, and can be implicitly relied upon.

In the third and fourth volumes, we have the story of the two campaigns—McClellan's and Pope's—in Virginia in 1862. The actual events of these campaigns have long since been fully brought to light in the abundant mass of matter which has been written about them; little or nothing can be added to our knowledge of these events, and no attempt has been made to add anything in these volumes. But in the judgment to be passed on these events there has been the widest divergence of opinion, and those who have hitherto written about them have nearly all been engaged in proving certain preconceived theories

* Campaigns of the Civil War. The Outbreak of Rebellion, by John G. Nicolay. From Fort Henry to Corinth, by M. F. Force. The Peninsula, by Alexander S. Webb. The Army under Pope, by John C. Ropes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

rather than in fair-minded historical investigation. In this respect, General Webb and Mr Ropes differ essentially from the majority of their predecessors. On every page of each volume there is abundant evidence that the author is not so much concerned about the reputation of the commanding general, as about historical truth. It is needless to say that, investigated in this spirit, both campaigns prove to be total failures, the larger part of the responsibility of which falls on McClellan and Pope by reason of their incompetence to command troops on the field of battle; at the same time, Halleck was a constantly vicious factor, marring and thwarting every project in which he took a part; and the President's course, though guided by sound instincts as to the necessity and possibility of greater activity in the field, was not free from mistakes, due to his lack of knowledge of military details—a defect of which he was painfully conscious. It was a sad complication of untoward circumstances, and its inevitable result was defeat and disaster.

In attempting to fix the responsibility of these defeats, we believe that these two volumes come nearer to what will be the final verdict of history than any which have preceded them; and they will have no small share in helping to form that verdict. They are invaluable from the fact that they lead people to think of these campaigns, not as an eternal controversy for or against McClellan or Pope, but as an epoch of the war in which these officers failed of success, from causes partly within and partly beyond their own control.

Mr. Ropes's opinions are evidently convictions resulting from long and patient research in a subject in which he never had cause to be biased; General Webb, on the contrary, has always been known as one of "McClellan's admirers," but his opinions will carry none the less weight because thorough investigation has caused him to abandon many of the beliefs which he has hitherto cherished.

Histories of the war written in the judicial spirit of nearly all the chapters of those so far published in this series have long been looked for, and they will quickly take their place as standards.

Miss Hutchinson's "Songs and Lyrics."*

FEW will have other than gracious words for such a book as this. It is rightly named, for in truth the songs sing themselves, and the lyrics are so lyrical as to go without singing. Of both there are only as many as there are weeks in a year, but the poetry is pure, and of a quality to make us wish for more. There is a distinct and delicate tone in this new voice; it is so fresh and unworn that one is pleased to find it managed with that art which too seldom comes till some natural charm has gone—not so much the exquisite and intricate art of our modern sonneteers, as the trick of dainty Ariel, loving to revive the woodland cadences of English melody in its spring-time. In their concord of sweet sounds, evasive beauties, and sudden *tirra-lirras*, these verses do bear a resemblance to those with which the very air was tuneful in the days of Queen Bess.

* Songs and Lyrics. By Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. With frontispiece from a painting by George H. Boughton. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

Miss Hutchinson's sentiment and feeling are modern enough and cling to the land of her forbears. She has drawn her own ideals for the Puritan maidens of the stock from one branch of which, it may be, she inherits an historic name. Her Roses and Priscillas take the air most sweetly and demurely, and her Quakeress has a different grace of her own:

"Sun and shadow on her hair,
Flowers about her feet,
Pale and still and sweet:
As a nun all pure and fair,
Through the soft spring air,
Deborah walks abroad."

Here is a tiny poem that has a wandering perfection, and which no poet could have composed with an ear the very least at fault:

"MOTH-SONG."

"What dost thou here,
Thou dusky courter,
Within the pinky palace of the rose
Here is no bed for thee,
No honeyed spicery,—
But for the golden bee,
And the gay wind, and me
Its sweetness grows.
Rover, thou dost forget:
Seek thou the passion-flower
Bloom of one twilight hour.
Haste, thou art late!
Its hidden savors wait.
For thee is spread
Its soft, purple coverlet:
Moth, art thou sped?
—Dim as a ghost he flies
Through the night mysteries."

The poem of "Harvest" is one of the more varied and mature pieces in this collection, beginning with idyllic fancies and closing with a reverent invocation most poetically intoned. Many lyrics follow, by turn light or tender, but all clearly conceived and finished, and scarcely one that it were better to omit. "A Cry from the Shore," amid all this fineness, is resonant and strong, as any stanza will show:

"Come down, ye graybeard mariners,
Unto the waiting shore!
The morning winds are up,—the gods
Bid me to dream no more.
Come, tell me whither I must sail,
What peril there may be,
Before I take my life in hand
And venture out to sea!"

The maker of these "Songs and Lyrics," unpretentious as they are, will gain a hearing. They are strangely simple for these days, and as strangely sweet. Miss Hutchinson thoroughly comprehends her range and purpose, and never goes beyond them,—so that we can allot no bound to her, except that which she here elects to occupy, but we none the less surmise that she will live to broaden it.

"L'Art." Seventh Year: Parts I., II., and III.*

THE occasion has never presented itself before to notice the unusual compliment to this magazine paid by "L'Art" (Paris), in the first volume of its issue for the current year. Mr. Comyns Carr contributed a paper on the present state of wood-engraving in America, and wood-cuts which formerly appeared in

* L'Art. Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. Septième année. Tomes I., II., et III. Paris: J. Rouam. New York: J. W. Bouton.

this magazine were used as illustrations. It is noticeable that, in spite of the high perfection to which the editors of "L'Art" have carried the finer work of illustration, their reproductions of our wood-cuts do not equal the originals. The reason for this lies simply in the printing. The art of printing wood-cuts as delicately engraved as these does not seem to be thoroughly understood in Europe, and the pictures suffer by contrast with the American work. This is seen in the Bryant by Wyatt Eaton, and still more in the "Lady in White" by Whistler. In touching on the most burning questions between some of the older and some of the younger American engravers, Mr. Carr writes cautiously, but on the whole inclines in favor of the new men. "In fine, wood-engraving has always been, and is still, with few exceptions, an art of reproduction."

Daubigny, the last to die of the modern French landscapists who deserve the title of master, has posthumous honors in the second volume of "L'Art" at the hands of M. Frédéric Henriot. His biographer makes a fine distinction among those of his special guild who have gone over to the "great majority." Herpin, Daliphart, "are valiant soldiers"; but Rousseau, Corot, Millet, Chintreuil, and Daubigny are *generals*. It is plain that, like Corot, Rousseau, and Millet, Daubigny drew inspiration from the great Dutchmen; an autograph letter printed in fac-simile displays his eccentric handwriting in a note from Dordrecht. But this letter belongs to a period subsequent to his arrival at worldly success, nor does his biographer mention any early visit to Holland. What one sees of Dutch art in his work, must be due to the Dutch pictures of the Louvre, but before he was twenty he had succeeded, by taking all sorts of commissions, by painting clock-faces, tobacco-boxes, walls, and pictures which are not considered by artists the highest kind of game, in effecting the obligatory tour to Italy.

Daubigny was born in Paris, of a family of painters; both father and uncle were artists; the father was a landscapist. He painted Paris streets and nooks of French rivers from a decided natural preference; although it also appears that he was able to please Paul Delaroche very much when he entered his *atelier* and engaged in academical work under his direction. On breaking loose from the methods of Delaroche he had to struggle with the *Salon*; events changed the management, and Daubigny had a chance to show the world what stuff was in him. It is odd now to think of Daubigny as an extremist or a revolutionary painter; yet in his day his methods, and especially in color, his greens, were thought as incendiary as any vagary of Courbet or Manet. Nor does Lalauze's sketch of the artist show anything uncommon or eccentric about his person. A rather comely and most urbane person, one gathers from it. In 1871 he writes to a friend: "The last eight days we have been in blonde Holland, as blonde as the women of Rubens. What a ravishing country! We return toward the end of May. . . ." So it appears that before he died, Daubigny not only saw the land where his real masters painted, but put in practice on Dutch rivers his own system of painting landscape from a barge, which he had first used many years before on the Seine and Loire. The article is not in itself one of the most remarkable in this volume. It is noted at length for the sake of the man who was very nearly the last of a series of painters of whom France is now very proud,

and whose places are apparently not to be filled for many a year to come.

Better articles, by far, are such biographies as Gindriez has made of the old sculptor Rude, or as Dr. Schmarzow contributes in a paper on Bramante at Loretto. Félix Regamey makes an elaborate report of the state of the fine arts and instruction therein throughout the United States. If not complete, it is far fuller than the one supplied by *L'Année Artistique*. In *L'Architecture Moderne à Rome*, H. G. Monferrier assumes the ungrateful task of pointing out to the Italians the want of originality among their modern architects, and is forced to explain, what everybody, however, knows already, that the imitation of French architecture may be flattering, but is most unwise. The essay of Léon Hugonnet on Oriental Architecture, is, all things considered, the event of this volume of "L'Art." Not that he can be followed in his widest generalizations. M. Hugonnet lays too exclusive a stress on Egyptian architecture, and insists on considering it certainly as the origin of all others. Alas, it is not Italy alone that is having her finest old cities vulgarized by the tasteless architecture of modern Paris. M. Hugonnet shows that Constantinople is being ruined in beauty and picturesqueness in the same way, and as much more rapidly as the sultans are richer than Italian municipalities or Italian joint-stock companies.

Volume third maintains the same degree of excellence as the others, and is enlivened by a piece of editorial self-justification on the part of M. Véron, which will be read with interest. It appears that "L'Art" criticised severely the "artists" who supplied illustrations to a catalogue for the sale of the Beurnonville collections. They entered suit against him for 26,000 francs, but the French judge found that reputations and feelings together had been hurt only in the sum of 2400 francs. Even this the ungracious M. Véron refuses to pay, alleging, among other things, that the magazine was started seven years ago with the express purpose of counteracting the indulgence in soft and complaisant criticism which its conductors considered fatal to French art. He says, with perfect truth, that personal considerations have never influenced "L'Art" in the distribution of its blame.

De Forest's "Bloody Chasm."

MR. DE FOREST has done himself a decided injustice in giving so sensational a title to this his latest book. The probabilities are all violated, it is true, in the many incidents, and there are other weak places in the story. But these defects are in great measure compensated for by much that is really good. The work is too unequal to make it correct to say that the characters are well drawn, but there are unquestionably many capital touches of character, many clever sayings, and a good tone. The interest is well sustained throughout, though the work is so unequal. The "bloody chasm," it is scarcely necessary to say, is the gulf which divided the two sections after the civil war. The *motif* of the story is the bridging over of this gulf in the case of the two principal characters, who are made representative types of the North and the South.

*The Bloody Chasm. A Novel. By J. W. De Forest, author of "Kate Beaumont," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Lawn Tennis.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS—SCIENTIFIC PLAY—LAWS OF THE GAME.

A LEVEL piece of turf is the best site for a lawn tennis court, which should be frequently cut, rolled, and watered. By wearing rubber-soled shoes, the player will secure a sure footing, and save the court, since ordinary heels cut the turf. Lay out the court as in the accompanying diagram, the lines being marked with white-wash or paint, or with cord piping fastened down with hair-pins. First mark the sides of a parallelogram, A B (twenty-seven feet), B D (seventy-eight feet), which, with the parallel lines D C and C A, form the boundaries of a single court for a two-handed game. Extend A B to E F (thirty-six feet), and C D to G H, and draw the lines F H and E G, to indicate a double court for four-handed games. Drive stakes at L and M, midway between E and G and F and H. These are to support the net, L M, which will sag too much in the middle (where it should be three feet high) unless the stakes are held in position by cords running outward to pegs in the turf. A B and C D are called "base lines." Twenty-one feet from the net, draw the "service lines," N O and P Q. Then draw the center line, I J, and the court is complete for two, three, and four handed games.

A few moments' observation of lawn tennis in play enables the novice to understand this simple game. It is another thing to play it well, since proficiency is a matter of natural aptitude and constant practice. For the instruction of persons who have no opportunity of seeing the game in operation, the elementary steps may be accurately indicated with the aid of the diagram. Where two persons play, one is called "striker-in," or "server," and the other, "striker-out." Suppose the server to be playing from the side A B R T, he places

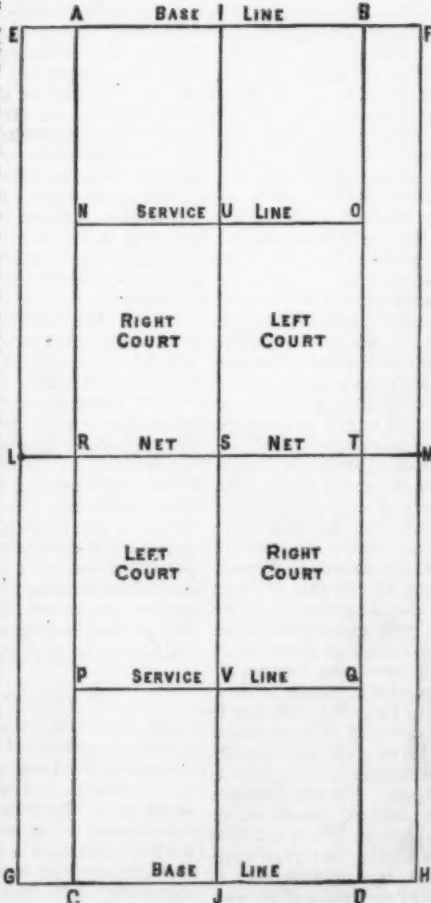
one foot on, or within, the base line A I, and the other foot without. In this position he strikes the ball with the racket so as to serve it over the net into the corresponding right court, S T Q V, where the striker-out awaits it, behind the service line V Q. The striker-out lets the ball bound once, and before

it reaches the ground a second time, he must strike it back over the net so it will fall anywhere within A B T R. Now, the server is required to send it back so it will fall anywhere within C D T R, and to do this he may "volley" the ball (that is, strike it before it reaches the ground), or strike it after one bound. The ball is sent thus back and forth so long as it is in play, that is, until it twice touches the ground, or is struck out of court or into the net, or strikes the person of either player, in which case the ball is said to be "dead."

When a service ball strikes the top of the net, yet passes over, it is called a "let," and does not count. A failure to keep the ball in play makes a score for the opponent. A ball is not in play until it has been served as above into the court of the striker-out. A failure to serve within the court of the striker-out is called a "fault."

Two successive faults count a score against the server. The second ball is served from the left base line, I B, into the left court, R S V P; and so on from right to left until the game is out. The modern game is counted like ancient tennis. Before either player has scored, the score is called "Love all." The first score, or ace, counts 15; the second, 15 more, or 30 all told; the

third, 10 more, or 40; and the fifth scores game. When both sides are 40 at the same time, it is called "deuce"; then two successive scores, on either side, are necessary to win. The first score after deuce is called "advantage." If the next score is in favor of the opponent, then it is deuce again, and so on until one or the other makes two successive scores. In the second game, the striker-out becomes the server, or striker-in. They



PLAN OF LAWN TENNIS COURT.

alternate as servers until one side has won six games, thereby winning the "set." E F H G indicate the boundaries of the court for four-handed games. Partners are right and left. They alternate in serving; and, in striking out, the right partner takes all balls served into the right court (his partner covering his flank to stop missed balls), and the left partner takes all balls served into the left court. The partner who is not serving usually plays in near the service line, toward his own side, or the center, it being the duty of the server to defend the rear of the court. In three-handed games, it is two against one, the partners playing as in four-handed games.

We now come to the art of the game. First, as to rackets. No good player cares to use another's racket, or to lend his own. In choosing the racket, many things should be considered. Its weight should be in proportion to the strength of the player, but it by no means follows that a weak player should choose a very light racket. There ought to be a certain proportion between the weight of the racket and of the ball. If the regulation balls manufactured by Ayres, of London,



FIG. 1.—UNDERHAND SERVICE.

are used, the racket should be fully fifteen ounces for a gentleman and thirteen for a lady. As soon as the game is over, the racket should be fastened in the racket-case, and put away in a dry place, but it should never be placed near a fire, which would impair its elasticity. The player who goes to a store where the best English and American rackets are sold will be not a little puzzled with the various shapes and varied manner of stringing. He will hear recounted the comparative advantages of the "grip," the "Olympian," the "knotted," the "ordinary," the "double strung," etc. We prefer an ordinary strung racket. The "knotted" and the "grip" cut the ball. The "Olympian" cannot be depended upon for accuracy of stroke. Rackets of different make vary as widely in shape as in manner of stringing. They are skewed and bowed in different ways; some are flattened at the tops, and some are oval. Which is the best? Each player must choose for himself or herself, for all wrists are not alike. If, holding the racket close up to the face, the center line of the net-work of the racket is in a straight line with the arm, you do not want any skew in the racket, but if not, you do. Besides, a slight bend in the racket



FIG. 2.—OVERHAND SERVICE.

facilitates the taking of half-volleyed balls off the ground. When playing, the bend of the racket should always be uppermost.

There are three ways of serving, the underhand, the overhand, and the high service. For the simple underhand service, grasp the racket in the middle of the handle, and stooping, drop the ball, striking it with the racket full-faced. (Figure 1.)

To put "side" on the ball, strike it with the racket nearly horizontal but slightly inclined forward. This will put a right-hand twist on the ball, so that when it bounds it will skew toward the striker-out in a very puzzling way. If he is prepared for a straight stroke he must alter his position or play a back-hander.

The overhand service (Figure 2) is made with the racket held nearly on a level with the shoulder. To produce a twist, turn the racket nearly face uppermost



FIG. 3.—HIGH SERVICE.



FIG. 4.—FORE OVERHAND STROKE.

and drop the ball on to the surface, cutting rather than striking the ball. This will give a strong left-hand twist, so that on striking the ground the ball will bound away from the opponent's right.

The same result, to a greater extent, may be produced by the high service. In making it, throw the ball up nearly in a line with the right shoulder, and in striking, hold the racket on a slant so that it will strike the ball on the right side (Figure 3). If this stroke is cleverly made, it will cause the ball to swerve while in the air, so strong is the effect of the twist, and when it strikes the ground it will bound outward.

There is another, the cut service, now not so frequently used. It is played overhand as above, but with the racket slanted to an angle of about thirty degrees. It drives the ball up with a strong rotatory movement, contrary to its course. The result of this is that when it strikes the ground it rises straight up, and not at the normal angle. It forces the player,



FIG. 5.—FORE UNDERHAND STROKE.

who is prepared for an ordinary service, to run forward.

In returning a service ball, or a ball in play, the player should always endeavor to drive as near the top of the net as possible without cutting into the net. All "lobs" up (to lob a ball is to drive it high above the heads of the players) are bad play unless specially required, as in the case of a forward player, when it is desirable to play over his head. There is a right and a wrong moment for taking a ball. After bounding, it should be struck when its upward momentum is spent and it is about to fall. The reason of this is clear. If the ball is struck on the rise, it will leave the racket at an obtuse angle equal to that of its incidence. In other words, it will lob up. The same principle must be borne in mind in taking a "skyer." It will leave the racket at a descending angle equal to that at which it strikes the racket. In fast play, you must take the ball how and when you can. It is better to hold the racket long. But for ordinary forehand play, especially where the driving is not hard, the better



FIG. 6.—BACK OVERHAND STROKE.

plan is to hold the racket short and let the stroke be given more from the shoulder than the elbow.

There are eight principal strokes at tennis, each of which should be thoroughly mastered. In order to do this, a person anxious to become a good player should practice each separately, having the ball pitched to him at a certain spot, and standing so as to play one particular stroke until it can be played with certainty. Some strokes only occur at rare intervals, and, consequently, unless practiced separately, are never really learned. The first and principal stroke is the fore overhand. For this stroke, hold the racket short, well up to the face, with a very slight backward incline (Figure 4). In order to play a ball in this manner, you should stand about eighteen inches to the left of its course, and strike it as it passes you. While it is of the utmost importance to be quick, more misses are made from being too quick than too slow. You should let your racket hover, as it were, a moment before striking. If you do this there will be no force in the stroke except that intended for the



FIG. 7.—BACK UNDERHAND STROKE.

ball. When you have to run forward to a ball, recollect to deduct the force of your run from the force of the stroke, or you will strike out of court, and, if you run back, increase the force, as your run will deduct so much from the blow. Try to strike the ball well in the center of the racket. If you hit the wood, it is almost sure to score against you. In making this stroke the left foot should be forward, and the right back.

Fore underhand is a stroke made with the racket held at the extreme end of the handle (Figure 5). It is most useful in taking half-volleys, quick services, and long drives. When the play is very fast and the ball is returned close over the net, the ball rises only a few inches after striking the ground. Consequently it must be taken underhand, or not at all. In good underhand play the ball should not be lobbed up in the air. Be sure to turn the elbow well in, and return as close to the top of the net as you can.

The high stroke: Where a ball passes over the player, but at a pace that will cause it to fall behind him and within the court, he should play it down just over the net. Such a ball played either at the opponent's feet or in some undefended part of the court, is almost sure to score. Be careful not to cut into the net.

Back overhand (Figure 6): In case a ball twists suddenly, or is returned so quickly that you cannot get to the left of it so as to take it forehand, you must strike backhanded. The difficulty is to get behind the ball in time. The right foot should be well forward and the left back. Turn the body from the waist well to the left, so as to throw its whole weight into the stroke. The racket should be held long or half-handle.

Back underhand (Figure 7) is a stroke given with the right foot forward and the left back. The racket must be held at the extreme end of the handle, and, as in the preceding stroke, turn the body well to the left.

Forward play overhand and underhand: These strokes are required chiefly for volleys and twisting balls. For the overhand, hold the racket short and firm. When the ball is driven very hard, little more than its own returned momentum is required to send it back over the net. A very telling play in single games, when you are near the net and your opponent is at or near the base line, is to loosen the racket in the hand when the stroke is given. This stops the

ball without returning its force, and drops it just over the net, where it falls long before the opponent can get to it (Figure 8).

Forward underhand strokes, like back underhand, are the most difficult in the game. They should be played with the elbow forward and well up (Figure 9). The effect of this is to keep the ball from rising, and to return it just over the net.

The back stroke is very seldom used. It is a "show" play, and provokes great applause. When a ball twists so suddenly that you cannot get the racket behind it in time, pass the racket behind your back and play as in Figure 10.

Guard and attack must always be in a player's mind, the object being to protect his own court and assail his adversary in a weak point. As to the first: After every stroke, get back to the center of your court; if the play is fast, be near the base line; if it is slow, near the service line. It is always easier to get forward to a ball than back to it. No one can play a forward game without being skillful in volleying. It is a means of attack and defense in which the great beauty of the game consists. Half-volleys are strokes when the ball is close to the ground and about to bound or "pitch." There are two styles of volley play, at the net, and on the service line. The first is always played overhand. It is a showy but a dangerous play, except in four-handed games, because it leaves so much of the court unprotected. The answer to it is to play the ball up over the opponent's head where he cannot get it, or obliquely across the court out of his reach. Volleying from the service line is a safer and a much more effective play. At the service line, if the ball is not struck hard by the opponent, so as to carry it out of court, it will be approaching the ground, and may be half-volleyed or taken underhand. To do this and to return close over the net is the *ne plus ultra* of play. Half-volleys have been described by some writers as the stroke of despair. So they may be to an inferior player, but when well played, and placed, they are almost sure to score.

And now as to "placing," which consists in returning the ball to that spot in the court where the



FIG. 8.—FORWARD OVERHAND STROKE.



FIG. 9.—FORWARD UNDERHAND STROKE.

opponent is not and cannot get. If he is forward, play over his head; if he is near the base line, drop the ball just over the net. Also drive the ball to his right or left, whichever way will make the return most perplexing. A good player will keep his opponent racing from side to side till he tires him out. Thus, if the ball be played so that while striking the ground in the right side of the opponent's court it twists outward, he must go out of his court to take it. If it be returned with a volley to the left side, it is almost impossible for him to get there in time. When a ball cannot be played away from an opponent, the most embarrassing play is to place it at his feet. He must then step back to take it, and will very likely miss.

Much of the success and all of the elegance of the game depend upon correct attitudes. It is scarcely necessary to say that the dress should be loose, and the arms and shoulders absolutely free. The skirt of the dress worn by ladies should be short enough to allow the feet to be raised in running without danger of tripping. So far as the upper part of the dress is concerned, there should be no straps, bands, or anything that will deduct half an ounce of force from a stroke. The dress should not be tied tightly back, and above all, French heels should be dispensed with. In taking a service, the striker-out should stoop slightly, with the feet a little apart and the knees bent. This enables him to see more clearly what sort of a twist the server is giving the ball, underhand or overhand. If the twist is underhand, it will swerve toward the striker-in, and he should be ready to play it backhanded. If the twist is overhand, it will pass to his right, and he must be prepared for a run or a long reach. It is as well to pose in front of these balls, and if they have no twist, to play them forward underhand. We would enforce three maxims: (1) Always keep cool; repress any excitement, and let there be an imperturbability about you which no good or ill fortune can disturb. Of course you must move quickly from place to place, but always have your movements well in hand; get there in time and be ready for the ball, —a millionth part of a second in advance is sufficient. Let the stroke and the run be two different move-

ments. (2) Never try to "show off." Play steady strokes until your adversary gives you an opening, and then do your best. Do not try to be always clever. An opportunity for a great stroke does not occur once in six. You cannot always make difficult returns. (3) Do not be in too great a hurry to strike the ball. Watch its pitch, its twist, and its rise, and then strike. Try to save yourself as much running about as possible. If you are a master of backhanded strokes, it will save you many a run to and fro. If your opponent is skillful at twists, be ready to play them as in Figures 8 and 9.

In four-handed games, one partner plays forward and the other back. The non-server should stand well to the right or left, so as not to interfere with his partner's service, and come forward to the center of the court the moment the ball is in play. The forward partner should take those strokes that come fairly to him, leaving the others to his partner. He should not be too anxious to volley, but should play these strokes only when it can be done with effect. It cannot be too frequently enforced on the attention of beginners that steady play wins more games than clever play. The player who keeps well back on the base line, and drives hard to the opposite base line, is a more formidable opponent than he looks. In such play a forward partner should not interfere till he can do so with effect. For instance, if he sees both opponents right or both left, he may volley into the unguarded space. This is useful and good play, but to dance about at the net, striking some balls and missing others, is bad play. The back partner should be, as it were, captain of the team, and call out to his partner when to leave a ball or take it. In general, the back player should keep the game going, and carefully return balls. The forward player should try to puzzle the opponents. In other words, the forward player should be principally occupied with the attack, and the back player with the defense.

When first introduced, lawn tennis required little more skill than battledore and shuttlecock. The only art practiced was to strike as in the original game of tennis, with the racket slanting, so as to put "cut" on the ball. This play was soon changed by the introduction of swift service and swift return, which drove the



FIG. 10.—BACK STROKE.

"cutter" to the base line of the court, and rendered cutting impossible. Up to this point the ball had always been taken after its bound, but Mr. Renshaw, of Cheltenham, first introduced the volley at the net. He was tall, and possessed a long reach, with which he covered a great part of the net, and, standing close up, he played the balls down into his opponent's court in a manner that rendered their return impossible. Among his opponents was Mr. Lawford. This gentleman was easily defeated by Mr. Renshaw. He was not fully disposed of, however, for he invented an answer to Mr. Renshaw's play, partly by tossing the balls over his opponent's head and partly by oblique drives across the court out of his reach. Thus science triumphed over volleying at the net, and Mr. Renshaw retired defeated. At the next meeting at Wimbledon, the latter re-appeared with an entirely new play. He volleyed now from the service line. This gave him a great advantage. He had more time to get to the ball and more space to return it in. But if this play is safer in point of position, it is much more difficult of execution. Most of the returns approach the ground, and must be half-volleyed or taken underhand. The other player must judge every return with the nicest accuracy, and, if possible, so return as to drive his opponent away from the service line.

Lawn tennis is being played with success in the Seventh Regiment Armory, and the game will probably become a popular in-door sport for the winter months. The ball may be made to bound nearly as it does on turf, by stretching heavy carpeting or drugged within the boundaries of the court.

RULES OF LAWN TENNIS.

The accepted rules of the game are:

1. The choice of sides and the right of serving during the first game shall be decided by toss; provided that if the winner of the toss choose the right to serve, the other player shall have the choice of sides, and *vice versa*. The players shall stand on opposite sides of the net; the player who first delivers the ball shall be called the *Server*, the other the *Striker-out*. At the end of the first game, the striker-out shall become server, and the server shall become striker-out; and so on alternately in the subsequent games of the set.
2. The server shall stand with one foot outside the base line, and shall deliver the service from the right and left courts alternately, beginning from the right. The ball served must drop within the service line, half-court line, and side line of the court which is diagonally opposite to that from which it was served, or upon any such line.
3. It is a *fault* if the ball served drop in the net, or beyond the service line, or if it drop out of court, or in the wrong court. A fault may not be taken. After a fault, the server shall serve again from the same court from which he served that fault.
4. The service may not be *volleyed*, *i. e.*, taken before it touches the ground.
5. The server shall not serve until the striker-out is ready. If the latter attempt to return the service, he shall be deemed to be ready. A good service delivered when the striker-out is not ready annuls a previous fault.
6. A ball is *returned*, or *in play*, when it is played back, over the net, before it has touched the ground a second time.
7. It is a good service or return, although the ball touch the net.
8. The server wins a stroke if the striker-out volley the service; or if he fail to return the service or the ball in-play; or if he return the service or ball in-play so that it drop outside any of the lines which bound his opponent's court; or if he otherwise lose a stroke, as provided by Law 10.
9. The striker-out wins a stroke, if the server serve two consecutive faults; or if he fail to return the ball in-play; or if he return the ball in-play so that it drop outside any of the lines which bound his opponent's court; or if he otherwise lose a stroke, as provided by Law 10.

10. Either player loses a stroke if the ball in-play touch him or anything that he wears or carries, except his racket in the act of striking; or if he touch or strike the ball in-play with his racket more than once.

11. On either player winning his first stroke, the score is called fifteen for that player; on either player winning his second stroke, the score is called thirty for that player; on either player winning his third stroke, the score is called forty for that player; and the fourth stroke won by either player is scored game for that player; except as below:

If both players have won three strokes, the score is called deuce; and the next stroke won by either player is scored advantage for that player. If the same player win the next stroke, he wins the game; if he lose the next stroke, the score is again called deuce; and so on until either player wins the two strokes immediately following the score of deuce, when the game is scored for that player.

12. The player who first wins six games wins a set; except as below:

If both players win five games, the score is called games-all; and the next game vantage-game for that player. If the same player win the next game, he wins the set; if he lose the next game, the score is again called games-all; and so on until either player wins the two games immediately following the score of games-all, when he wins the set.

NOTE.—Players may agree not to play advantage-sets, but to decide the set by one game after arriving at the score of games-all.

13. The players shall change sides at the end of every set. When a series of sets is played, the player who was server in the last game of one set shall be striker-out in the first game of the next.

THREE-HANDED AND FOUR-HANDED GAMES.

The above laws shall apply to the three-handed and four-handed games, except as below:

In the three-handed game, the single player shall serve in every alternate game.

In the four-handed game, the pair who has the right to serve in the first game may decide which partner shall do so, and the opposing pair may decide similarly for the second game. The partner of the player who served in the first game shall serve in the third; and the partner of the player who served in the second game shall serve in the fourth; and so on in the same order in all the subsequent games of a set or series of sets.

The players shall take the service alternately throughout each game; no player shall receive or return a service delivered to his partner; and the order of service and of striking-out once arranged shall not be altered, nor shall the striker-out change courts to receive the service, before the end of the set.

CHANGES IN THE LAWS.

At the meeting of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, held in New York last May, the following alterations were made in the preceding rules:

1. The balls must now only vary from two and a half to two and nine-sixteenths inches in diameter, and from one and seven-eighths ounces to two ounces in weight.

2. In matches where umpires are appointed, their decision is final.

3. The server must stand, when delivering the service, "with one foot beyond (*i. e.*, farther from the net than) the base line, and with the other foot within or upon the base line.

4. If the server does not stand as directed in the above law, or if he delivers the service from the wrong court, it is a fault; but,

5. Having served from the wrong court, and so made a fault, he shall deliver the next service from the court from which he should have served before; and,

6. It is further provided that "a fault may not be claimed after the next service has been delivered."

7. A service, whether good or a fault, so delivered, counts for nothing.

8. A return in which the ball touches the net is still considered good; but if the ball served touch the net, the service, provided it be otherwise good, counts for nothing.

9. No player must touch the net, nor any of its supports, while the ball is in play; nor must they volley the ball before it has passed the net, on penalty of losing the stroke.

10. The umpire, on appeal from either party, before the toss for choice, may direct the players to change sides at the end of every game, if, in his opinion, either side have a distinct advantage owing to the sun, wind, or any other accidental cause; but if the appeal be made after a match has been begun, the umpire can only direct the players to change sides at the end of every game of the odd and concluding set.

BENJAMIN HARDWICK.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Protection for Workmen.

THE hydraulic shield for protecting workmen standing before steel furnaces, from the heat, and already described in this department, has proved useful in a number of works. Any apparatus of this kind that is really efficient should be welcomed and adopted. The vital force that is required to resist heat, cold, dust, rain, or bad air, is just so much taken from the force the workman has to expend at useful work in his trade. Anything that adds to his comfort is therefore a good commercial investment. The latest device in this direction is the making of masks or shields of thin sheets of mica. Mica is now found in abundance in this country, and sheets large enough to cover the face are comparatively cheap. It is a good non-conductor of heat, is light, and may be bent sufficiently to form a curved mask over the head. It is transparent enough for all purposes, and worn before the face, it protects the eyes and skin from the heat, and from flying particles of metal thrown off from a forge or grinding wheel. The mica shields are made of single pieces or sheets, as thin as possible, and are fastened to a hood or cap for the head. There is room for eye-glasses beneath the mask, and for a circulation of air. For dusty places, as in mills or in grinding-works, a tube is fixed to the lower part of the mask to admit fresh air through a damp sponge. Provision is also made for the escape of the respired air at the top of the mask. The lower part of the mask may also be fitted to fire-resisting clothing worn over the head and shoulders. It is to be hoped that so simple and useful a device as this mica mask will not be patented. If the men are permitted to make them, or can buy them for a low price, they will be largely used. If a bonus must be paid the inventor, it would be better for some manufacturing company to purchase the patent and make it free.

New Material for Wall Decoration.

A NEW material for covering interior walls has recently been introduced into the United States that deserves attention. The material has already been thoroughly tried in England, and appears to have met with general favor. From the samples examined, it appears to be one of the best substitutes for wall-paper ever introduced. It comes in rolls or sheets, is pliable, like stiff cloth or leather, and is from two to seven millimeters thick, according to the use to which it is to be applied. The basis of the material is linseed oil, mixed with a light and elastic material to give it thickness and body. Coloring matter is also incorporated with the oil, so that when finished the sheets are of one solid color and may be cut or carved without injury. The oil is dried or oxidized till it is perfectly hard and impervious to moisture, and to give it the proper form as thin sheets, it is spread on canvas, which forms a backing. It is tough, strong, elastic, and pliable, so that it may be bent to cover curved surfaces, and it will stand quite severe

blows without injury. It may also be washed with soap and hot water or with weak acids. It readily takes the printing-roller and may be stamped into any raised pattern, or be painted, gilded, or bronzed. The material examined was in the form of wall covering, as thin sheets printed like wall-paper in oil colors, or as plain sheets in various colors incorporated in the body of the material. The cheapest form is a simple sheet having a slight mat, on which the decoration is applied. More expensive kinds examined had ornamented surfaces in relief, either in a single color or painted, gilded, or bronzed after it was put in place on the wall. Another and very useful form in which the material is made enables any one wishing to decorate a part or the whole of a wall, a fire-screen, panel, sideboard, columns, wood-work of all kinds, and any surface intended to be ornamented, to apply the decoration without the aid of a paper-hanger. For this purpose the material is made in the form of panels and tiles of all sizes, borders, bands, and narrow strips. These can be fitted to any surface, either flat or curved, that will hold a tack or paste. The sheets may be nailed into position or may be fastened by a mixture of paste and glue (two-thirds paste, one-third glue). The making of the material in these shapes and sizes gives a large field for ingenuity and skill in household decoration, and the low price at which it can be sold will no doubt make it popular. Small tiles from ten to thirty centimeters square cost from twenty-five to fifty cents each, and narrow borders from five to ten centimeters wide are about fifty cents a meter (or yard). A large piece of paneling for a wall or fire-screen will cost from ten dollars upward, according to the richness of the design.

Mechanical Refrigerator.

A LOW temperature is now as useful in many arts as a high temperature, and within a few years a number of inventions in the form of ice machines, chill rooms, and refrigerators have been successfully introduced. Among these, perhaps, the most simple and the most convenient for use on land or shipboard is a new process for obtaining cold air by mechanical means. The apparatus consists essentially of a compressor driven by steam, a supplementary engine driven by compressed air, and a cold room or freezing chamber. It does not appear important what form of air-compressor is used, though in the machine examined the steam cylinders are directly connected with the air-compressors, one piston-rod serving for both. The heat generated in compressing the air is reduced by a jet or spray of water thrown into the compressor at the time the compression takes place. The air is then taken to an upright tank or tower, where it is cooled still more by passing through a shower of water. The air-pipes for conveying the compressed air from the tower are carried into the chill room through other pipes, in which the air is cooled still more. It then returns to a cylinder placed beside the steam-engine. In this cylinder the compressed air

expands while doing useful service, as this cylinder is directly connected with the steam-engine, and assists it in its work. The exhaust from this cylinder is then allowed to enter and expand in the chill room. The novel feature of this system appears to be in the use of the compressed air to drive the supplementary engine. It is claimed, and apparently with good reason, that by employing the air to do useful work in an engine, it enters the chill room at a very much lower temperature than if allowed simply to expand naturally on entering the chill room. The process has been applied to steam-ships, and one vessel is reported to have brought a cargo of frozen fish from Hudson's Bay to England in good order, while a larger cargo of fresh meat was brought from Australia in safety.

Novel Method of Molding Plastic Materials.

IN making parabolic mirrors for reflectors for lamps, it has been found that the familiar potter's wheel could be used to make such reflectors in an entirely new way. Upon the wheel, which is driven by some convenient power, is placed a circular vessel, the vertical axis of the vessel corresponding to the axis of the wheel. That is, a vessel resembling a wash-basin is placed exactly on the center of the horizontal wheel. This vessel is filled with some plastic material, like plaster of Paris in a liquid form. The wheel is then driven at a moderate and perfectly uniform rate of speed, when the liquid plaster rises by centrifugal force around the sides of the vessel. The surface of the liquid sinks in the center, and assumes a parabolic form. The motion of the wheel being maintained, the particles of plaster are practically at rest, and the whole mass hardens and becomes stiff while in the form given to it by the centrifugal force developed by the motion of the wheel. The shells thus made are taken out of the vessel, and may be silver-plated on the inside for lamp-reflectors. In experimenting with this ingenious device, it has been found that the vessel that is placed on the potter's wheel should be of a hemispherical shape, so that the plastic mass that is placed in it will readily rise at the sides and assume the parabolic form. Plaster of Paris, a solution of mastic, and fusible metals have been tried in this way with most interesting results. In making other forms, such as flatter mirrors, or hollow vessels of all kinds, different shapes may be used. One thing, however, appears to be indispensable. The motion of the wheel must be uniform, for variations of the speed at which it turns produce changes of form in the plastic mass while it is hardening. Steam-power seems to be too irregular in this respect, and dynamo-electric machines, moved by a battery, are found to be the best motors. The plastic material, when put in the revolving vessel, should be quite thin and liquid, so that it will harden slowly and not become fixed before sufficient speed is attained to give it the right shape. This invention, while it did not originate in the pottery trade, is one that may yet prove of the greatest value in the manufacture of plastic ware. It is practically a new extension of the potter's art, and should be made the subject of thorough experiment to test its value. Thin "slips," or very liquid clay, placed in vessels of different forms, and given on the

potter's wheel different rates of speed, will, no doubt, give some new forms of plates, and other vessels. The liquid, while revolving in the vessel, can be made to assume different forms by altering the speed, or by placing wooden guides on the inside of the vessel to direct the liquid into any shapes desired. Gas flames could also be used to solidify the liquid when the revolving vessel has caused the clay to assume the desired form.

New Gas-motor.

GAS-ENGINES have proved so useful in places where a low and easily managed power is in demand, that many efforts have been made to reduce the cost of such motors, and to make them as effective as possible. Of these motors one, at least, has proved quite successful, and has been already described in this department. A more recent invention in this field deserves attention, because it appears to give a decided gain in economy over others of its class. This springs from the fact that every second stroke of the piston, or every revolution, develops power, some other motors of this class giving power only on every fourth stroke. No gas-engine appears likely to develop power on every stroke, as the mixture of air and gas burned in the cylinder will not escape, like steam, from the cylinder after it has done its work. It appears to be necessary to wash or sweep out the products of combustion after each explosion in the cylinder, to make the machine work.

In the new machine two cylinders are employed, one called the displacing cylinder (or displacer), and the other the working cylinder. It is the duty of the displacer to remove the products of combustion, and then to recharge the working cylinder after each outward stroke. This motor is interesting because of the peculiar arrangement and duties of these two cylinders. Their actual position and connection with the other parts of the machine are of less importance, and need not be considered. The displacing cylinder is much larger than the working cylinder, and they may, for our purposes, be imagined as placed side by side, with the piston rod of each connected with the crank-shaft at right angles. If the engine has just completed a working stroke, the piston of the displacing cylinder is just ready to advance. During the first half of its stroke, it draws into the cylinder the mixture of air and gas that is to be burned in the working cylinder. At mid-stroke the inlet port is closed, and another is opened, admitting pure air during the remainder of the stroke. At this point the piston in the smaller cylinder is just finishing its effective stroke, and the connection between the two is opened. The fresh air, taken in during the last half of the stroke of the displacer, is now free to enter the working cylinder, and, as its exhaust is still open, the pure air enters and passes through the working cylinder, driving out the products of combustion and escaping, in turn, after washing or cleaning it out on its way. At the right moment the exhaust is closed, while the explosive mixture that follows the pure air enters and fills the cylinder. The piston, on its return, compresses the mixed air and gas, and at the right instant it is fired, and the explosion drives the piston back on its effective stroke. The points of interest here appear to be in the employment of the second

cylinder, and the use of pure air to wash out the working cylinder and drive off the products of combustion before the gas is admitted and compressed. There is, besides the gain of making the working cylinder perform its duty at every second stroke, the economy of moving a lighter piston to prepare the charge of gas at the same time that work is being performed. The current of pure air forced through the working cylinder cools the parts, and puts out any sparks that might still burn after the explosion, and that, if not extinguished, might cause a premature explosion. This motor has been made the subject of exhaustive experiment, and was exhibited at work at the Paris Electrical Exposition, where it seemed to meet with approval.

The Hydromotor.

A GREAT many attempts have been made, both in America and in Europe, to employ steam power in moving vessels by the use of some machinery other than the screw and paddle-wheel. The object sought has been to apply the power in such a way that the motion of the screw or wheels will not create troublesome waves, as it is well known that the waves made by passing boats sometimes cause great damage to river banks by washing away structures put up to restrain floods or to control the current. The plan hitherto followed, and with some success, has been to put a steam-pump on the boat, and to take in water at or near the bows, and to propel the vessel by driving the water out by means of the pump through a much smaller pipe at the stern. The form of the nozzle used in ejecting the water has varied greatly, from a single opening to many small openings arranged along the under side of the hull; sometimes thin sheets of water have been tried.

The most radical improvement in this direction has been tried with apparent success recently upon a steamship 33.55 meters (110 feet) long, 5.18 meters (17 feet) beam, and drawing 1.83 meters (6 feet). The water-jets are discharged from two large nozzles, placed one on each side of the keel, and close to the boiler and engine. The chief interest in this steamer lies in the new motor used to force the water through the nozzles. The engine is evidently based on the form of steam-pump known as the pulsometer, in which the direct action of the steam is used to move the water in the pump. The engine consists of a pair of upright cylinders, each being connected at the lower end with a large pipe leading to the two discharge-nozzles outside the boat. At the top of each cylinder is an inlet for the steam and an outlet for the exhaust that is taken by a short pipe to the surface condenser. There is also a large inlet at the base of each cylinder, and a pipe communicating with the condenser, so that seawater can be taken from outside the boat through the circulating pipes of the condenser to the cylinder. This inlet is provided with a valve opening inward. Inside each cylinder is a float that nearly fills it, thus making a loose-fitting piston. The piston has a rod extending upward through the top of the cylinder, that controls by the movement of the piston the steam and exhaust ports.

To understand the action of this novel water steam-engine we may imagine one cylinder to be full of seawater. The piston floating on top of the water is at

the top of the cylinder, and in this position its rod opens the steam-port. Steam under high pressure enters the cylinder and drives down the piston, expelling the water with great force through the nozzle under the boat. The recoil of this jet against the outside water is the direct means of moving the boat ahead. When the water is all driven out of the cylinder, the piston through its rod opens the exhaust-port (the steam-port having been closed at the right time by the same means), and the steam escapes into the condenser. The partial vacuum then created in the cylinder opens the inlet valve below, and the cylinder is quickly filled with sea-water. A small quantity also enters through the nozzle at the same time. The piston, raised to its first position, again admits the steam, and the action is continued precisely as in an ordinary steam-engine. The cylinders are always worked in pairs, alternately, and any number of pairs may be used that seems desirable, or that the boilers will supply with steam. Each pair has its own set of discharge-pipes under the boat, or they may all combine their streams into two large jets.

In addition to the two nozzles directed astern, the hydromotor is provided with a smaller pair turned the other way, and intended to move the boat backward. These are closed by valves and gates while the boat is steaming ahead, and to reverse, it is only necessary to open them, and the full force of the engine is directed the other way in an instant, and without shutting off steam or stopping the engine. A small steam-engine is placed near the discharge-pipes of the cylinders, and by the movement of a lever in the pilot-house steam can be admitted to this engine, and a single stroke of its piston closes the larger nozzles, and opens the valves into the smaller pair. Thus the main engines are practically reversed by the pilot without signaling the engineer or stopping the engines.

In this motor, it is readily seen, the expansive force of the steam is brought to bear directly and with very little loss from friction. Though the amount of water driven by such an engine through the nozzles may be less than could be delivered by a centrifugal pump driven by an ordinary marine engine using the same amount of steam, yet the results obtained are regarded as satisfactory. The economy of space and reduction of cost in the engine are certainly greatly in its favor. All the expense and cost of maintenance of the shaft and screw are dispensed with, and the boat moves through the water with probably much less disturbance than by screw or paddle. Compared with the *Waterwitch* and the *Rival*, two much larger boats than the *Hydromotor* and both using hydraulic systems of propulsion, it appears from reliable reports that the new engine drives its jets from the nozzles at a much higher speed, and in less volume, and at a great economy of power. No comparison of the speed of the boats has been made, nor has the new boat been compared with screw-steamers.

Novel Air and Water Pump.

LOCOMOTIVES intended to run long distances without stopping are often fitted with apparatus for taking up the water they need without stopping at the usual water-tanks. Long, narrow, and rather shallow tanks are placed between the rails, and kept full of water by a stream from some neighboring brook or spring. The

tender is provided with a pipe, bent into a quarter-circle, that may be lowered between the rails till the open end of the pipe dips into the water in the long tank. The forward movement of the engine drags the pipe through the water, and it rises in the pipe and pours in a powerful stream into the tank on the tender. This simple device for lifting water into a moving train has been made the basis of a new kind of pump, in which the theory is the same while the process is reversed. Instead of causing the bent pipe dipped into the water to move, the vessel containing the water, and consequently the water itself, is made to move rapidly while the bent pipe remains stationary. Centrifugal force is used to give the water a high velocity. This, it may be observed, has been employed before in raising water. An upright cylinder, having a series of vanes placed on a vertical shaft inside, has already been used in lifting water. When the vanes are made to revolve rapidly, the water that fills the lower end of the pipe rises and overflows at the top. Such pumps have been used to raise water 39.95 meters (131 feet). In the new pump the upright shaft carries a flat circular vessel, designed to be kept full of water by a pipe from the source of supply. The cylinder or turbine is nearly closed, so that there is only a small annular space on top, next the upright shaft. The supply-pipe is simply turned down into the turbine. The pipe through which the water rises turns outward, on entering the turbine, till it reaches the outer edge under the cover. Here the open end is exposed toward the water, in the opposite direction in which it moves. This rising main is so arranged that it will present the least resistance to the water, and has a sharp edge to guide the water past the pipe with the least disturbance. On causing the shaft to revolve rapidly, the water entering the turbine is driven by centrifugal force to the outer edge. It meets the fixed pipe in the line of its movement, and a part enters the pipe and rises to a great height. From the experiments made with this form of pump, it is said that the height to which the water may be raised is only limited by the resistance of the materials of which the turbine is made to the centrifugal force which tends to pull it to pieces.

The position of the pump may be varied in regard to the source of water supply. It may be placed at the level of the water to be raised, or it may be put at any point between the supply and the point to which the water is to be lifted. If the pump must be placed above the water supply,—and this is the most common position of every pump,—the turbine must be fed from a reservoir at the same or a higher level. The stream delivered by the pump is taken downward to the source of supply, and here the pipe enters a hollow cone suspended under the water, the cone being connected by a pipe with the reservoir above the pump. The pipe and cone act as an injector, and the stream from the pump carries up with it a portion of the water surrounding the injector. The stream of water flowing from the reservoir must be subtracted from the amount actually raised by the pump; on the other hand, the head or force given to the water by its descent from the turbine must be added to the force given to it by the movement of the pump.

This form of pump has also been used as an air-pump. In this case the delivery-pipe from the pump is

made to enter an upright cylinder and deliver its jet directly upward. At the top of the cylinder is a second pipe or nozzle, in the shape of an inverted cone. This nozzle increases in diameter inside, just beyond the open end, and the two nozzles are in a direct line, and the jet of water from the lower nozzle enters the upper nozzle with nearly its whole force. The cylinder in which these two pipes meet is connected with the air-receiver that is to be exhausted. The action of the water-jet in passing from one pipe to the other is to carry along with the water a small quantity of air. This air, as soon as the water meets the open reservoir above, escapes from the water in bubbles that rise to the surface. The water returns by another pipe to the turbine, and goes again upon its circuit.

Economy of Heat.

The plan of heating the air needed for combustion, and known as the regenerative plan, invented by Siemens, has successfully been applied to iron and steel furnaces, and lately to gas-burners and common domestic grates. The waste heat of the fire or lamp is used to warm the air needed for combustion, at a very great gain in the amount of heat or light obtained from the fuel. A later improvement, by the addition of steam power, brings the regenerative system more directly and thoroughly to ordinary stationary boilers, at an undoubted economy of fuel. Upon the top of the boiler, at the rear, next the chimney, are placed two blowers to be driven by steam power, the "Root" pattern being suggested as the best. The products of combustion pass from the fire-box under the boiler to the rear, and return through the tubes to the front. At the top of the boiler-casing, and extending backward to the chimney, is a flue divided into a number of small tubes by partitions. The best thing it can be likened to is a surface condenser, for through half of these tubes flow the products of combustion toward the stack, and through the other half flows the air needed for combustion. The blowers each control one of these currents, as the cold-air current would require some pressure to drive it through the pipes that are heated by contact with the smoke-pipes. The cold-air pipes are carried downward into the ash-pit to assist combustion, and to openings over and behind the fire. The smoke and flame, drawn through the small tubes by the blowers, impart their heat to the air passing downward through the adjoining pipes, so that it enters the fire at a high temperature. This is a great gain, as more heat is obtained from a given amount of fuel when the air needed to make it burn is heated, than when it is cold. The heat thus saved would be, in the ordinary furnace, totally lost by escape up the chimney.

The invention is certainly an improvement over any regenerative system that has been applied to steam-boilers. At the same time, it might be suggested that a double stack, or a chimney having two divisions, each filled with fire-brick loosely laid in, would probably be better. The products of combustion could be sent up one stack till it was well heated, and then directed into the second stack. The air for combustion could then be taken downward through the hot brick-work, precisely as in the regenerative furnace. As far as can be learned, no experiments have yet been made in this direction, and this is only offered as a suggestion.

MASKWELL'S COMPENDIUM

For the Middle-aged and the Distinguished.

Many efficient aids exist for the instruction of the young in penmanship, but it has been left to Prof. Maskwell to attempt the reclamation of the famous and the infirm. The illegibility of the handwriting of our public men has been a source of great concern and inconvenience to thousands. On this account many of our politicians are unable to make clear their positions on great public questions, while it is next to impossible for a Last Will and Testament to be interpreted as the devisor intended. The visiting-cards of many of our best society are so badly written as to fail to command the respect really due to the breeding of their owners. There is no more sure test of refinement than an elegant handwriting, and there is no accomplishment more rare, because, unless acquired in middle age, it is difficult to attain it in later years. In this connection, we may call attention to the fact that Maskwell's system can be learned in a very short period of time, and at odd hours. One New York gentleman writes us that he has acquired an elegant and rapid style merely while getting on or off the trains of the Elevated Railway; this is probably the quickest recorded time of acquisition. A Western laborer learned to write a flourishing style with his left hand while sawing wood with his right. A special edition of the Compendium has been issued for use in railway restaurants, and Maskwell coupons are now attached to through tickets, so as to enable the tourist to take three lessons a day *en route*. The only objection ever made to this system is that it is too easy.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

[From the Editor of the People's Magazine.]

DEAR SIR:—By the aid of your Compendium, I am now able to sort out good and bad contributions without the annoyance of reading the MSS. With thanks and regrets, very truly yours,
The Editor.

[From a Concord Pundit.]

DEAR MR. MASKWELL:—Since the wonderful results of your Compendium have become the subject-object of all conversation, the Concord School of Philosophy has instructed me to procure from you seven copies of Mr. R. W. Emerson's poem, "Brahma," written in your plainest style. Mr. Emerson has given us an autograph copy, but no one seems able to make it out to his satisfaction. I am, devoted to Kant, yours,

J. BRONSON JONES.

[From a Dealer in Oughtographs.]

VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1881.

PROF. MASKWELL:—Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement in the "Waverly Magazine," I wrote for your Compendium, and have now used it for twenty-four hours. It has quite simplified my business. Heretofore I have had to resort to great ingenuity

to obtain the handwriting of distinguished people. The "undying admiration" is of course a good dodge, but it is often a great strain on a sensitive conscience. With your Compendium I can now, by simply combining the letters, make an excellent duplicate of any name as it ought to be written. These I call oughtographs. The sale in rural districts has been large, as most people recognize in these systematic and regular lines the characteristics of genius. I have received several old-style Horace Greeleys and Rufus Choates, with requests for the later styles, the owners offering in each case to pay the difference for the "real" article. Wouldn't it be a paying investment to give us a few fac-similes of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, or the Declaration of Independence, in the Maskwell system, for church fairs?

Address MARY F. GALLOWAY, Box 41, 144.

[From the Postmistress and Sister of the Indian Agent, Apache Reservation.]

UGH! UGH! AGENCY, Junesboro Post-Office, Arizona.

DEAR MR. MASKWELL:—I am recommending your Compendium to the Indians of this Agency as the most useful aid to the acquisition of a clear and beautiful style of penmanship.

Respectfully yours, SARAH B. EVANS, P. M.

The best specimen of improvement this month, all things considered, comes from Mr. F. E. SPINNER, formerly Treasurer of the United States. We give below his autographs, both old and new, together with his portrait:

Abandoned Style:

F. E. Spinner

Acquired Style:

F. E. Spinner

Abandoned Styles:

Thorny
Remondescall
Wm. W. H.



HERKIMER CO., FLORIDA, September 7, 1881.

DEAR SIR:—Your Compendium arrived this morning, and I have been practicing a little—with what result you will see. The ink was hardly dry on the old style before I had acquired the new. In my opinion, the present flourishing condition of the country is largely due to the general introduction of Maskwell's Compendium.

Very truly yours,
F. E. SPINNER.

We give below other examples of good work.

Acquired Styles:

Thorny

Dim Ducicaults

C. D. Washburne

The Garland of Rachel.



ON the 1st of January, 1642, Mademoiselle Julie-Lucine d'Angennes de Rambouillet, the famous beauty, of whom Tallemant des Réaux affirmed that she had been more besung than any woman since Helen of Troy, received a birthday present which has become historical. The donor was her suitor, the Duc de Montausier, whom popular tradition confuses with the "Misanthrope" of Molière, but who, notwithstanding the critical faculty attributed to him in the play, was still capable of producing very indifferent verses. Indeed, it was a collection of madrigals which he now presented to the lady he had patiently wooed for some ten years, and he had done himself the honor of composing no less than sixteen of the pieces in question. His colleagues, twenty-eight in number, included most of the *beaux-esprits* of the day, as Chapelain, Colletet, Cornille, Malleville, Scudéry, Tallemant des Réaux, and others. Their work was engrossed on vellum in the finest style by the celebrated calligrapher, Nicolas Jarry. There was a frontispiece by the miniaturist Robert, in which Zephyr was shown flinging lightly upon the air a garland of twenty-nine different flowers, each of which, also painted by Robert, is repeated, separately, on twenty-nine of the succeeding pages, duly accompanied by one or more appropriate pieces of verse. The title of the book was the "Guirlande de Julie," and it was superbly bound in red morocco, by Le Gascon. It is still in existence, and is (or was) in the possession of the Duc D'Uzès, a descendant of the lady to whom it was originally presented. When it made its first appearance, in 1642, it was a nine-days-wonder; and it may even be supposed to have somewhat abridged the rigors of the obdurate "Philonide" (as she is called in the "Grand Cyrus"), since she afterward condescended, at the mature age of thirty-eight, to become Duchess of Montausier. After a lapse of two hundred and forty years, the "Garland" of Julie de Rambouillet has had a remote successor in a little book recently issued from a private press at Oxford. In September, 1880, there was born to the Rev. H. Daniel, of Worcester College, a daughter. Being a man of energy and resource, and (what is more) an enthusiastic amateur printer, he resolved to celebrate this event by an unique publication. Friends fell readily into so laudable a scheme, and he was, besides, able to secure the services of not a few among the younger "*parnasse contemporaine*," who contributed verses. As a result, the first birthday of little Miss Daniel was marked by the issue of a volume delicately bound in creamy Oxford vellum, printed on old Dutch paper, and bearing on the outside, in a panel, the words, "Garland of Rachel." The type employed was that given to the University of Oxford in the seventeenth century by Dr. Fell, and the book was set up and pressed by Mr. Daniel himself. Rubricated initials

were added by Mrs. Daniel, and a rebus printers' mark and head-pieces, of which the accompanying are *fac-similes*, were contributed by Mr. Alfred Parsons, the landscape-painter. Only thirty-six copies of the book were struck off. Each of the writers received a copy bound as above, and having a separate title-page, in which, by an ingenious and politic arrangement, the recipient is represented as the contributor in chief.

The poems which the book contains are seventeen in number. After some graceful prefatory verses, which, though unsigned, are obviously by Mr. Daniel, and a Latin quatrain bearing the initial "W.," Mr. Austin Dobson leads off with some charming lines, in which, recognizing the difficulties of the undertaking, he endeavors to compromise with the future by forecasts

"So discreet,
That keeping Chance in view,
Whatever after-fate you meet
A part may still be true,"

and concludes by wishing the object of his muse

"A joy of life, a frank delight,
A moderate desire,
And if you fail to find a Knight,
At least, a trusty Squire."

Mr. Andrew Lang follows with one of those "bal-lades" of which he is so accomplished a master. This is its central verse:

"Ah Time, speed on her flying days,
Bring back my youth that flew,
That she may listen to my lays
Where Merton ring-doves coo;
That I may sing afresh, anew,
My songs, now faint and rare,
Time, make me always twenty-two,
And Rachel always fair."

After Mr. Lang comes Mr. J. Addington Symonds, and next Mr. Robert Bridges, from whom we borrow a stanza:

"Thou, when thou hast known
Joy, wilt laugh not then:
When grief bids thee weep
Thou wilt check thy tears;
When toil brings not sleep,
Thou, for others' fears
Tearful, shall thine own
Lose and find again."

Mr. "Lewis Carroll" comes next, and his contribution, done into Latin by Sir Richard Harington, a descendant of the Elizabethan translator of the "Orlando Furioso," forms the piece that immediately succeeds. A beautiful lullaby by Miss A. Mary F. Robinson comes next to Sir Richard Harington's Latin, of which the first verse runs thus:

"Lullaby, Baby, and dream of a rose,
The reddest and sweetest that Eden knows.
There flowers in Eden a rose without thorn,
For every baby that ever is born.
Some bloom completely,
Some white and small,
And some smell sweetly,
Some not at all."

Mr. E. W. Gosse sings the changes of "ripening girlhood":

"I watch the fresh unclouded eyes,
The sparkling lights, the glancing showers,
Shades of mysterious thoughts that rise
In pensive hours.

"Nor less the blithe and hurrying wings
Of ripening girlhood hail with glee,
Nor grieve because her spring-tide brings
Its snows for me."

But it is impossible to give a full account of the other verses in the volume. Mr. F. W. Bourdillon has a sonnet; Mr. W. E. Henley an exceeding dexterous ballade in French; Mr. F. Locker three stanzas entitled "Hypnerotophtasia"; Mr. T. H. Ward (of the "English Poets") some neatly pointed quatrains, and the whole is concluded by Mr. Ernest Myers, Mr. M. L. Woods, and Mr. Courthope, the author of the "Paradise of Birds," and the new editor of Murray's "Pope." The book is so great a typographical curiosity that if any of the thirty-six copies ever get into the market they will probably "exercise" the cupidity of bibliomaniacs. Meanwhile we can only hope that the unconscious object of all this homage may not grow up with

"a grand
Platonic hate for bards,"

and that she may duly realize the parental hopes expressed in the introductory stanzas.



A Literary Success.

AN honest—therefore poor—young man, just cut adrift from college,
Was driven to devise a plan for bartering his knowledge.
He thought and thought a weary while, then off his coat he stript,
And in one heat reeled off some seventeen pages of manuscript,
Note size, and written only on one side, from which you'll guess
That it was meant for nothing less than "copy" for the press.
Naught mean about this youth: He quoted French, and Greek, and Latin;
He pressed ancient and modern history into service; and, though he had only a small stock of metaphysics on hand, he didn't hesitate to work *that* in.

Then straightway he concealed the article upon his person,
And went on publication day (he couldn't have chosen a worse one)

To the office of a weekly, where he somehow found the editor,
Who eyed him with an ugly glare, as though he were a creditor.
The editor clutched the manuscript; fumbled it half a minute,
Looked at the first page, then the last, and knew all that was in it.
He gave it back. "It's very good," he said, "but we can't use it."
We should have to plow up several acres of flowers of rhetoric, translate, boil it down, and put a head on it; and, as there is no news in it, anyhow, though it is a capital article, I fear we must refuse it."

The young man went away, and pondered. "It's quite plain," said he,
"That what I've written is *too good*. What a genius I must be!
Ergo, if I could but contrive to write a little badly, The editor, undoubtedly, would take my matter gladly." He set to work again, and all his powers he put a tax on,
Until he had produced a piece of rough-hewn Anglo-Saxon.
He tried to make it seem abrupt, and to have the language terse.
"I've got along without quotations and metaphors," he said, "and tethered myself to plain statements, and have used only two or three kinds of epithets; on the whole, I couldn't write much worse."

He went again to the editor, with a kind of sense of shame.
"If you should see fit to publish this," he said, "don't use my name."
The editor turned the pages o'er with evident interest. "It's better than the last," he said, "though hardly in request."
"I won't give up," the young man said, as he sadly walked away.
"I've got to harness my genius down, if I want to make it pay."
So he tried once more, and, after nights of labor, he succeeded
In writing such a shockingly bad thing that he didn't dare look it over. He broke away from every cherished tradition; crammed whole paragraphs into a short sentence; hunted up slang and spattered it about; and put the whole together in such an uncouth way that his old teachers would have said a First Reader was what he needed.

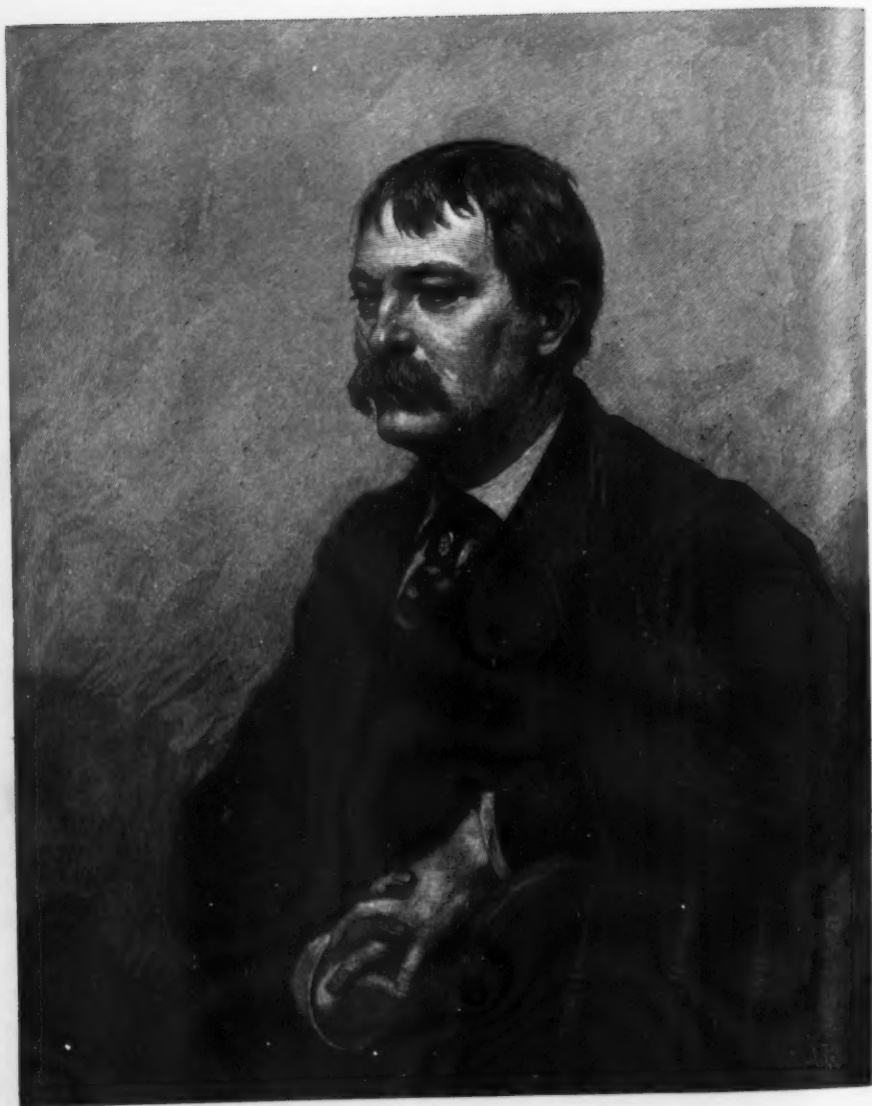
He didn't like to go with this. His heart began to fail.
So he borrowed a dozen postage-stamps and sent it through the mail.
He waited tremblingly. An answer came that very night,
Which said the editor had found the article all right. He sent a check in payment, and he hinted, at the end,
That he'd take as much of that sort as the young man chose to send.
From that day forth the said young man has prospered more or less,
And he always tells his friends that a careful cultivation of bad taste, total abstinence from college rhetoric, and a tight muzzling of the genius that is in him, are the secrets of his success.

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W.D. Howells.